

Vol. XXX

JANUARY, 1952

No. 1

St. Augustine's

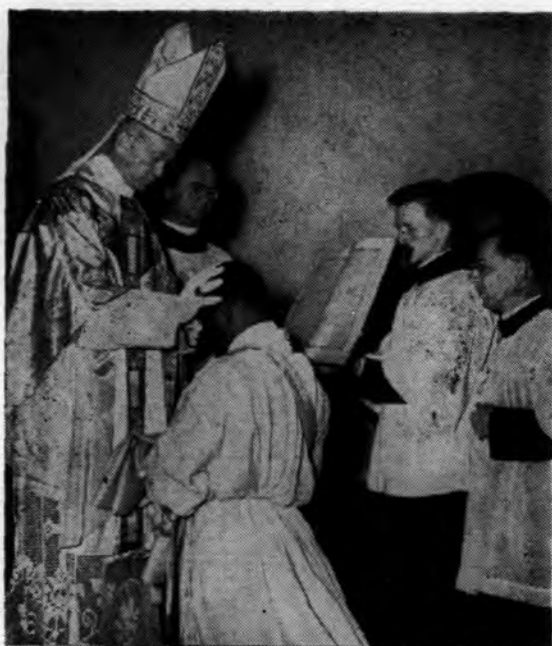
essenger

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and
"WEWAK JACK"**



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Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S MESSENGER, A Catholic magazine published monthly (except July and August) by the Divine Word Missionaries at St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, to make the work of the Catholic Church in the Home Missions, especially among the Negroes, better known. Proceeds are used for the education of students for the priesthood and Brotherhood.

Entered as second-class matter January 1, 1951, at the Post Office at Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 19, 1918.

Subscription \$1.00 a Year; Six Years for \$5.00; for Life, \$25.00

Member of the Catholic Press Association

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OUR COVER...

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"This is a day of joy and sorrow—a day of joy because Father Howard is chosen to reap the harvest of souls a day of sorrow because he is leaving us."

In these words of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, S.T.D., uttered on the occasion of the Mission Departure ceremony for Father Clarence J. Howard, S.V.D., we have the expression of the mingled feelings of joy and sorrow experienced by all when it was announced that Father Howard was appointed as a missionary to Central New Guinea. There was joy because all realized the great honor paid Father Howard by his special election to found and direct a mission seminary for the purpose of establishing a native clergy in Central New Guinea. There was joy because in this election all saw the eternal sanction of Almighty God upon Father's missionary endeavours of the past and a solid trust in his missionary work of the future

Yet it was a day of sorrow, for Father Howard's sincere and winning personality had endeared him to the hearts of all. There was sorrow because all would miss that catching, familiar smile and bouyant spirit that was so characteristic of Father Howard.

It would be superfluous here to attempt to introduce to our readers a national figure as Father Howard. As a mission preacher, editor of THE MESSENGER and Catholic leader in the battle for interracial justice he has ever been before the public eye. It was only fourteen years ago that Father entered upon his priestly career as an assistant pastor at Immaculate Heart of Mary Parish in Lafayette, La. Throughout those fourteen years all of Father's activities have been permeated with those virtues so necessary to a missionary life—an untiring zeal for souls and a self-sacrificing love for his fellowmen, especially the "underdog". The work in New Guinea will only provide a wider field for so magnanimous a heart. It is no wonder then that Father Howard was chosen for so difficult and responsible a task.

Father received his appointment on June 16. Five months of preparation for his new work passed and then came the glorious day of every missionary—the day of the Mission Departure ceremony—November 29. Conducting the touching ceremony was His Excellency, the Most Rev.

Father Howard receives the Mission Cross from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Richard O. Gerow, S.T.D., Bishop of Natchez.





Father Howard, right, is greeted by Mr. Patrick C. Dwyer, K.S.G., when he visited Buffalo prior to his departure for New Guinea.

Richard O. Gerow, S.T.D., Bishop of Natchez, Miss., assisted by the Revs. Maurice Rousseve, S.V.D., and Anthony Bourges, S.V.D., as deacon and sub-deacon respectively. The Seminary Chapel (which had not witnessed a Mission Departure ceremony in ten years) was filled to capacity by friends of Father Howard. Among those present were Msgrs. Albert Koenig of Westwego, La., and Andrew Gmelch of Bay St. Louis. Reverend Mother Mary Phillip, S.S.F., Mother General of the Sisters of the Holy Family, and Sister Mary Celeste, R.S.M., Superintendent of Blessed Martin de Porres Hospital of Mobile, Ala., attended with Sisters of their respective congregations. The City of Bay St. Louis was officially represented by its mayor, the Honorable Warren J. Carver. From New Orleans came a group of Negro laymen prominent in the Seminary's Laymen Retreat Movement. They were Messrs. G. Forneret, J. Graves, T. J. Howard, A. Osborne and E. Saulet. Officers of the Sodality of St. Joseph's Academy in Bay St. Louis and of the Academy's unit of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade completed the missionary atmosphere that seemed to have descended upon the Chapel.

Solemn Vespers led by Bishop Gerow opened the impressive departure ceremonies.

The ceremony opened with Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament followed by a short Vespers devotion in which the Antiphons and Psalms set forth the self-sacrificing and sublime nature of the missionary vocation. After Reposition of the Blessed Sacrament, Father Howard, vested in the white cassock worn by missionaries in the tropics, gave a soul stirring and touching sermon on the obligation of love and justice that all Christians have to share with other less fortunate men the graces and blessings they have received through the loving, redeeming mercy of Almighty God. That is why Christ told his Apostles to go into the world and teach and baptize all men. That is why today missionaries leave home and loved ones to preach the Gospel in foreign lands. Citing the examples of the Apostles and the countless missionaries of the past, Father asked what would have happened to us if they had not made the sacrifice of giving up home and country, even though there was much work of teaching and baptizing to be done in their own land. Father Howard expressed his joy at being able to do for the young men of New Guinea what other missionaries had done for

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There are many stories told about the heroism of our American servicemen during the last war. In one very decisive battle, the communication lines to headquarters had been cut; re-enforcements in equipment and personnel were needed. A few yards from the disrupted cables a shell came screaming. Two of the three men dispatched to repair the lines lay dead, the third was dying. Slowly, painfully, the wounded man crawled desperately. Gasping for life, he inched his way forward. With his right hand he grasped one end of the severed line, with his left hand he clutched the other, and died. Communication was re-established! Help came!

We admire such self-sacrificing heroism and ask: "What is the underlying reason for such wonderful heroism?" Such heroic men and women are motivated by an ideal. In war, such an ideal may be love of country and freedom; in ordinary life, personal ambition. If men and women can attain such degrees of heroism because they are motivated by mere worldly ideals — why are we not capable of equally heroic efforts in the attainment of holiness? Why? We lack the proper *motivation*.

The arrival of New Year's Day is usually associated with resolutions. Many people consider them a joke, when they should honestly use the opportunity to change and better their life. Too many make New Year's an occasion for thoughtless "whoopie". And too many others consider it merely customary and fashionable to make a few resolutions for the New Year, and just as customary and fashionable to drop them after a few days or a few weeks. What is needed is *motiva-*

tion. The mere passage from December 31 of one year to January 1 of the next does not provide the vital form of *motivation* — a more powerful inspiration is needed to turn evil toward good and to make lasting resolutions. We venture a few suggestions!

1. Determine that, at the first opportunity during 1952, you will make a parish mission. The opportunity will be made available to almost anyone who lives in a large city. Its meditations will be just what you need to make you realize how important it is to live for God and your soul and eternity. They will provide enough *motivation* for any change in life.

2. Determine that during 1952 you will, if at all possible, make a week-end retreat. It is agreed on all sides, and especially among lay men and women who have made retreats, that the most effective way to bettering yourself spiritually and morally is by making a retreat. It provides you with the kind of *motivation* you need.

3. Determine that during 1952, even if you cannot make a mission or a week-end retreat, you will adopt the practice of making a meditation at regular intervals, let us say, once a week. This merely means kneeling or sitting down with a good spiritual book, if possible in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, reading slowly, pausing for frequent prayers, and trying to apply what you read to your daily life.

Three simple suggestions, yet worthwhile for your present and future happiness and peace of soul. Take one or all of these and all other important resolutions for you will flow from them, and 1952 will be a year of grace for you.

OUR SOUTHERN NEGRO CLERGY

Joseph F. Francis, S.V.D.

Up to 1934, when the first of the Negro priests were ordained in Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, the South as such had no Negro Clergy. It is true that three Negroes had been ordained in Baltimore as members of the Society of St. Joseph, but only one of these worked in the South for any length of time. There was great rejoicing in 1934 among interested Negroes and friends of the Negro when Fathers Anthony Bourges, Maurice Rousseve, Vincent Smith, and Francis Wade became priests.

Who was the David who slew the giant of opposition seeking to bring to naught the inception of a Negro Clergy in the South? Too many men and too many foreseen and unforeseen circumstances come into play in the training of aspirants to the priesthood to place the responsibility on any one man. However, in the case of the first Negro Priests ordained in Mississippi, it can be safely stated that the activity of two very zealous Divine Word Fathers was in a large part responsible for the great deed. These men were Father James Wendel and Father Matthew Christmann.

Father Wendel was a human dynamo and a veritable tower of strength when it came to pushing forward his plans for a Negro Clergy. It is rather needless to say that he had opposition. Opposition was his closest companion from the day he undertook to sell his idea until the very day of his death. Whence did the opposition come? It came, first of all, from many zeal-

ous and well-meaning, but definitely short-sighted and misinformed Catholics both among the clergy and the laity. It is only fair to mention that the opposition was not limited to the South and to Southerners, although in the South the outlines it took were more clearly defined than they were in the North. After all, Father Wendel was trying to father a cause which seemed hopeless and impossible to most of his contemporaries. In 1914 many men in high places said that he was fifty years ahead of his times.

In 1914 Father Wendel wrote: *"The white priest is only half a priest to his colored flock. He cannot mix with them as he ought to. If he talks to them in the streets (let alone shakes hands with them), he is at once the object of rebuke and scorn of the passing whites..."*

"... Is, therefore, the white priest the naturally appointed pastor of the colored? No! The consequence

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THOSE NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS

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is that we need colored priests, who by their own birth and experience have felt the pulse of their race and have an inborn understanding for its needs and wants. As long as we cannot break with the present conditions, the Church will not make the progress here that she is making elsewhere . . ."

Again and again Father Wendel was told that he was building air castles which sooner or later would come tumbling down to crush him. Perhaps the most crushing of all opposition came from a quarter he least expected—from some Negroes and some friends of the Negro.

Among the schools of thought pertinent to the methods to be used in securing interracial justice, there exist two outstanding groups. One group condemns all compromise; the other group is willing to compromise to a degree by taking the traditional inch in order to move into position to demand and later

take the yard. In the case of the Negro Clergy of the South, the latter method proved very effective. At that time Father Wendel was accused of advocating a "Jim Crow" seminary. At present, of the twenty-one major seminarians studying at St. Augustine's Seminary in Bay St. Louis, six are white. The doors of the high school department are open to all qualified students, regardless of race or color. St. Augustine's Seminary is in Mississippi.

Perhaps Dr. Carter G. Woodson would have agreed with Father Wendel's method of approach, for he wrote:

" . . . It is a matter of exercising common sense in approaching a people through their environment in order to deal with conditions as they are rather than as you would like to see them or imagine they are. There may be a difference in the method of attack, but the principle remains the same."

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The first five priests were ordained at St. Augustine's Seminary by Bishop Gerow in 1934. (l. to r.) Fathers Morin (diocesan), Rousseve, S.V.D., and Wade, S.V.D. (sitting) Fathers Bourges, S.V.D., and Smith, O.C.S.O.





HOME *for Supper*

Judith O'Malley

Never in all my years of experience had I had such tough luck hitching a ride. For two hours Jack and I had been standing beside the open stretch of highway, smiles on our faces, jerking our fingers in the old hitch-hiking motion, hoping that we would get a ride soon enough to be home before sundown. But there was no such luck. Car after car whizzed by—old ones, new ones. A few slowed down and we pulled in our breath hopefully, broadened the smiles on our faces. But we decided that they must have been sightseeing, for they only glanced at us and went on their way.

What they could have been looking at in that barren spot was beyond me. Behind us was a farmer's new wheat field with little green shoots poking out of the ground, and beyond that, sloping hills spotted with patches of evergreen. There was nothing about that spot to distinguish it from any other piece of country within fifty miles. I was discouraged and tired and my feet were wet. The cold cement seemed to have soaked up the recent rains only to let it seep up through the thin leather of the soles of my shoes. Why hadn't I worn my combat boots? I could have kicked myself. But it was Easter and when we left school the sun had been shining and no thought of the "April Showers" had entered our heads. I started humming the tune under my breath as another

car, a Ford with two men in it, whizzed by.

Jack looked at me, grinned. "At a time like this he sings!" he said. That was all. Neither of us felt much like talking. Jack was as tired as I was—I could tell. Every now and then he would sit down on his suitcase plastered with stickers. That crazy suitcase! Always before I'd used a duffel bag. It was lighter, easier. But this time we were going to play it tricky, make ourselves look like college kids going home for Easter vacation—which was what we were. College guys always got rides. People felt safe picking them up. So we put on clean white shirts, open at the neck, letter sweaters, polished brown shoes, cold and damp by now—how I longed for those combat boots! We plastered Jack's old suitcase with college stickers.

I hadn't used the darn things since I was a freshman, when I sent some to my girl to show off on her bulletin board. So we dug the rest out of my desk drawer and stuck them on the suitcase, and then we were all set—we thought. There was no mistaking it. We were college Joes. But college Joes must have been out of season that year. The two

"Home For Supper" by Miss Judith O'Malley, was the prize winning story in an interracial contest.

is that we need colored priests, who by their own birth and experience have felt the pulse of their race and have an inborn understanding for its needs and wants. As long as we cannot break with the present conditions, the Church will not make the progress here that she is making elsewhere . . ."

Again and again Father Wendel was told that he was building air castles which sooner or later would come tumbling down to crush him. Perhaps the most crushing of all opposition came from a quarter he least expected—from some Negroes and some friends of the Negro.

Among the schools of thought pertinent to the methods to be used in securing interracial justice, there exist two outstanding groups. One group condemns all compromise; the other group is willing to compromise to a degree by taking the traditional inch in order to move into position to demand and later

take the yard. In the case of the Negro Clergy of the South, the latter method proved very effective. At that time Father Wendel was accused of advocating a "Jim Crow" seminary. At present, of the twenty-one major seminarians studying at St. Augustine's Seminary in Bay St. Louis, six are white. The doors of the high school department are open to all qualified students, regardless of race or color. St. Augustine's Seminary is in Mississippi.

Perhaps Dr. Carter G. Woodson would have agreed with Father Wendel's method of approach, for he wrote:

" . . . It is a matter of exercising common sense in approaching a people through their environment in order to deal with conditions as they are rather than as you would like to see them or imagine they are. There may be a difference in the method of attack, but the principle remains the same."

(Continued on page 12)

The first five priests were ordained at St. Augustine's Seminary by Bishop Gerow in 1934. (l. to r.) Fathers Morin (diocesan), Rousseve, S.V.D., and Wade, S.V.D. (sitting) Fathers Bourges, S.V.D., and Smith, O.C.S.O.





HOME *for Supper*

Judith O'Malley

Never in all my years of experience had I had such tough luck hitching a ride. For two hours Jack and I had been standing beside the open stretch of highway, smiles on our faces, jerking our fingers in the old hitch-hiking motion, hoping that we would get a ride soon enough to be home before sundown. But there was no such luck. Car after car whizzed by—old ones, new ones. A few slowed down and we pulled in our breath hopefully, broadened the smiles on our faces. But we decided that they must have been sightseeing, for they only glanced at us and went on their way.

What they could have been looking at in that barren spot was beyond me. Behind us was a farmer's new wheat field with little green shoots poking out of the ground, and beyond that, sloping hills spotted with patches of evergreen. There was nothing about that spot to distinguish it from any other piece of country within fifty miles. I was discouraged and tired and my feet were wet. The cold cement seemed to have soaked up the recent rains only to let it seep up through the thin leather of the soles of my shoes. Why hadn't I worn my combat boots? I could have kicked myself. But it was Easter and when we left school the sun had been shining and no thought of the "April Showers" had entered our heads. I started humming the tune under my breath as another

car, a Ford with two men in it, whizzed by.

Jack looked at me, grinned. "At a time like this he sings!" he said. That was all. Neither of us felt much like talking. Jack was as tired as I was—I could tell. Every now and then he would sit down on his suitcase plastered with stickers. That crazy suitcase! Always before I'd used a duffel bag. It was lighter, easier. But this time we were going to play it tricky, make ourselves look like college kids going home for Easter vacation—which was what we were. College guys always got rides. People felt safe picking them up. So we put on clean white shirts, open at the neck, letter sweaters, polished brown shoes, cold and damp by now—how I longed for those combat boots! We plastered Jack's old suitcase with college stickers.

I hadn't used the darn things since I was a freshman, when I sent some to my girl to show off on her bulletin board. So we dug the rest out of my desk drawer and stuck them on the suitcase, and then we were all set—we thought. There was no mistaking it. We were college Joes. But college Joes must have been out of season that year. The two

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hours lengthened into two and a half. Still no ride.

A red convertible appeared on the horizon, drew closer, revealed a little blonde gal in the driver's seat. It came closer and began to move more slowly. Jack got up from the suitcase where he was sitting; I leaned forward; the car was almost abreast of us. The blonde chick looked at us with wide eyes. I whistled and grinned at her. She gave us one long look and stepped on the gas. The convertible zoomed out of sight. Jack groaned and dropped down onto the suitcase again.

"Sorry," I said. "Wrong tactics, I guess. But nothing else works." I gave him a long look. "Are you sure you've used your deodorant lately?"

Jack groaned. "What a warped sense of humor," he said. "Right now, man, we have to *think*."

I joined him on the suitcase, which hadn't been made to hold the combined weight of 280 pounds of man. It creaked threateningly. Jack got up and walked down the road a couple of feet, then turned around and sprinted back to me. "Hey, I've got it!" he yelled.

Five minutes later motorists passing by slowed down, stared for a long time, and then, laughing, pulled off again. What they were seeing was two clean-cut American boys, grinning broadly, thumbing a ride. But between them, written on shirt cardboards in red ink, their slogan, "A LAUGH A MILE." If that didn't get them, I thought, nothing would. My heart became lighter, hope bloomed again. "Boy," I said, "I'm sure glad I brought you home. Why, we may even get in 'Life In These United States.' We'll be famous, kid."

"Don't be such an optimist," said Jack, adjusting the cardboards for easier sight from the road. "We aren't there yet. How far did you

say it is?"

"One hundred and fifty miles," I said, looking at my watch. "We could still make it for supper if we got a fast driver."

Half an hour later we abandoned "A LAUGH A MILE." We had then been waiting over three hours for a ride. There wasn't anything humorous in our situation any more.

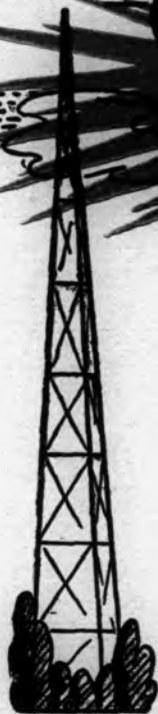
Jack had a worried frown on his face and I felt a little sick. There was nothing pleasant about a five mile walk back to town and a bus ride back out to school for the night. I was eager to get home, and as for Jack, it was the first time I had taken him with me. I didn't want it to flop just like that.

A jeep filled with army men came bumping by—young kids. Couldn't have been any older than we were. We watched them till they were only a speck in the distance. Jack started talking. "Lord, I haven't seen one of those things in years. Sure used to get a work-out in them though. You have to learn to ride 'em like a bronc. I saw a guy get thrown out of one once and break his neck. Pretty gruesome." Jack's eyes darkened and then right away he looked at me and grinned again and started whistling some new juke box tune—a bright, snappy thing. He broke off almost as soon as he had begun. "Hope we get a ride pretty soon," he said, and he got up off the suitcase and started walking down the pavement. "Come on, stretch your legs," he called back to me.

I looked after his big hulk ambling down the road. "What a funny guy," I thought. "I wonder what goes on in that mind—what he's thinking about." Most of the other vets, especially the guys like Jack who hadn't been overseas, talked about the army all the time, about the things that happened. In fact, we used to get bored sometimes.

(Continued on page 15)

Seminary News



Benefactor Dies

Mr. Elmo M. Anderson, D.S.Sc., Executive Secretary of the Catholic Board for Mission Work Among the Colored People passed from this life into Eternity on October 19th of last year. He had worked with the Board for thirty-two years. On July 9, 1950, Mr. Anderson received the papal decoration, *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*. For a number of years, he had been our friend and benefactor. May his soul rest in peace.

Fraters and Students Clash

On Thanksgiving morning, the Fraters and Students met in the annual football game. There was much excitement during the game. The Students were very well prepared; the Fraters, despite their faithful practice were just not "clicking". The result was a score of 25 to 7 in favor of the Students, of course. The Fraters say they will retaliate in a basketball game sometime this month.

Movie of the Evening

The cinema attraction for the evening was *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, starring Freddie Bartholomew. Though this is a sixteen-year-old movie, it was quite entertaining, that is, the majority of it which we saw before our ailing 16mm. projector went on the blink.

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Prominent Citizen and Benefactor Succumbs

Our Thanksgiving gaiety was sobered by the news of the sudden death in the afternoon of our dear friend and benefactor, Mr. A. G. Favre of Bay St. Louis. Mr. Favre and his family have been friends of the Seminary for years. He was past Clerk of Court of Hancock County, Mississippi, and at the time of his death, editor and publisher of the "Sea Coast Echo", a Gulf Coast weekly. The thought that he died during the month of the Holy Souls will be a consoling one for his many friends. Here at the Seminary, the soul of the departed was remembered in Masses and special prayers. The funeral Mass was sung on Saturday, November 24th at the Church of Our Lady of the Gulf, Rt. Reverend Monsignor Andrew Canon Gmelch, pastor. The Seminary was represented by Father Rector, Father Eckert and Father Baker. Interment was in the local cemetery.



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Noted Author Our Guest

The Reverend Albert S. Foley, S.J., Ph.D., well known writer and lecturer was the guest of our community for a few days last November. While here, Father Foley gathered information to be used in his latest book which treats of the saga of the Healey Brothers and the Negro Clergy in America. We will be waiting anxiously to read this work.

(Continued on page 20)



Father Daniel Renaldo, C.M., missionary at St. Mary's Mission in Balboa, Canal Zone, pays a visit to St. Augustine's and the students from his mission. (l. to r.) Father Renaldo, Candidate Carlos Bailey, Students Anthony Huey and Ramon Joseph, and Frater Gerald Lewis, S.V.D.

DEPARTURE CELEBRATION FOR FATHER HOWARD

(Continued from page 3)

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Following the sermon Father Howard reverently knelt before the Divine Missioner in the Tabernacle and received his Mission Cross from the hands of His Excellency, the Bishop. This simple presentation, accompanied by no prayers or special ceremonial display, strikingly shows the deep significance of the missionary life—a life of selflessness—a life dedicated to the salvation of others—a life of Christ.

After the presentation of the Mission Cross, His Excellency walked in procession to his episcopal throne. Assuming a paternal air he admonished his spiritual son to a life of zeal and courage, pointing out the



A farewell banquet followed the ceremonies in church.

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The ceremony was over—another missionary on his way to establish Christ's kingdom on earth. It was indeed "a day of joy and a day of sorrow".

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OUR SOUTHERN NEGRO CLERGY

(Continued from page 6)

Father Wendel never lived to see the effect of his efforts. He died three days before the letter approving his idea reached him. The banner that slipped from his hands was quickly and firmly snatched up by Father Matthew Christmann, S.V.D. It was Father Christmann who directed the first foundation for the training of Negro boys for the priesthood. A start was made in Greenville, Miss., in 1920. The institution was moved from Greenville to Bay St. Louis, Miss. On Sept. 16, 1923, St. Augustine's Seminary was dedicated. If Father Wendel showed himself tireless in fighting for the establishment of a seminary for Negro boys, it was Father Christmann who guided, guarded, and pushed the new undertaking forward with every ounce of his energy, both physical and spiritual. He was feared, respected, *but most of all loved by all* who worked with


him and for whom he worked. He was the first Rector of the seminary. When I entered the seminary, I was told by one of the first priests ordained at the seminary, "Son, when you hear the name of Christmann, bow your head." He was not joking, he meant every word of it.

Father Christmann never lived to see the first priests ordained at the seminary which he had labored so hard to establish; for he died in 1929, five years before the day of days. Everyone who knew him was convinced that he is a martyr to the cause of the Negro Clergy.

Among those who deserve special mention as early champions of a Negro Clergy are Right Reverend Monsignor John E. Burke, Secretary General of the Catholic Board of Missions Among the Colored, and Mother Katherine Drexel, Foundress of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament. Monsignor Burke used his influence with persons in high

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OUR BLESSED MOTHER APPEARS . . .

. . . AT PARIS

Gerald Lewis, S.V.D.

About a year ago BIBLE NEWS FLASHES, a magazine published in Minnesota, complained of a false teaching accepted by most Catholics and many Protestants which claims that *"Christ received His human nature from Mary, thus making her the Mother of God."* The writer bolstered his peculiar denial of Mary's part in our redemption by quoting a London physician, Horace A. Randle: *"Had the conception of Jesus involved the employment of an ovum of Mary's, the Son of God would have been contaminated in His nature from His mother, for she also was of the Adamic and condemned race, a daughter of David, a sinner by inheritance and nature."* Original sin comes to us through Adam in the ordinary course of human conception. In the case of Christ, His Mother's virginal conception slew all chance of His contracting original sin by means of carnal conception, for she herself was, as all Catholics believe, *"from the first moment of her existence preserved free from all stain of original sin."*

On November 27 we celebrated the feast of the Miraculous Medal. It is this devotion which has made so famous the ejaculation, *"O Mary*

conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." In 1830 Our Lady appeared to a novice of the Daughters of Charity in Paris named Catherine Laboure. On July 18 a child awakened Catherine shortly before midnight and said to her: *"Come to the chapel. The Blessed Virgin awaits you."* In the chapel Catherine saw Our Lady seated in the chair kept in the sanctuary. Kneeling down, she rested her hands on Mary's knees and remained in this position for two hours. The Mother of God said: *"My child, the good God wishes to charge you with a mission. The times are evil. The whole world will be afflicted with miseries of every kind."* When Mary departed she had not told Catherine what the mission was to be.

Four months passed before the young novice saw the Queen of Heaven again. Catherine herself describes this second visit: *"On November 27, at half past five, while I was at meditation, I saw the Blessed Virgin standing over the Virgo Potens altar. The whole figure was resplendent with beauty, such beauty as I cannot describe. Mary wore a robe that was the color of the dawn. Her head was*

(This is the fourth of a series of articles on the various apparitions of Mary, our Mother, under the title *Our Blessed Mother Appears*. May they help to draw all men closer to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.—Editor.)

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covered with a white veil. Her feet rested upon a globe. Her hands were raised about as high as her waist and she held in a graceful attitude another globe, a figure of the universe." Suddenly, Our Lady's fingers glistened with rings whose dazzling light surrounded her on all sides. The globe in her hands disappeared and Catherine heard her say: "These rays signify the graces which I shower on those who ask me for them. The stones that emit no light symbolize the graces for which they did not pray. Graces will be bestowed but they must pray. They must pray." An oval now formed about the Blessed Virgin upon which appeared in letters of gold the words: O MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE. Then Mary said: "Have a medal struck upon this model. Persons who wear it will receive great graces." Here was the mission the holy Mother of God had spoken of in her first visit: the making of a medal through which belief in the Immaculate Conception would be

strengthened and world wide veneration of Mary under this title would be stimulated. Twenty-four years later Pope Pius IX proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Today we are scared at the frightful possibilities of an atomic war. Every move of statesmen and diplomats seems to bring us closer to the inevitable destruction that must accompany the next war. Only our concentrated efforts can avoid it. "Graces will be bestowed, but they must pray." Hardly had the Church sanctioned the wearing of the medal revealed to Catherine Laboure, than innumerable extraordinary blessings followed in its wake and by popular acclaim it was called the Miraculous Medal. Our Lady made another promise in 1917: "If enough obey my request there will be world peace." Amid the present gloom and darkness her promise rings clear and true. The times are evil, but there's no need to despair. Fulfill Our Lady's request for Prayer and Sacrifice and the atrocities of an atomic war will be avoided.



Miss Clarice Davis, a graduate of Catholic grammar and high schools and active member of the Newman Club at the University of Illinois, is the first Negro ever to reign as homecoming queen at the Big Ten University. Some 5,000 student voters selected her as queen from a field of 16 candidates.

The Tulane University Paper of New Orleans, La., paid a glowing tribute to the University of Illinois for selecting Miss Davis as queen of its forty-second homecoming.



Miss Clarice Davis, "Homecoming Queen" at the University of Illinois.

HOME FOR SUPPER

(Continued from page 8)

But Jack never mentioned it. We didn't even know he was a vet till one day Vick was saying something about the camp he had been stationed at down in Louisiana and Jack said he'd been there too. Since then I'd only heard him mention the army about three times. And then it was like now—he'd shy away as soon as he'd said anything, try to make you forget it. Or maybe he was trying to forget it himself. The fellows had talked about it. Most of them thought that it was just Jack. That he was just that kind of guy. He didn't talk much about his home either. We knew that he lived in Chicago but he didn't say a heck of a lot about it. But he sure was a good Joe. Everyone agreed to that. He'd do anything for you. More than once when one of us was drinking himself out of his troubles Jack would grab a ride into town and drag the guy bodily to school. He'd put him to bed and if there was any trouble about it he'd straighten things out with the prefect. He didn't drink himself—but he smoked more than any guy I'd ever seen—three packs a day sometimes. Said it settled his nerves. That was another thing he'd said about the army—"That's where I started to smoke. Felt so tense. Never had much use for it before that." Then he'd clammed up again. He sure was a funny guy.

I was glad I'd brought him home for vacation. He needed a rest. His eyes were getting that hollow look they sometimes had. He studied more than the rest of us. Was really serious about it. He was going into social work—in the slum areas he said. That big hulk. He just didn't seem like the type. But he was so dead earnest about it, you couldn't kid him. And nobody wanted to. I knew if he'd stayed at school



"... And Mom would top it off with cherry pie."

during vacation he would have dragged out half the books in the library and worked himself to death. So when he said he wasn't going home I asked him to come with me. I knew he'd have a good time, relax and eat home cooking. It was really kind of funny—I felt sort of protective towards him—a guy about twice my size with more mental capacity than I'd ever have. Mom would feel protective too. I could just see her bustling around, fussing over him. Boy, I couldn't wait to get there. I knew darn well she'd have steaks, the best in the world. And all the other stuff to go with them. And she'd top it off with cherry pie. Man! I leaned forward to get a better look down the road. If we didn't get a ride pretty soon...

A few more cars came into view and went on by. Such darn luck. Even my hand was beginning to ache from jerking it at the passing cars. I was getting more discouraged every minute. What would we do?

Jack was the first one to mention what we both had been thinking of for the last hour. "I hate to say it, fella, but don't you think we

(Continued on page 19)

covered with a white veil. Her feet rested upon a globe. Her hands were raised about as high as her waist and she held in a graceful attitude another globe, a figure of the universe." Suddenly, Our Lady's fingers glistened with rings whose dazzling light surrounded her on all sides. The globe in her hands disappeared and Catherine heard her say: "These rays signify the graces which I shower on those who ask me for them. The stones that emit no light symbolize the graces for which they did not pray. Graces will be bestowed but they must pray. They must pray." An oval now formed about the Blessed Virgin upon which appeared in letters of gold the words: O MARY CONCEIVED WITHOUT SIN PRAY FOR US WHO HAVE RECOURSE TO THEE. Then Mary said: "Have a medal struck upon this model. Persons who wear it will receive great graces." Here was the mission the holy Mother of God had spoken of in her first visit: the making of a medal through which belief in the Immaculate Conception would be

strengthened and world wide veneration of Mary under this title would be stimulated. Twenty-four years later Pope Pius IX proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

Today we are scared at the frightful possibilities of an atomic war. Every move of statesmen and diplomats seems to bring us closer to the inevitable destruction that must accompany the next war. Only our concentrated efforts can avoid it. "Graces will be bestowed, but they must pray." Hardly had the Church sanctioned the wearing of the medal revealed to Catherine Laboure, than innumerable extraordinary blessings followed in its wake and by popular acclaim it was called the Miraculous Medal. Our Lady made another promise in 1917: "If enough obey my request there will be world peace." Amid the present gloom and darkness her promise rings clear and true. The times are evil, but there's no need to despair. Fulfill Our Lady's request for Prayer and Sacrifice and the atrocities of an atomic war will be avoided.



Miss Clarice Davis, a graduate of Catholic grammar and high schools and active member of the Newman Club at the University of Illinois, is the first Negro ever to reign as homecoming queen at the Big Ten University. Some 5,000 student voters selected her as queen from a field of 16 candidates.

The Tulane University Paper of New Orleans, La., paid a glowing tribute to the University of Illinois for selecting Miss Davis as queen of its forty-second homecoming.



Miss Clarice Davis, "Homecoming Queen" at the University of Illinois.

HOME FOR SUPPER

(Continued from page 8)

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(Continued on page 19)

"Going therefore to



The Apostolic Commission.



teach all nations...

Leaves For New Guinea!

There is no love like the heart of a Divine Word Missionary than that of Father Howard, S.V.D. as he departs for the Foreign Missions. Father Howard, S.V.D. leaves America and his dear relatives and loved ones to go to far-away New Guinea. There he will found a seminary to train youth for the priesthood. Is there any wonder, then, for his leaving America? He is going to carry out to the letter the Divine Command. His will be the reward which Our Lord Himself promises those who leave all for His sake!



Mother Mary Philip, Superior General, and Sisters of the Holy Family with Father Howard.



Mr. J. F. Conner, prominent businessman at St. Joseph's, with our

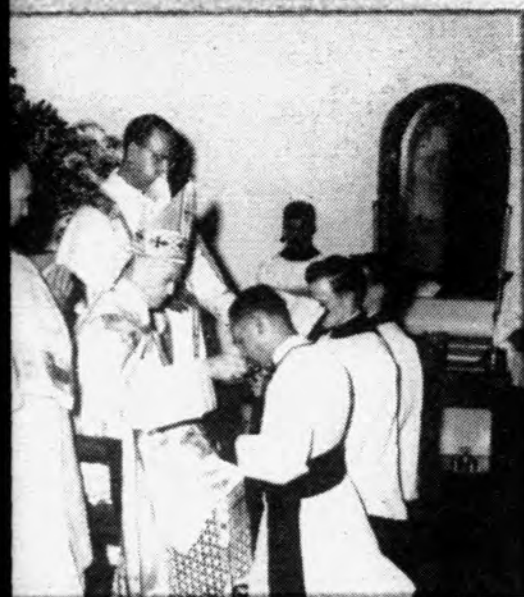


Officers of the C.M.C. and Sodality at St. Joseph's Academy pose with Father

"Going therefore to *Father Howard*



Bishop Gerow blesses the Mission Cross.



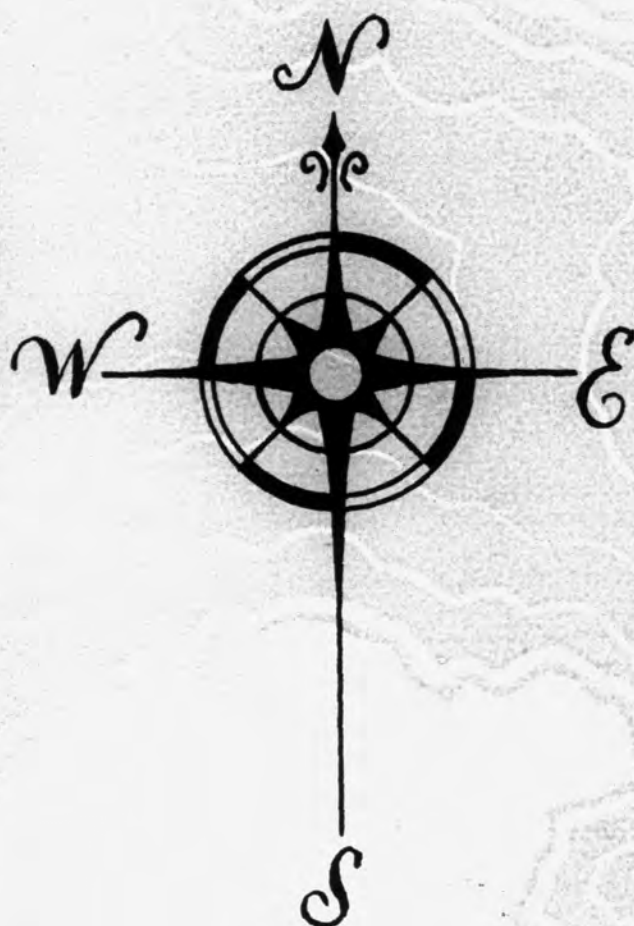
Bishop Gerow presents the Mission Cross to Father Howard.



The Apostolic Commission.

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**NEW
GUINEA**



AUSTRALIA

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W
INEA



Mother Mary Philip, Superior General, and Sisters of the Holy Family with Father Howard.



Mr. J. F. Graves, prominent lay retreatant at St. Augustine's, with our Missionary



Officers of the C.S.M.C. and Sodality at St. Joseph's Academy pose with Father Howard.

OUR SOUTHERN NEGRO CLERGY

(Continued from page 12)

places to preach the idea of a Negro Clergy in season and out of season. Mother Katherine Drexel promised a large sum of money for the proposed seminary for Negro students and did give it when the foundation started.

Some will ask—"How did the Negro priests fare and how are they doing at present?" Let the words of His Excellency, Most Reverend Jules B. Jeanmard, of Lafayette, La., answer the question; for more Negro priests have worked in his diocese than in any other diocese in the country. There are eight Negro priests in the diocese of Lafayette now belonging to the Society of the Divine Word and two secular priests. Bishop Jeanmard stated publicly on the occasion of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of St. Augustine's Seminary:

"The colored priests have never disappointed me: on the contrary, they have proven their worth. Moreover, the colored people welcomed them from the very beginning of their coming into the diocese and have fully cooperated with them in every activity. The people not only respect them, but love them. The statement which one can hear so often, namely that the colored people do not want their own priests, but rather prefer white priests has proven to be a myth."

It is well to note that all of the Negro priests ordained in the South with the exception of one, have been

members of religious orders. Now that the Negro Clergy has come of age, it would not be asking too much that the Negro priest take his rightful place with the rest of the diocesan priests of the country. Perhaps His Excellency, the Most Reverend Joseph Francis Rummel, Archbishop of New Orleans, La., was speaking of just such a thing, when, at the Jubilee celebration of St. Augustine's Seminary, he stated:

"We earnestly look forward to see more Negro diocesan priests. For it has never been the idea of the Church that every priest should become a Religious. No doubt, there are colored youths who have the urge and vocation to become priests, but do not wish or are not called to shoulder the burden of the Religious Life. Their vocation should not be frustrated, but they should be trained and eventually integrated into the ranks of the secular clergy."

From what has been said it may appear that the work of the self-sacrificing white priests among the Negro is not appreciated. By no means! After all, were not those responsible for the establishment of a seminary to train Negro priests all white men? . . . are not white men still training Negro priests? I hope that some of us, and perhaps all of us, will see the day when there are only Catholic priests in this country of ours. So that the only comment to be made upon priests of no matter what color or nationality can be: "A priest is a priest is a priest".

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Fathers Olivier and LaBauve, the 25th and 26th priests to be ordained at St. Augustine's in June 1951, concelebrating Holy Mass with Bishop Gerow.



HOME FOR SUPPER

(Continued from page 15)

might do better if we split up?" We did. It didn't take long for me to explain how to get to my house once you get to Cedar City, or to get my jacket out of Jack's suitcase. It was getting cool. We flipped a coin to see who got to stand first on the road. That was the best deal—the first guy would probably get the first ride. Jack won. We shook hands and I started down the road while he went back along the way we had come earlier in the day.

I finally stopped out of sight of Jack, shoved my hands deep into the pockets of my jacket, and started waiting for cars. I felt pretty rotten about the whole deal. It was such a shame. And usually there were pretty good rides all the way. Of course, there hadn't been a heck of a lot of traffic on the road. A blue Ford came whizzing by me, almost before I had a chance to start thumbing. Then a little maroon Studebaker. And then, oh happy day, a green Chev came rolling into sight, slowed down, and stopped.

The driver was a traveling salesman. The back seat was crammed with briefcases and rug samples. He must have been a furniture salesman. He was a talkative guy, the kind who picks you up for conversation's sake. "Been waitin' long kid?" he said.

"Boy, you aren't just kidding!" I said. I've never had such tough luck getting a ride."

"Well, you know," he said, "people are pretty cautious nowadays. So many holdups and that kind of thing by hitchhikers. And then you know there was that article in *Life* warning people against them. You just gotta watch out. Now you're a college boy, aren't you?"

"Yes," I said, grinning, thinking of all the work I went to to establish that fact.

"Well, you see," said my friend, warming up to the conversation, "I could tell that. You can tell when a guy looks like he'd be the safe type. College boys always are. But you have to be mighty careful who you pick up. Some guys just aren't safe. They aren't safe at all. Sometimes they're rough looking hombres and then some are too slick looking. And then there are some regular bums. Why, just before I got to you I even saw a colored fellow trying to get a ride. He had a suitcase plastered with stickers. Trying to look college. Can you beat that? Wonder who he thinks he's kidding!"

On and on he went, talking, talking, talking. But I didn't hear much of what he said. I was wondering if Jack would quit soon enough to catch the last bus out of school.



Little drops of water.....

Make The Mighty Ocean

So the poet tells us. Your monthly contributions, large or small, will flow together and grow into an ocean of help for our work of educating candidates for the priesthood and brotherhood. Join today! . . .

ONCE-A-MONTH CLUB
St. Augustine's Seminary,
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

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Father Carlos Lewis, S.V.D., enjoyed the privilege of an audience with the Holy Father in Rome, together with fellow Divine Word Missionary priests, priest-students, seminarians and a Divine Word Missionary Brother. Father Lewis has finished his post graduate studies in Rome and will return to St. Augustine's some time in January.

SEMINARY NEWS

(Continued from page 10)

Christmas

"And His name shall be called wonderful, counsellor, Prince of Peace . . ."

The good folks here on the Gulf Coast received the news from somewhere that the students had gone home for their Christmas vacation. The result: our chapel was filled to overflowing with worshippers for the Midnight festivities. Great fervor was evident on the part of the people during the ceremonies at the Crib as well as during the Solemn Mass. The Fraters' Choir sang the harmonic Mass and rendered the Proper in Gregorian Chant. After the Mass, the world went about its business—parties, breakfasts and what-not while our Community observed the Great Silence and retired

trying to fathom the Mystery of Christmas. After two other Masses on Christmas Day, there was very pleasant camaraderie for all. Solemn Vespers at 5:00 p.m. marked the end of a perfect day and the beginning of the celebration in honor of the Infant King!

December 16

Before leaving for their Christmas vacation, the minor seminarians presented a television program filled with the Christmas spirit. The program was rich with songs, poems and skits and their rendition showed that much pain had been taken during the days of practice. All who participated in the program deserve special thanks for an enjoyable evening. Mr. Ronald Guerin was master of ceremonies.



With the S.S.F. Fathers On The

COLORED MISSIONS



Christ, the King Church and Rectory
at High Point, North Carolina.

High Point, N. C.

On his recent tour through seminaries, parishes and missions, Father Clarence Howard, S.V.D., missionary en route to New Guinea, was amazed at the remarkable progress of Christ the King Mission in High Point, North Carolina. Rev. Bartholomew Paytas, S.A., is pastor of the Mission and is assisted by Father Peter Carter of the Buffalo Diocese. Father Carter has volunteered his services to the South for a year. There are five Franciscan Handmaids of the Most Pure Heart of Mary who conduct the classes for some sixty pupils.

Jackson, Mississippi

On October 31st, the Catholic teachers of several Mississippi schools assembled for the first Diocesan Institute ever held in Jackson. The colored lay teachers participated in all the exercises and were cordially invited to enjoy a tasty lunch in the school cafeteria with the other Sisters and teachers. This, more than anything else, loudly proclaimed the democratic spirit of our Holy Mother Church. Needless to say, it was a "red letter day" for the colored faculty, who felt that they really belonged to the family.

Holy Ghost School in Jackson had every reason to proud and happy since a special invitation had been extended to the high school boys and girls to render a small program. Since it was not known to the audience that a colored school was to be represented on the stage, the outcome was awaited with a bit of trepidation. But the result was very encouraging. No sooner had the curtain parted than a spontaneous burst of applause greeted the stu-

The new, modern school of Christ, the King parish in High Point, North Carolina.





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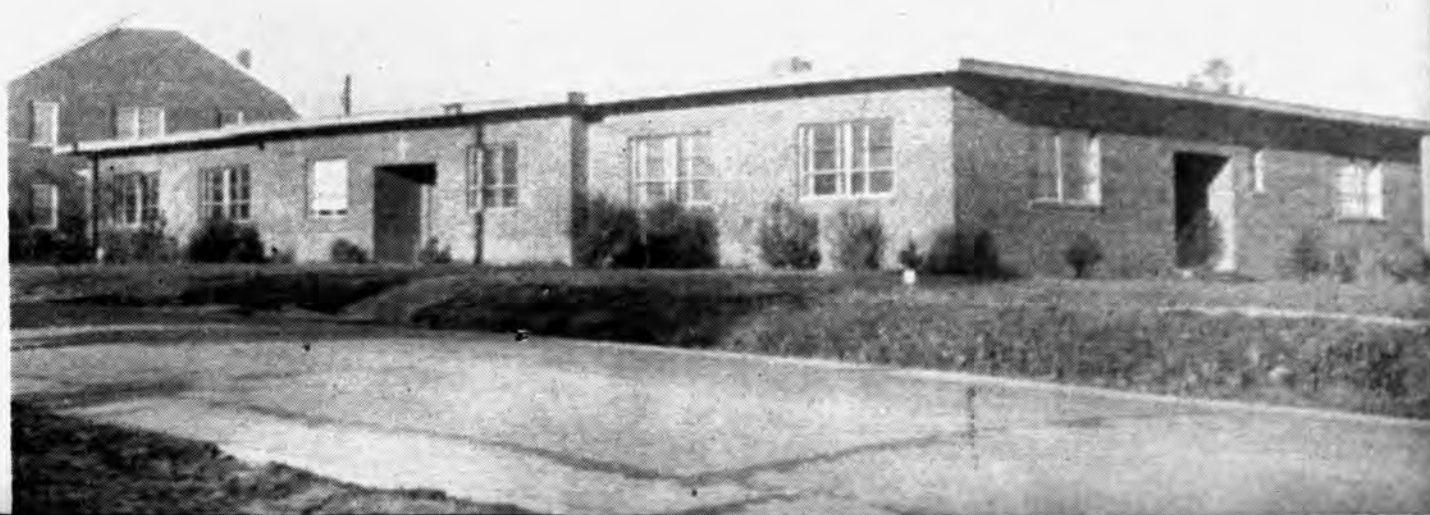
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Novena and Holy Hour Services held at St. Elizabeth's in Chicago. Father Joseph Kehrer, S.V.D., conducts the services, gives a brief sermon and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The community singing and praying is led by Mr. Fred Reed, the organist.

dents. The girls of the Glee Club were dressed in uniform with blue silk skirts, white blouses, and a red tie. The welcome applause gave impetus to their efforts, and if loud and prolonged clapping is a sign that the audience is pleased, the satisfaction of this audience was well expressed.

This experience did more than we can possibly say to educate and encourage the boys and girls of Holy Ghost School in Jackson. We are grateful to the Reverend Joseph A. Koury, M.A., Assistant Superintendent of Diocesan schools, for the opportunity offered our children; and to the Right Reverend Monsignor Joseph B. Brunini, J.C.D., V.G., for the privilege of using his auditorium. Holy Ghost Glee Club will never forget this experience.

Elton, Louisiana

Father Clarence Weber, S.V.D., pastor of St. Joseph's Church and

Father John Zimmerman, S.V.D., his worthy and energetic assistant are enjoying remarkable progress in promoting the use of the Missal while assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Alternately, the Fathers kneel behind their congregation to read aloud the prayers of the Mass and announce the page numbers in the Missal. The people are very attentive in following the Mass each Sunday with "Our Sunday Missal". Eventually, the people will be able to follow the Mass without the help of the Fathers and the constant use of the Missal will draw them to a far greater appreciation of the Church's liturgy.

Each night, except Friday, the rosary is recited publicly. On Friday night the Stations of the Cross are said. After the devotions on Tuesday and Friday night, the Fathers explain the catechism by means

(Continued on page 31)

15,000 DIMES

Buy



1 IRON LUNG

GIVE *Voluntarily* TO
MARCH
OF
DIMES
JANUARY 2-31

The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is a voluntary health agency in the widest meaning of the word. It has relatively few paid workers on its staff, at headquarters or in the field. National Foundation education and service programs are carried out in all communities primarily by volunteers—very often these are the same volunteers who work so hard during the March of Dimes to raise the essential funds which make this humane work possible.

In its fight against polio, the March of Dimes draws no race, creed or color lines. Its object is to combat polio wherever it strikes.

Children under 15 make up the majority of polio cases, but more adults are being stricken every year and they usually are hard hit. The March of Dimes draws no age lines in fighting the disease.

Half the March of Dimes funds raised in each community each year remains in the community, with the local chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The other half goes to National Headquarters. Whenever a local chapter uses up its funds, it calls upon National Headquarters which gives supplementary financial aid so long as there is need. A community hit by a polio epidemic, may receive from National Headquarters many times the amount it contributed to the March of Dimes.

Full toll of polio cases for 1951 can only be estimated but the total is likely to run close to 28,500. The March of Dimes has come to the rescue of four out of five of these cases, providing them with hospitalization and patient care.

Of every 100 individuals stricken with polio, 50 per cent recover completely; 25 per cent recover with no disabling after-effects; 17 per cent may be severely paralyzed and about eight per cent may die. But the March of Dimes provides for care in whole or in part for every polio patient in the United States who needs financial assistance.

African priests pursuing post graduate work at the Propaganda College in Rome. They represent Tanganyika, Belgian Congo, Ruanda (Belgian mandate), and Burundi (Belgian mandate).





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Elton, Louisiana

Father Clarence Weber, S.V.D., pastor of St. Joseph's Church and

Father John Zimmerman, S.V.D., his worthy and energetic assistant are enjoying remarkable progress in promoting the use of the Missal while assisting at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Alternately, the Fathers kneel behind their congregation to read aloud the prayers of the Mass and announce the page numbers in the Missal. The people are very attentive in following the Mass each Sunday with "Our Sunday Missal". Eventually, the people will be able to follow the Mass without the help of the Fathers and the constant use of the Missal will draw them to a far greater appreciation of the Church's liturgy.

Each night, except Friday, the rosary is recited publicly. On Friday night the Stations of the Cross are said. After the devotions on Tuesday and Friday night, the Fathers explain the catechism by means

(Continued on page 31)



The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis is a voluntary health agency in the widest meaning of the word. It has relatively few paid workers on its staff, at headquarters or in the field. National Foundation education and service programs are carried out in all communities primarily by volunteers—very often these are the same volunteers who work so hard during the March of Dimes to raise the essential funds which make this humane work possible.

In its fight against polio, the March of Dimes draws no race, creed or color lines. Its object is to combat polio wherever it strikes.

Children under 15 make up the majority of polio cases, but more adults are being stricken every year and they usually are hard hit. The March of Dimes draws no age lines in fighting the disease.

Half the March of Dimes funds raised in each community each year remains in the community, with the local chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. The other half goes to National Headquarters. Whenever a local chapter uses up its funds, it calls upon National Headquarters which gives supplementary financial aid so long as there is need. A community hit by a polio epidemic, may receive from National Headquarters many times the amount it contributed to the March of Dimes.

Full toll of polio cases for 1951 can only be estimated but the total is likely to run close to 28,500. The March of Dimes has come to the rescue of four out of five of these cases, providing them with hospitalization and patient care.

Of every 100 individuals stricken with polio, 50 per cent recover completely; 25 per cent recover with no disabling after-effects; 17 per cent may be severely paralyzed and about eight per cent may die. But the March of Dimes provides for care in whole or in part for every polio patient in the United States who needs financial assistance.

African priests pursuing post graduate work at the Propaganda College in Rome. They represent Tanganyika, Belgian Congo, Ruanda (Belgian mandate), and Burundi (Belgian mandate).



ALUMNI NEWS

It has been encouraging to note the interest in the proposed Alumni Association. Almost daily, more and more are writing in to express their desire to become members in order to "renew again the friendships with the many students who were at St. Augustine's Seminary during my stay." Such interest prompts us to introduce in this issue the Alumni Association's official name:

The Sigma Alpha Sigma Club

We feel that this name is very fitting for our club. You will agree with us after you hear the explanation. Sigma, Alpha, Sigma, are the Greek letters S - A - S. For us these letters signify: S—Saint; A—Augustine's; S—Seminary.

We Need Your Help

Of course, there are still many more whom we have been unable to contact in order that they too may receive the Messenger and learn about our club. If any of these are known to you, be sure to send us their name and address, so that we may be able to put them on the mailing list. A membership roll with complete address shall be published periodically.

Members To Date

Mr. Samuel W. Buford, 962 Adams St., Mobile, Ala.
 Rev. Anthony Bourges, S.V.D., Notre Dame Rectory, St. Martinville, La.
 Rev. Mark Figaro, S.V.D., Notre Dame Rectory, St. Martinville, La.
 Mr. Aubrey Osborn, Notre Dame Seminary, New Orleans, La.
 Rev. Maurice Rousseve, S.V.D., St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
 Mr. Charles Henry, St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
 Rev. Joseph Francis, S.V.D., St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss.
 Mr. Eroy DeJean, 713 Louisiana Ave., Lake Charles, La.
 Mr. Leroy Bernard, 1019 W. 5th St., Crowley, La.
 Rev. William Adams, S.V.D., Holy Rosary Institute, Lafayette, La.
 Mr. Linwood P. Singleton, 1022 Jackson, No. 1, Lake Charles, La.
 Mr. Hilbert A. Simien, A & M College, P. O. Box 2076, Prairie View, Texas
 Mr. Leon J. Bechet, St. Joseph Seminary, St. Benedict, La.
 Rev. John W. Bowman, S.V.D., St. Gabriel's Mission, Box 56, Mound Bayou, Miss.
 Rev. Harold Perry, S.V.D., St. Gabriel's Mission, Box 56, Mound Bayou, Miss.
 Mr. Thomas H. Brooks, Jr., 276 - 15th St., S. E., Washington 3, D. C.
 Mr. Aloysius J. Allen, 1218 N. Prairie Ave., St. Louis 13, Mo.
 Mr. Edwin Johnson, 203 Nolan St., San Antonio, Texas

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THE STAR

by

Francis Patrick, F.S.C.



The three Wise Men to Jesus came,
And all wise men will do the same,
Or else incur demerit, blame.

Each one of us receives a call
To travel to the Infant small,
Our Light, our Life, our God, our All.

This heavenly call is now your star,
That beckons and invites you far,
From all that holiness could mar —

From slothful life, from easy ways,
That wastes the half of all your days,
To life of fervor, prayer, and praise.

When you perceive your star has shined,
Set out at once to Jesus find
Through desert wastes, through storms of wind.

Set out, and instantly leave all —
Attachments, sins, both great and small,
Occasions that might cause your fall.

O listen to this call divine,
And follow where your star will shine,
Nor to the left or right decline.

It will conduct from out the night,
Into the realm of Virtue bright,
Will lead you into Jesus' sight.

And as you more to Jesus go
And more and more your Savior know,
You'll miss but misery and woe.

If well you listen to this call
And follow it, what may befall,
You'll find in Bethlehem your All.

Did You Know That

"*The Fellowship of the Concerned*," under the leadership of Mrs. M. E. Tilly, has made great gains in the field of interracial justice. The moral courage often manifested by the women of the Fellowship has reached the heroic. A good illustration is the following incident which occurred in a small Southern town: The automobile of a white law-enforcement officer and a Negro collided, killing the officer's wife. The officer and the Negro were both injured and taken to a hospital where a guard from the sheriff's office was stationed before the door of the Negro's room. The local newspaper published a burning story designed to arouse prejudice against the Negro and the circuit Judge made it public that the Negro would be tried for murder.

At this point members of the Fellowship organized a Church group, investigated the scene of the accident and found the officer to have been in the wrong.

Immediately they forced the newspaper to correct its earlier story; informed the Judge of their findings; secured an able lawyer at whose demand the guard at the Negro's room was removed and the charges withdrawn.

Again *true* Southern-womanhood had won the day for Justice. All Southern women should model themselves after such heroines. *It is for such a Southern-womanhood that the men of the South—black, white, brown and yellow—are gladly pouring out their blood on the battlefields of today in the fight for true democracy.*



Pfc. Monroe Holloway met Jim Nichols, famed one-armed golfer on the golf course at Fort Devens, Mass. Holloway had caddied for Nichols when he played exhibition games in Mississippi ten years ago. An enthusiastic gallery of more than 400 army personnel witnessed the game.



Holloway, a veteran of World War II, was recalled to service in September, 1950. First entering the service in 1944 at the age of 22, he was with the 372 Infantry at Fort Huachuca, Arizona. He is now stationed with the 894th Quartermaster Service Company at Fort Devens. He is the treasured player with the Fort Devens golf team.

U. S. Army Photograph



Mr. Roi Ottley, author of **NO GREEN PASTURES**.

Mr. Roi Ottley, foreign correspondent and author, was born in New York City on August 2, 1906. After attending the public schools of New York City, he was educated at St. Bonaventure's College (Olean, N. Y.), University of Michigan, and St. John's Law School (Brooklyn, N. Y.). Besides the above, Mr. Ottley studied playwriting under Hatcher Hughes at Columbia University, article writing at the City College of New York, and Negro folk literature under James Weldon Johnson at New York University.

His experiences as a Negro abroad are contained in his new book, **NO GREEN PASTURES**, which is a survey of race relations in Europe and Africa. It gives a clear, unbiased picture of how the principal European nations treat their Negro populations and their colonial possessions. Mr. Ottley gathered most of his material firsthand during his travels in Europe as a foreign correspondent.

What Sign?

"The field of interracial justice is one of the most important and urgently needed areas of activity in the world. American Catholics must get over their timidity and reluctance to understand that their attitude toward the Negro tests the sincerity of the Church's spiritual message. Equality of economic opportunity is no longer an idle dream. We are here on the proving grounds, and I might say the firing line of Democracy. America has always been able to solve its problems and survive each crisis, because here in this land there is still a great reservoir of spiritual and material wealth," declared Dr. Francis M. Hammond, Dean of the Philosophy Department at Seton Hall University, and recipient of the 1951 James J. Hoey Award for Interracial Justice.

The criterion for the New Dispensation and for Catholics in particular is love for one's neighbor: *"By this shall they know that you are my disciples, and that you have love one for another."* That is why Dr. Hammond stated that American Catholics should overcome their fear and hesitancy to understand the Church's attitude toward the Negro. Besieged from all sides by hatred and bigotry, it is to the one offering Christian love and justice to whom the Negro shall turn. It's time for American Catholics to wake up and realize that fundamental principle of Christianity—the very foundation of Christianity—the law of love towards *all* men. At one time the practice of this law of love was the most distinguishing mark of a follower of Christ: *"See, how they love one another."* But what sign distinguishes Christians today? Surely not the sign, *"For white only."* Surely the discrimination practiced against the Negro by so many "Christians" in the U. S. is not the sign whereby men shall know that we are the disciples of Christ.

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Children's Corner

During the month of January, the Church celebrates some very beautiful feasts. There is the feast of the Circumcision, January 1; the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, January 2; the feast of the Epiphany, which recalls the coming of the Wise Men to see Jesus, January 6; the Flight into Egypt, January 17; and the feast of the Holy Family on the first Sunday after Epiphany. The scenes recalled by these feasts are wonderful, but the most beautiful picture of all is the picture of which we are reminded on the Feast of the Holy Family. It is a very recent feast, hardly a hundred years old, but it is a feast that has a meaning for every man, woman and child in the world, for in the Holy Family each has a model, one whose life he must imitate. Fathers have St. Joseph as their model, mothers, the Blessed Virgin; but children have the best model, they have the Child Jesus.

We do not know very much about the childhood of Jesus. The Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, who wrote the life of Christ in the Gospels, tell us very little. Only St. Matthew and St. Mark mention the place and details of his birth and St. Luke is the only Evangelist to narrate another incident from the boyhood of Jesus. I'm sure you know the story. It happened when Jesus was twelve years old. Like all the other little Hebrew boys of his age, He went up to Jerusalem for the feast with His

parents. But when the feast was over, His parents left without him, each thinking that Jesus was in the company of the other. But when they came together for the night and could not find Jesus, they hurried back to Jerusalem to look for Him. It was only after three days that they found Him in the Temple talking with the doctors of the law. St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother were very happy to have found Jesus and He went back to Nazareth with them and was subject to them.

And that is the lesson that He wishes to teach children. He wants to teach them to be subject to their parents, that is, to be obedient to their parents like the Boy Jesus was obedient to St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother. He was God; He knew everything and could do everything. Yet, He chose to obey His Mother and Father. He knew that many children would be disobedient to their parents and so give bad example to other children. But He wished that His conduct and example of obedience be more powerful than their example of disobedience. And all good children will do what their parents tell them. They will not pout, fret or talk back when corrected for they know that Jesus would not act this way and they want to be like Him in all things. You want to be like Jesus too, don't you? . . . then of all things you must imitate Him is His obedience.



The most beautiful picture of all the scenes in the life of Jesus, Mary and Joseph, is that of the Holy Family.



It Is Here!

Mickey Magone Breaks Through the News!

Our story is about a little boy. Well, he wasn't too little, he was fourteen. But he's a regular fellow, could be any of the gang you know. He liked to do and disliked many of the things you also dislike. But . . . on with the story!



CHAPTER I—A STORMY MEETING

"Hey, come on, get him! Don't let him get out!"

"Missed him, General! He's gone!"

"You good for nothing you! Where are your eyes?" Attention there! Who let the enemy through?"

He had hardly spoken when a wee thin cry popped out, "**Break it up! Here comes a cop!**" The General's golden-haired head bolted up defiantly. Why was everyone scampering away? He walked up boldly to the black robed figure that cast an ominously dark shadow across the muddy side street.

"See here, Mister, who do you think you are, breaking up our game like that?"

"Hello, sonny! Glad to meet you! I'm a friend of yours!"

The boy eyed him. The stranger was

middle sized, well proportioned and evidently used to work. A long cassock told the boy he was standing before a priest. But priest or no priest figured the leader, he couldn't break up their game!

"A friend, huh? What do you want with us?"

"I'd like to join your game. What about it?"

"Who are you? What's your name?"

"I told you already that I'm a friend. But who are you?"

"Me?" the lad's chest swelled a bit higher. "**I'm Mickey Magone, General Mickey!**"

"Glad to meet you," smiled the priest. "Hello, boys," he greeted the little circle of Mickey's army. Then turning to Mickey, he continued, "So you're a general? How old are you?"

A	D	D	S

BIBLE SQUARE

In this square one word is given. Here are the definitions of the three missing words in jumbled order: word meaning "So Be It," two-wheeled wagon, and middle part of a church. Put the words called for in their right places and you can find by reading one row of letters down the scene of Christ's first miracle. Another row reading down will give you the name of a Biblical man.

(Answers on page 31)

During the month of January, the Church celebrates some very beautiful feasts. There is the feast of the Circumcision, January 1; the feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, January 2; the feast of the Epiphany, which recalls the coming of the Wise Men to see Jesus, January 6; the Flight into Egypt, January 17; and the feast of the Holy Family on the first Sunday after Epiphany. The scenes recalled by these feasts are wonderful, but the most beautiful picture of all is the picture of which we are reminded on the Feast of the Holy Family. It is a very recent feast, hardly a hundred years old, but it is a feast that has a meaning for every man, woman and child in the world, for in the Holy Family each has a model, one whose life he must imitate. Fathers have St. Joseph as their model, mothers, the Blessed Virgin; but children have the best model, they have the Child Jesus.

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(Answers on page 31)

"Thirteen."

"Pretty young for a general. But I'm mighty glad I got a chance to meet you. We're good friends, aren't we. Tell me, have you ever been to Confession yet?"

"Sure, plenty of times!"

"How about your first Communion?"

"I made it already."

Relations were less strained as the priest kindly asked, "Are you learning a trade?"

Mickey's face broadened with a grin. "Sure, Father, I'm an expert at it already!"

"What is it?"

"Doing nothing." That didn't sound so nice coming from the lips of a thirteen year old ringleader. It meant prison sooner or later.

"What grade are you in, Mickey?"

"Eighth."

The priest grew more serious as he continued questioning. "Are your parents still living?"

Mickey's eyes blurred. "Papa is dead and mama is killing herself taking care of us kids."

"What do you intend to do for a living?"

"Dunno, but I guess I can't keep on playing all my life." Here was talent mixed with a certain degree of seriousness, thought the priest; a guiding hand would do the rest.

"I'll tell you what, Mickey. Supposing you get a chance to quit the streets and set about learning a trade that would support you and your family, would you take it? This lazybones trade won't get you anywhere, except

to jail."

"Sure, Father, any day!" burst out the General. But his chin fell as he remembered. "But I've got no father; and my mother . . . what can she do? She's too poor."

"It doesn't matter, son," interposed the priest. "Look, here comes my train and I must leave. Say a little prayer tonight, and tomorrow go to your pastor and tell him that the priest who gave you this medal is interested in you. I'll do the rest. All right? So long and God bless you!"

Father pressed a medal into the boy's hand, hopped on the train and waved goodbye to the band of street urchins. Mickey was too surprised to answer. He shouted, but his voice was lost in the roar of the engines as it strained every nut and bolt in starting. The priest smiled when the barely audible voice reached the ear, "But who are you?"

(To Be Continued)

Reprinted through the courtesy of the Salesiana Publishers and Distributors, New Rochelle, N. Y.

TEST YOUR MEMORY!

1. Can you name four feasts in honor of Jesus which we celebrate in January?
2. Which one recalls the coming of the Wise Men?
3. What is an Evangelist?
4. Who were the four Evangelists?
5. Do all four evangelists mention the time, place and details of the birth of Christ?
6. Who is the only Gospel-writer or Evangelist to mention the story of Jesus teaching the doctors in the Temple?
7. How long was Jesus lost?
8. Did the Holy Family live at Jerusalem or Nazareth?
9. Which person of the Holy Family serves as a model for Children?
10. In what way does he wish children to imitate Him?

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WITH THE SVD FATHERS ON THE COLORED MISSIONS

(Continued from page 22)

of illustrative slide lectures. Each morning, Monday through Friday, the children receive catechetical instructions from ten until eleven together with a different group each morning from the public school.

The month of February will mark the first anniversary of St. Joseph's Parish. The zealous labors of its first pastor, Father Henry Marusa, S.V.D., along with those of Fathers Weber and Zimmermann will be recounted and the fruits of these labors will be a cause of great rejoicing.

Father Weber still stands open-handed to accept all the generosity any of our readers may wish to offer, be it in the form of financial aid or spiritual support . . . or better, both.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE SQUARE ON PAGE 29

Words going across: cart, adds, nave, Amen. The first row reading down gives CANA, the second row ADAM.



The Church of St. Francis in Yazoo City, Miss., at night during the Christmas Season.

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to jail."

"Sure, Father, any day!" burst out the General. But his chin fell as he remembered. "But I've got no father; and my mother . . . what can she do? She's too poor."

"It doesn't matter, son," interposed the priest. "Look, here comes my train and I must leave. Say a little prayer tonight, and tomorrow go to your pastor and tell him that the priest who gave you this medal is interested in you. I'll do the rest. All right? So long and God bless you!"

Father pressed a medal into the boy's hand, hopped on the train and waved goodbye to the band of street urchins. Mickey was too surprised to answer. He shouted, but his voice was lost in the roar of the engines as it strained every nut and bolt in starting. The priest smiled when the barely audible voice reached the ear, "But who are you?"

(To Be Continued)

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TEST YOUR MEMORY!

1. Can you name four feasts in honor of Jesus which we celebrate in January?
2. Which one recalls the coming of the Wise Men?
3. What is an Evangelist?
4. Who were the four Evangelists?
5. Do all four evangelists mention the time, place and details of the birth of Christ?
6. Who is the only Gospel-writer or Evangelist to mention the story of Jesus teaching the doctors in the Temple?
7. How long was Jesus lost?
8. Did the Holy Family live at Jerusalem or Nazareth?
9. Which person of the Holy Family serves as a model for Children?
10. In what way does he wish children to imitate Him?

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WITH THE SVD FATHERS ON THE COLORED MISSIONS

(Continued from page 22)

of illustrative slide lectures. Each morning, Monday through Friday, the children receive catechetical instructions from ten until eleven together with a different group each morning from the public school.

The month of February will mark the first anniversary of St. Joseph's Parish. The zealous labors of its first pastor, Father Henry Marusa, S.V.D., along with those of Fathers Weber and Zimmermann will be recounted and the fruits of these labors will be a cause of great rejoicing.

Father Weber still stands open-handed to accept all the generosity any of our readers may wish to offer, be it in the form of financial aid or spiritual support . . . or better, both.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE SQUARE ON PAGE 29

Words going across: cart, adds, nave, Amen. The first row reading down gives CANA, the second row ADAM.



The Church of St. Francis in Yazoo City, Miss., at night during the Christmas Season.

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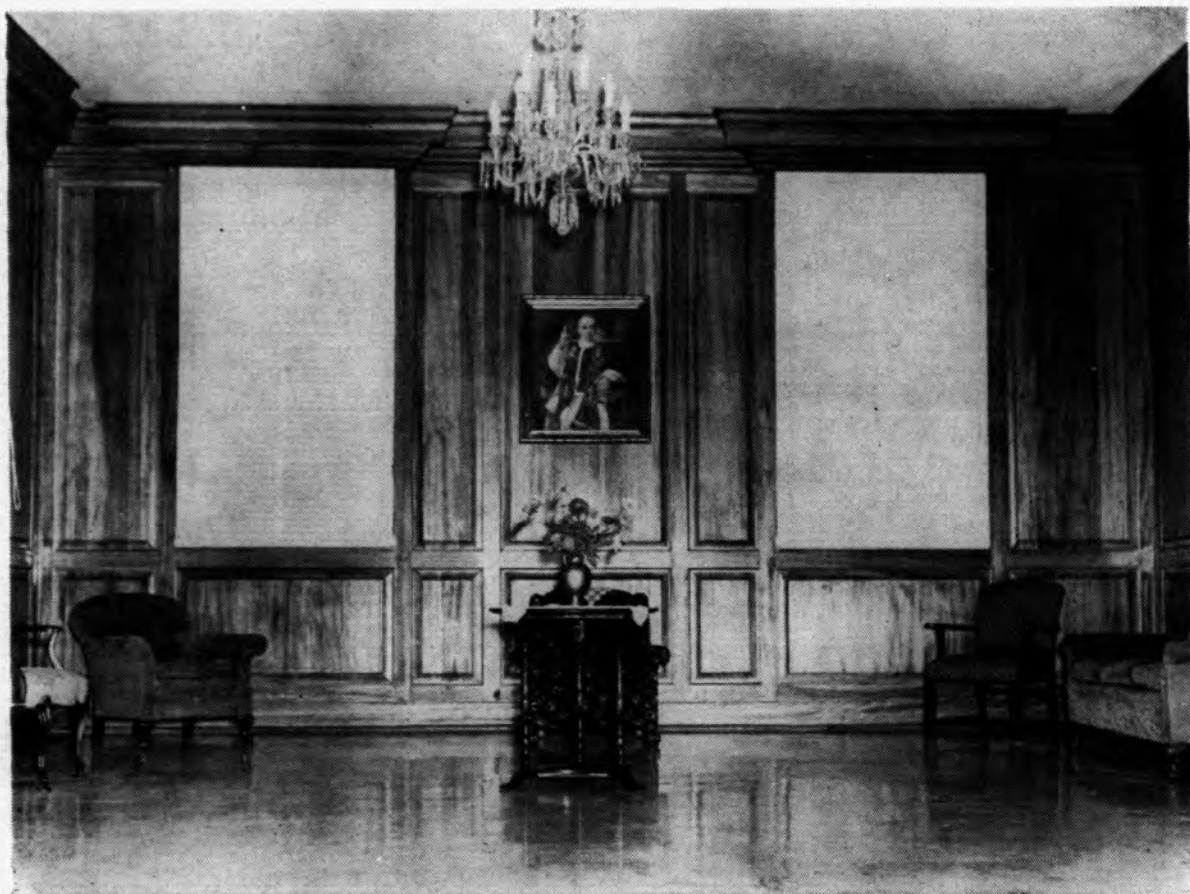
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To aid the cause for which the Divine Word Missionaries
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Rev. Robert E. Pung, S.V.D., Editor

OUR COVER . . .

The little girls in native Japanese dress are pupils of Morning Star School in San Francisco. St. Francis Xavier Mission, of which the school is a part, is conducted by the Divine Word Missionaries. The Daughters of Mary and Joseph, Dames de Marie, staff the school. For complete pictorial review see pp. 48-49, also article on page 34.

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VOL. XXX

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No. 2

Our Japanese Mission in the Golden Gate City

Bernard Keller, S.V.D.

St. Francis Xavier Mission is in its 26th year under the care of the Divine Word Fathers. Back in 1925 there was a great need in San Francisco for a priest who could speak the language of the increasing number of Japanese immigrants. Two Jesuit Fathers had already opened a house in which they had a small chapel and kindergarten. Father William Stoecke, S.V.D., recently returned to the States after 12 years of missionary labor in Japan, was glad to get the appointment and once again to minister to the spiritual needs of his adopted people.

With the small start the Jesuit Fathers handed over to him, Father Stoecke began to develop the Mis-

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A lay teacher taught the children the first term until the volunteer teaching Sisters arrived from Brus-

Built in Japanese style, St. Francis Xavier Mission in San Francisco was originally for Nippon-Americans. Still caring for Japanese-American Catholics, some eight or nine other nationalities today kneel in the pews side-by-side with the Orientals.





Archbishop John Mitty of San Francisco attends the annual graduation. With him are the two pioneer missionaries of St. Francis Xavier Mission, Fathers Stoecke and Zimmerman. The Daughters of Mary and Joseph staff the school.

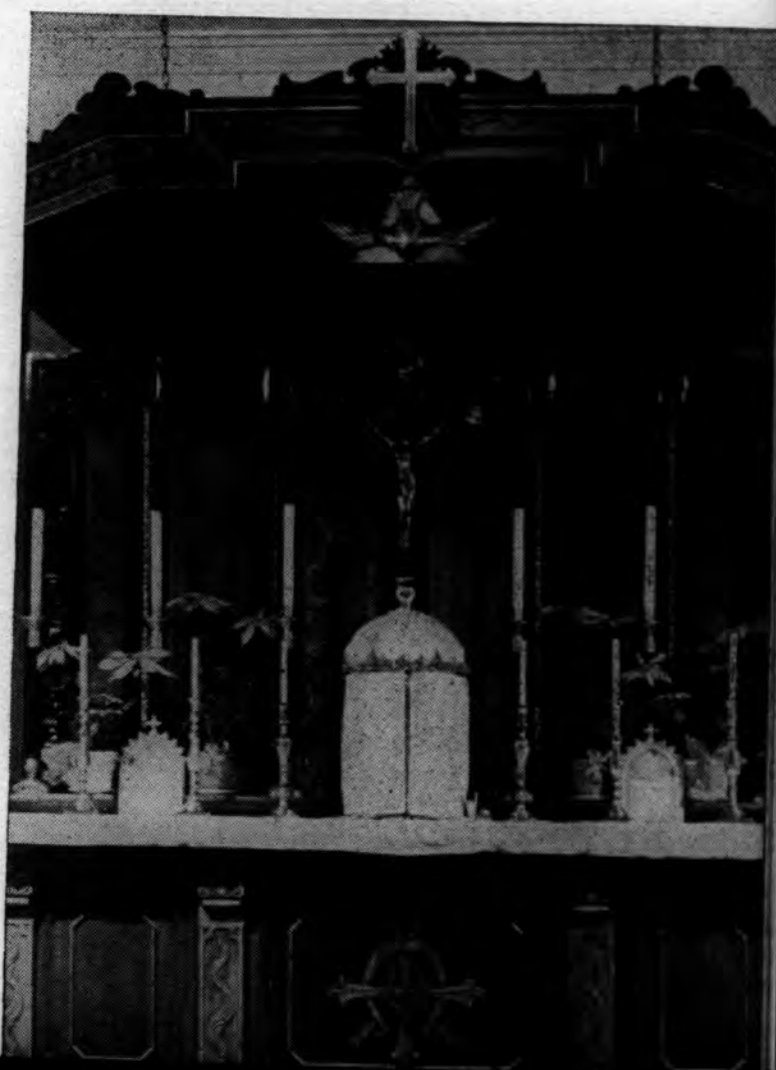
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Until the outbreak of World War II, the Mission and "The Morning Star School" continued to grow and prosper. At the time of Pearl Harbor, 250 Japanese children were in attendance. Others came every

afternoon from the public school for their lessons in Japanese. But a few months after December 8, 1941, most of the Mission's congregation was moved to relocation camps in other States. To look after his flock, Father Stoecke accompanied them to the camp at Topaz in the deserts of Utah, while Father Zimmerman remained to care for the Mission.

With the departure of the Japan-

(Continued on page 55)



The unique altar is fashioned from twelve ancient Oriental teakwood panels.

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Christ the King Center

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Sharon, Penn.

It was a Jewish Synagogue—but today it is a Catholic Church dedicated to Christ the King. See article on next page.



Dashing Through the Snow

Joseph A. Francis, S.V.D.

Recalling my high school days, I remember how I used to wait for those issues of the *Messenger* containing accounts of Father Howard's trips around the country. I would imagine that I was Father Howard rushing to catch trains and busses, meeting people, saying Mass in strange cities and preaching to the people.

Just last month, Father Provincial gave me an assignment which sent me on a long trip. As the train roared through the night towards Sharon, Pennsylvania, my destination, I realized only too well that I was no longer dreaming, but this was it. There were a few things I had not bargained for in my dreaming—one of them was the fact that I experienced a change of 80 degrees in temperature overnight. I left the fair city of New Orleans with a temperature of 75, only to be greeted in Chicago with the weather pushing the mercury all the way down to 5 degrees below zero. However, the warm reception given me by Father Edward Luis, S.V.D., pastor of St. Anselm's Church in Chicago, and the rest of my S.V.D. confreres there did much to make me ignore the cold.

Leaving Chicago on December 22nd, I arrived in Girard, Pennsylvania, on the 23rd and enjoyed the kind hospitality of Very Reverend Emil Lesage, S.V.D., Rector of Sacred Heart Mission Seminary. With the best wishes of Father Rector and Father Provincial, the

Very Reverend Robert Hunter, S.V.D., I left Girard on Sunday afternoon for Sharon, Pennsylvania.

In a few minutes after my arrival at Sharon, I knew that the little inconveniences of the trip were a small price to pay for the welcome given me by Father Obenrader, pastor of Christ the King Center, his friends and benefactors.

I happened to arrive right in the middle of a party for the kiddies of the parish and following Father Obenrader's example, I placed myself right into the spirit of the party. In the evening, I had the honor of assisting Father at the Baptismal ceremony of three adults. This was the first time in my life that I had witnessed the baptism of adults. Now the ceremonies became real to me. The promises made, the abjurations and the exorcisms took on a new meaning for me. Before, I had only a nodding acquaintance with them from the books—now, they were real. My thoughts raced ahead of me as we stood there in the very building that had formerly been a Jewish Synagogue. *Here, in this very spot, where the Rabbis had held forth in performing the rites of the Old Law, three members of my own race were now being made*

A beautiful liturgical altar now replaces the Jewish Ark of the Covenant.





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◀ Christ the King Center had a simple but inspiring crib for Christmas.

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On Christmas, the Midnight Mass was solemnly celebrated and I had the privilege of delivering the sermon for the occasion. The entire Mass was sung in Gregorian Chant; indeed a rare thing in parish churches. There were some 500 people present for the Mass. Each day I stayed at Christ the King Center was filled with new experiences and surprises. When I would ask Father Obenrader how he did it, he would simply reply that the

Holy Ghost was responsible for the work. *He called my attention to the fact that if my own Society (Divine Word Missionaries) could progress so wonderfully under the guidance of the Holy Ghost, there was no reason why he should not put everything into the hands of this Forgotten Person of the Trinity.*

I will not go into details as to the parish set-up; this will be told in a later article. I can only say that it was rather hard to say good-bye to Christ the King Center with its zealous Pastor, whose heart is on fire for the conversion of Negro America and to the host of fervent parishioners and friends of the Center.

Dear Reader, when you finish this, *just whisper a little prayer to the Holy Ghost* that many in Sharon, Pennsylvania, will find their way into that little bit of heaven known as Christ the King Center.

Christ the King Recreation Center



A Southerner's Awakening



John J. McCann

JOHN J. McCANN is a resident of New Orleans and is Chairman of the Department of Race Relations of the Catholic Committee of the South. We reprint the article through the courtesy of the "Interracial Review." — Editor

Four years ago, had I been requested to write an article for the *Interracial Review*, I would have consigned the request to "file 13"—the waste basket—without a moment's hesitation.

Several weeks ago, when this request was actually made of me, it almost received a similar fate—but for quite a different reason.

In 1947, I belonged to that sizeable number of native-born Southerners who were and are much disturbed at the discontent stirred up among the Negroes by those "dam yankees" up North and by those poor deluded whites in the South who were pushing things "too far and too fast." Hence, correspondence emanating from any organ entitled "*Interracial*" would have been considered suspect by its very name.

Four years later, but an immeasurable distance removed from this dim and narrow view, I hesitated to accept the invitation, not because of any prejudice or fear, but simply because any Southerner, once enlightened on this knotty problem, does not desire to be praised or spotlighted for doing only what he or she should have been doing from his first conscious moments.

I was born in 1916 on St. Patrick's Day in the city of New Orleans, and except for two years in the Army and a number of visits on vacation and business trips to all parts of the country, I have lived entirely in the South. Although cynics might here note that the Army life may have been a major, though subconscious, factor in changing my notions about the Negro, I hasten to assure them that nothing could be further removed from the truth of the matter. During my stay in the Army, segregation was the order of the day in each of the camps where I was stationed, except in the mess hall of one station hospital. I can vividly recall the one instance in

INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE



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Until four years ago, I am sure that I reflected the typical Southern view. I would never wish to harm or hurt Negroes in any way, but I just didn't want to be associated with them. Other Southerners, more gifted with the pen than I, can describe for you the background, the culture and the manner of living in which we are all brought up. Suffice to say that mine was more or less average, and my feelings towards the Negro would have remained pretty much the same had not one unexpected event happened in my life.

In December of 1946, I received a long distance telephone call from the executive officer of one of the large non-sectarian national honor fraternities to which I belonged. He told me that the National Parliamentarian was ill and asked me to serve in his stead at the convention of the organization which was to be held in St. Louis, Missouri, later that month. I accepted the invitation, which was destined to be the avenue through which I have come to understand and appreciate a fuller meaning of the Mystical Body of Christ, the dignity of the human personality and the greater love of God, accomplished only through the greater love of fellow-man.

The convention was moving swiftly and smoothly to a conclusion when the Constitution and By-Laws Committee proposed what appeared to be a routine change in several sections. One of the changes had to do with qualifications for membership—the committee was dropping the restrictive clause "of Caucasian ancestry."

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meeting, more heat than light was shed on the ensuing discussion. I realized then why the Executive Officer wanted a Parliamentarian, even a substitute one, present for the meeting. If never before, I appreciated at that meeting the value of parliamentary law in keeping some sense of the procedural order during the course of a confused and highly emotional argument.

Delegates from the North and West were unanimous in their verbal expressions in favor of dropping the restriction. Delegates from the South were equally adamant in their opposition to the committee's recommendation. The verbal battle was raging on the floor, with one delegate from a small Southern college leading the South's attack. Until this issue was joined I had really never thought too much about the question. I wanted to be loyal to the South — I wanted to justify philosophically the South's position, but I felt somewhat embarrassed at the manner of attack by this student spokesman. I agreed with his conclusions, but I did not approach them in the same way in which he had.

I asked permission to speak, and by way of explanation tried to show why we Southerners felt as we did, and how we justified our actions—that we frowned upon discrimination of any sort, but that since we, as individuals, had an absolute right to our own society, we as a group had a similar right and merely did not want to be associated with another group—in this case, the Negro. That was merely an expression of my sincere conviction at the time.

The vote, which followed shortly thereafter, was 43 to 21 in favor of the committee's action, but since a three-fourths majority was necessary to make a change in the Constitution, the 21 Southern votes pre-

(Continued on page 47)



Acme

Singer Paul Robeson, speaks to Council of American-Soviet Friendship. He continues to betray his race and his country by using his talents in the cause of Communism.

Communism

And

The Negro



Raymond Guidry, S.V.D.

Communism, like "rats", has a propensity to thrive in wretched and sordid conditions, carrying and spreading the disease of a "*struggle without end.*" The poverty of the poor is not a problem which they themselves share, but an opportunity which they exploit to gain power.

The communist party line for 1952 plans to concentrate on the Negroes. The Negroes in the United States number 14,000,000. Of these one out of every 37 is a Catholic, while an estimated 8,000,000 have no church affiliations at all. Added to this is the fact that the Negro is a people with great grievances against the economic and social order of America. Here Communists think they have a fertile field.

For some three decades, Communists have made advances towards the Negro, but have met with little success. Their strategy is to play upon the emotion of a people, to create race hatred and mob violence. They themselves have nothing positive to offer for the very ideology of Communism according to Marx-Lenin-Stalin is a "*struggle without end.*" Shall we look upon the peoples of Russia and her satellites as a criterion of what Communism holds out to the American Negro?

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Such boasting rolls off like water on a duck's back, since it has been seen that the Communist's efforts are solely to exploit the Negro's grievances to promote the war of Communism against capitalism in this country. Outstanding examples of this exploitation are the Scottsboro case of 1931 and the Detroit race riot of 1943.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (N.A.A.C.P.) has realized this Communist strategy and at every turn has thwarted Stalin's plans. *For this it is on the "black list" and its aim is to "rule or ruin" the NAACP.*

The Negroes know the social and economic injustice under which they labor only too well. They have known and fought to alleviate them before Communism "discovered" them and will continue this struggle

under the shadow of God's hand until America comes to the full realization of her duties of justice and charity. It cannot be but that their efforts, their patriotism and abilities will in time win recognition and convert the minds of Americans to live according to Christian principles. Their efforts will not prove fruitless because as Joe Louis said, *"We're on God's side."*

Communism has made little progress among the Negroes because it is essentially Godless and the Negro does possess a rather natural religious character. It is under God's guidance and in the hope of His protection that the Negro has made progress. There is still a long, arduous road to travel. Yet, with squared shoulders and eyes uplifted (not as the Communists would have them, cast down) they sing out in strong, sonorous tones:

*"God of our weary years, God of our silent tears,
Thou Who hast brought us thus far on the way;
Thou Who hast by thy might, led us into the light,
Keep us forever in the path we pray.
Lest our feet stray from the places, our God, where we met Thee,
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Shadowed beneath Thy hand, may we forever stand,
True to our God, true to our Native Land."*

1st Degree in Sociology at Catholic University Went to Negro

WASHINGTON.—The first degree in social science conferred by the Catholic University of America, in 1896, went to a Negro student. The Rev. Thomas J. Harte, C.Ss.R., of the Catholic university, said this student was William T. S. Jackson, who made a brilliant mark in his examination for the bachelor of social science degree.

Catholic University was one of the first six or seven universities to recognize sociology "as a separate discipline." In the past three years 1943 students received the bachelor's degree in sociology from 60 Catholic colleges.

Seminary News



School Reopens

Classes were resumed in both major and minor seminaries on Thursday morning, January 3. The students had returned from their Christmas vacation on the previous day. Though glad to be back, yet there were a few forlorn and sad faces among them at the thought of getting down to hard study again after a pleasant ten days' vacation. The same was true of the major seminarians. However, the sadness was somewhat lifted at the thought of one half of the school year being gone.

Mid-Term Exams End Semester

The last two weeks of January were brain-racking weeks for the Fraters and students, due to the fact that mid-term exams had gotten the upper hand and for two weeks in the Fraters' building and a few days in the students' building, they were the subject of grave consideration. However, February finds all under control again and the second semester of this scholastic year gains prominence.

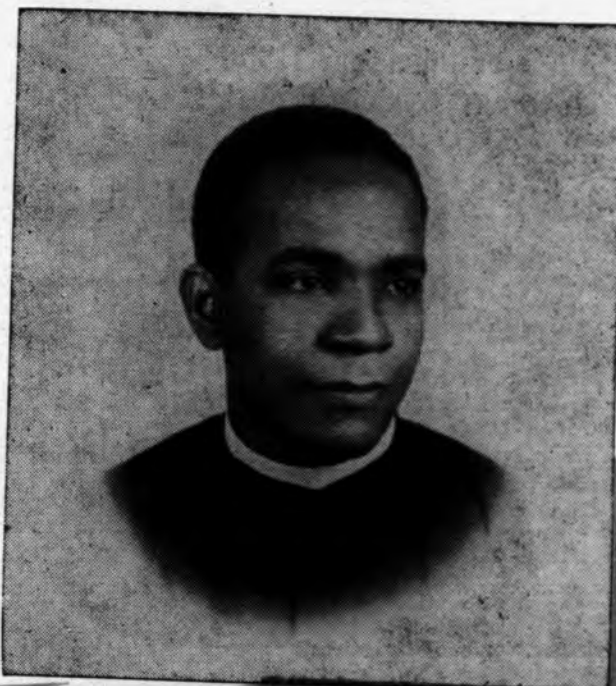
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Ordinations

Our two candidates for the Holy Priesthood this coming June, will receive the subdiaconate at the hands of His Excellency, the Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, S.T.D., Bishop of Natchez, on Sexagesima Sunday, February 17th. The candidates are: Frater Gerald Lewis, S.V.D., LaBoca, Canal Zone, and Frater Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., New Orleans, La. Both seminarians pronounced their Perpetual Vows in the Society of the Divine Word last September 8th.

House Blessing

During the Octave of the Feast of Epiphany, the customary House Blessing took place. After the beginning of the ceremony in chapel, where the chalk was blessed, the community went in procession to the main entrance. There the Reverend Maurice Rousseve, S.V.D.,



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Assistant Provincial of the Southern Province, solemnly blessed the main building. After the short and impressive ceremony at the main entrance, the other Fathers with their assistants blessed the various other buildings and rooms. Over each door, visitors will see the familiar inscription made up of the first letters of the names of the three Kings from the East:

+
19 C + M + B 52

Solemn Benediction ended the ceremonies. Fathers Olivier and LaBauve assisted the celebrant, Father Rousseve, as deacon and subdeacon. Frater Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., was master of ceremonies.



Frater Thaddeus Boucree as Eugene Losere, trying to confess his murderous crime, thus silencing Father Remillard, who is bound by the seal of confession.

Father Francis blesses the parlor and lobby while Father Pung writes the familiar inscription over the door. They are assisted by students, Cabey and Prejean.

Major Seminarians Stage Play

"A Victim of the Seal" by the Reverend Francis Kenzel, C.Ss.R., a five-act drama was staged by the major seminarians on Wednesday evening, January 9, 1952. Besides portraying the self-sacrificing fidelity of the Catholic priest to keep the seal of confession unbroken, the drama portrayed in a special way the plight of Holy Church and her persecuted clergy in the world today. Frater Gerald Lewis, S.V.D., as Father Remillard; Frater James Moultrie, S.V.D., as James Regan, his servant, Frater Elmer Powell, S.V.D., as Father Remillard's father, and Frater Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., as Eugene Losere, Father Remillard's villainous sacristan deserve special praise for their fine acting. Fraters Tilden LeMelle, S.V.D., and Paul Neale, S.V.D., the attorneys, also showed ability as did the supporting cast. The community was well pleased with the presentation and asked for more such entertainments from the major seminarians. The drama was directed by Father John LaBauve, S.V.D., and Frater Edward Bauer, S.V.D.



A SOUTHERNER'S AWAKENING

(Continued from page 42)

vented the change. A motion to appoint a committee to give further study to the question, making appropriate recommendations, was passed by a simple majority. The deans of two large Southern state universities and I were selected for this work.

Naturally I cannot speak for the other members of this special committee, but as for myself, I can truthfully say that I approached the study with avowed purpose of building a solid and incontrovertible case to continue the exclusion of the Negro from our organization.

To be on firm ground, I sought out my old professor of philosophy—a man for whom I have always held the greatest respect and to whom I shall be eternally indebted for indicating to me “a way of life.” Because he was ill, I was referred to a younger Jesuit, also a Southerner. I presented to him my problem and the aim I had in view.

I had known this Jesuit for a number of years—since he was a scholastic—and so there was a friendly bond between us. He asked me whether I had a closed mind on the matter or sincerely desired to learn the teachings of the Catholic Church on this subject. The question left no alternative answer.

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By now I had come to realize that the fraternity matter was only a small thing in itself, and that much greater and more important work remained to be done.

When, a few months later, I together with some 20-odd white and Negro Catholic Southerners, received an invitation from the Dean of the Loyola Law School in New Orleans to attend a preliminary formative meeting on matters pertaining to racial justice, I very happily accepted. This resulted in the first meeting of what was to become the Commission on Human Rights, under the Race Relations division of the New Orleans Archdiocesan unit of the Catholic Committee of the South.

The wonderful success of that organization, so highly motivated, and

(Continued on page 51)



Father Francis blesses the parlor and lobby while Father Pung writes the familiar inscription over the door. They are assisted by students, Cabey and Prejean.

Major Seminarians Stage Play

"A Victim of the Seal" by the Reverend Francis Kenzel, C.Ss.R., a five-act drama was staged by the major seminarians on Wednesday evening, January 9, 1952. Besides portraying the self-sacrificing fidelity of the Catholic priest to keep the seal of confession unbroken, the drama portrayed in a special way the plight of Holy Church and her persecuted clergy in the world today. Frater Gerald Lewis, S.V.D., as Father Remillard; Frater James Moultrie, S.V.D., as James Regan, his servant, Frater Elmer Powell, S.V.D., as Father Remillard's father, and Frater Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., as Eugene Losere, Father Remillard's villanous sacristan deserve special praise for their fine acting. Fraters Tilden LeMelle, S.V.D., and Paul Neale, S.V.D., the attorneys, also showed ability as did the supporting cast. The community was well pleased with the presentation and asked for more such entertainments from the major seminarians. The drama was directed by Father John LaBauve, S.V.D., and Frater Edward Bauer, S.V.D.

Assistant Provincial of the Southern Province, solemnly blessed the main building. After the short and impressive ceremony at the main entrance, the other Fathers with their assistants blessed the various other buildings and rooms. Over each door, visitors will see the familiar inscription made up of the first letters of the names of the three Kings from the East:

19 C + M + B 52

Solemn Benediction ended the ceremonies. Fathers Olivier and LaBauve assisted the celebrant, Father Rousseve, as deacon and subdeacon. Frater Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., was master of ceremonies.



Frater Thaddeus Boucree as Eugene Losere, trying to confess his murderous crime, thus silencing Father Remillard, who is bound by the seal of confession.



A SOUTHERNER'S AWAKENING

(Continued from page 42)

vented the change. A motion to appoint a committee to give further study to the question, making appropriate recommendations, was passed by a simple majority. The deans of two large Southern state universities and I were selected for this work.

Naturally I cannot speak for the other members of this special committee, but as for myself, I can truthfully say that I approached the study with avowed purpose of building a solid and incontrovertible case to continue the exclusion of the Negro from our organization.

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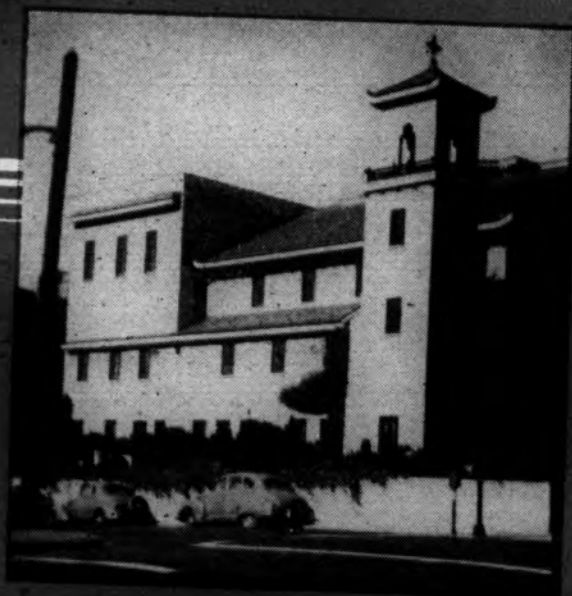
JAPANESE MI



MAY PROCESSION



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CHURCH

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This spirit is shown among the American Catholics on our West Coast. The Morning Star Mission in San Francisco, the Society of the Holy Child ministers to a large Japanese community. This pictorial review of this work among the children.



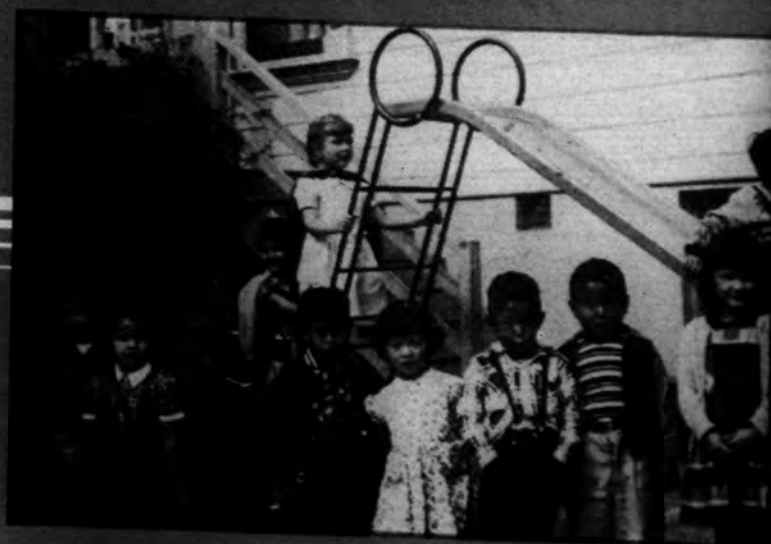
LITTLE MISSES



SCHOOL



AT COMMUNION



AT RECESS

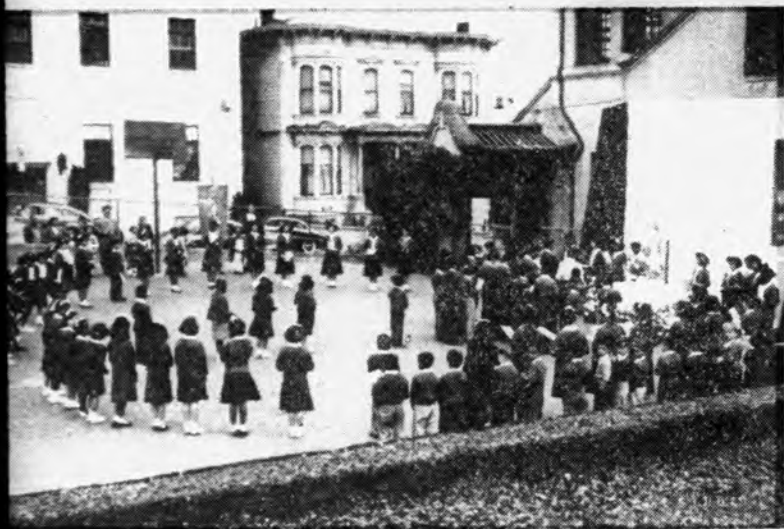
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FIRST COMMUNION

MISSION on WEST COAST!

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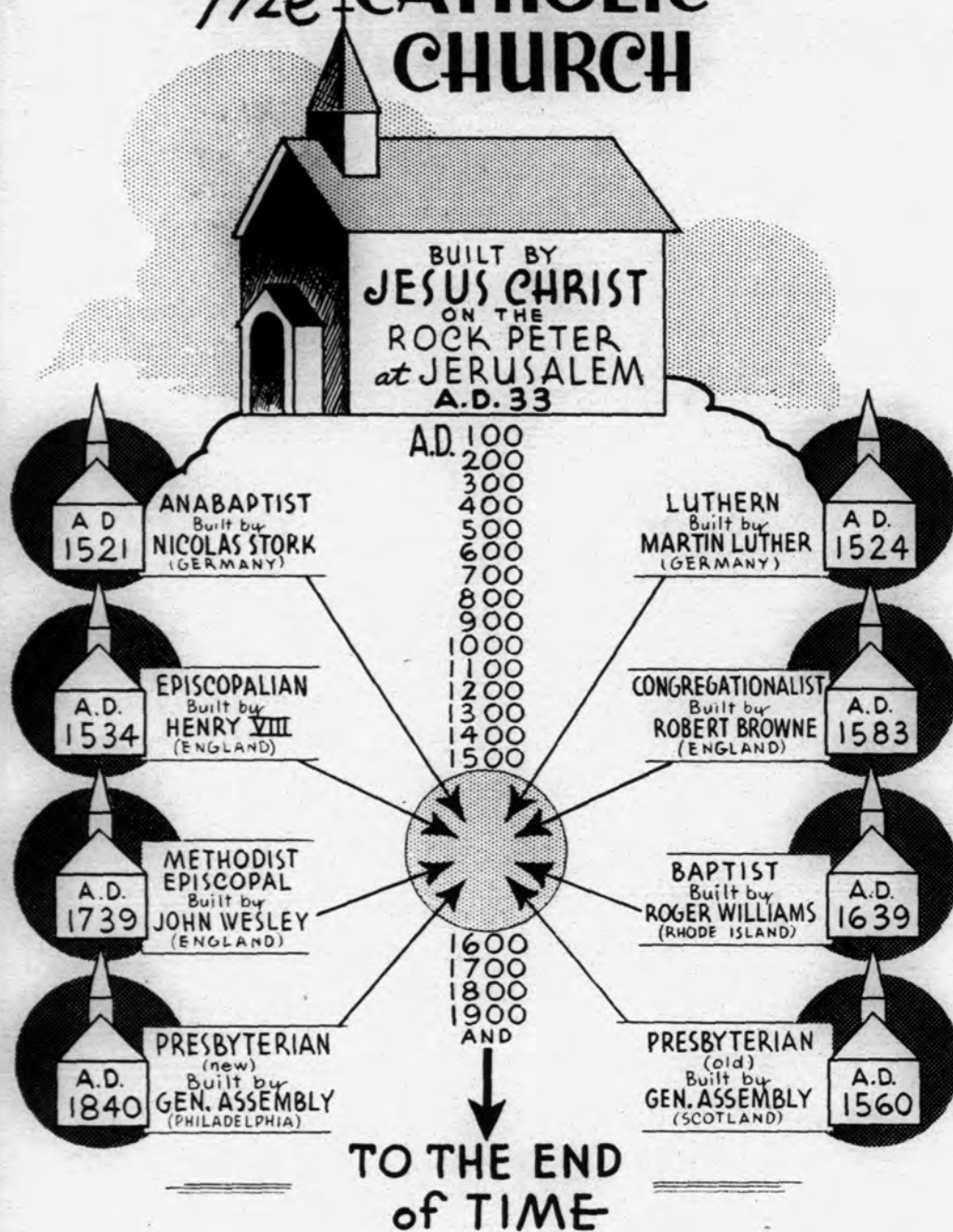


AT RECESS



COMMUNION

The CATHOLIC CHURCH



*Is The
Catholic Church
Christ's Church
?*

This is still the contention among the various denominations today. I call your attention to this passage from the Gospel of St. Matthew — Christ's own words: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Well might a Protestant assert that this statement could just as well refer to his church. However, history is most effective in showing at a glance the first break away from the one true Church and the consequent origin of the various Protestants' sects. Besides, the unbroken line of Popes from St. Peter to this day, further

(Continued on page 58)

A SOUTHERNER'S AWAKENING

(Continued from page 47)

in spite of innumerable obstacles, merits an article in itself. The tremendous efforts put out by a number of its members, and the willingness of all to perform any jobs within their capability, makes one realize that there must be a cause of great merit. Perhaps the foremost deterrent to even much more rapid progress has been the lack of enough funds to carry out many worthwhile projects. Willing, capable white and Negro southern man- (and woman) power is available in abundance. Now efforts must be directed to obtain sufficient financial assistance to utilize this force for good.

About a year and a half ago I was selected chairman of the Department of Race Relations of the Catholic Committee of the South, succeeding that personable and distinguished champion of racial justice over the years, the Right Reverend Monsignor T. James McNamara of the Savannah-Atlanta diocese. The Department is specifically interested in most of the dioceses from Virginia to Louisiana, although if it can render assistance anywhere, it is anxious to do so.

Presently a central office is being formed and the general objectives of each division of the Department are being clearly delineated.

Interracial Catholic study groups, and in some cases formal but quietly functioning organizations have been formed and are in the process of formation in a great number of cities throughout the South, including such places as Natchez, Charleston, Greensboro, Jacksonville, and in other places which we are not at liberty to mention just yet.

Interracial retreats, integrated educational facilities, Catholic interracial councils (though not necessarily by that name), Negro voters leagues, hospitals' facilities made available on a basis of need rather than color, are all objectives not only to be desired but to be worked for.

The great hope of our land lies in the fact that so very many Southerners, who are educated privately admit that the Catholic (and the American) concept of social justice requires the recognition of the dignity of the human person, and that our present relationship is not only false but unjust and uncharitable. If this type of thinking is not discouraged, as it might have been in me, we can predict with confidence that a new day will dawn throughout the South — a day in which rights will not be reluctantly "given" by government fiat, but one which will be characterized by genuine understanding, unimpaired justice and sincere love among all races and classes of men.

XAVIER UNIVERSITY

Founded 1925

A fully accredited institution of higher learning

COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS AND SCIENCES

College of Pharmacy — School of Education — Graduate School

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Sciences
Fine Arts

Primary Education
Secondary Education
Physical Education

Business Administration

Industrial Arts
Home Economics
Music

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New Orleans, Louisiana

ALUMNI NEWS

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The Sigma Alpha Sigma Club

We feel that this name is very fitting for our club. You will agree with us after you hear the explanation. Sigma, Alpha, Sigma, are the Greek letters S - A - S. For us these letters signify: S—Saint; A—Augustine's; S—Seminary.

We Need Your Help

Of course, there are still many more whom we have been unable to contact in order that they too may receive the Messenger and learn about our club. If any of these are known to you, be sure to send us their name and address, so that we may be able to put them on the mailing list. A membership roll with complete address shall be published periodically.

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With the SVD Fathers

On The

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The newly baptized were confirmed at Christ the King Church in Jackson along with a class which Father Peter DeBoer, S.V.D., pastor of Christ the King Church, had instructed.

All the girls, who were baptized on the Feast of Our Lady's Immaculate Conception, were received into her Sodality during Benediction services that same afternoon.



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(Continued on page 59)

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OUR JAPANESE MISSION

(Continued from page 35)

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Though the Mission has lost its character as a Japanese Mission, there are more and more Japanese returning as the years pass. The kindergarten for Japanese has reopened and has over fifty in attendance. The Niseis, a group of American Japanese are doing much to help spread the Faith and the progress of the Mission. This group sponsors social and religious gather-

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All the development St. Francis Xavier Mission has gone through has taken its toll on Father Stoecke, who is now in his mid-seventies. To relieve him a little, yet not to inactivate his apostolic zeal, a younger priest has been placed in charge of the Mission, Father Joseph Guetzloe, S.V.D. As a sign of the progress made at the Mission, a third priest has been added to take Father Zimmerman's place, Father Stanislaus Gootee, S.V.D. Father Zimmerman has been transferred to a new mission in Elton, La.

A remembrance of this Mission in the Golden Gate City while on your knees, will assure it continued progress in bringing the people of that city closer to God.

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Jesus' Influence

Francis Patrick, F. S. C.



No gracious trait the Savior lacked;
He well knew so to live and act
That unto good He might attract.

No man with Jesus could compare;
His life was holy, all was fair,
His every trait refined and rare.

Of good, of cheer, was He the source;
Was, like the sun on westward course,
The Image of a heavenly force.

The sight of Jesus was a gift
That caused in dismal clouds a rift,
From good to better moods to shift.

His very presence seemed to bless;
A sense of peace and hopefulness
With Him did people oft confess.

Good influence on Him attends;
His presence, words, and deeds He lends
To bring a blessing on His friends.

So great attraction He possessed
That all beholders He obsessed;
His worth, His virtue they confessed.

Their admiration was so great,
From Him they hardly separate,
But would be with Him soon and late.

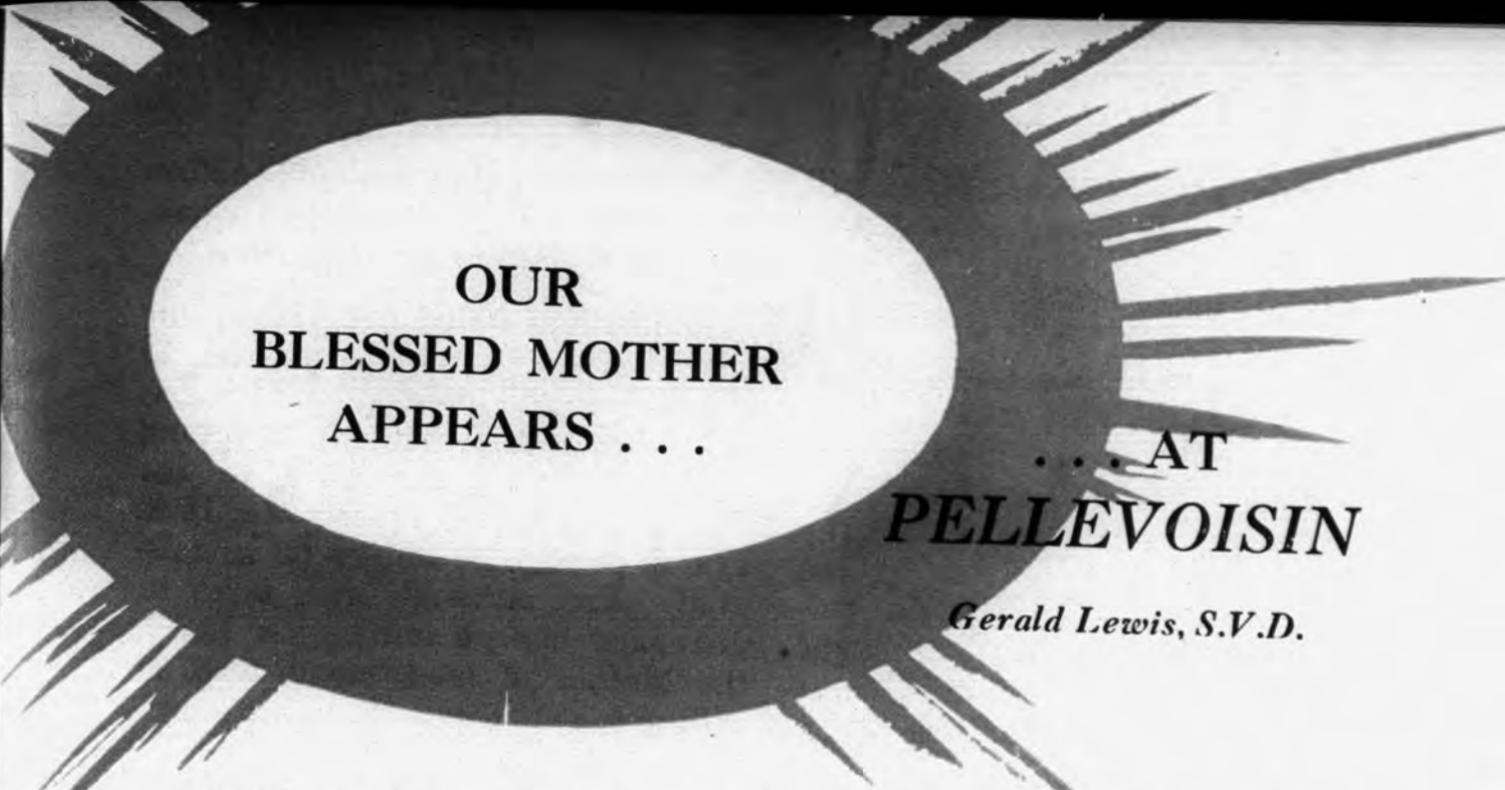
They wished, they craved, they longed to be
Like unto Him in some degree,
Through virtue, wisdom, purity.

For Jesus seemed embodiment
Of all the traits that God had lent
To Saints and Prophets He had sent.

From human weakness He was free,
While rays of the Divinity
Beneath the veil of flesh they see.

His words could noble moods provoke;
When Jesus of the Scriptures spoke,
Hearts burned within, out fervor broke.

His words both light and warmth impart;
He swayed the will, He moved the heart,
As high resolves in hearers start.



OUR
BLESSED MOTHER
APPEARS . . .

. . . AT
PELLEVOISIN

Gerald Lewis, S.V.D.

Between 1830 and 1876 Our Lady honored France with her presence at Paris, La Salette, Lourdes, Pontmain and Pellevoisin. The last was her final appeal to the world through France to "cease offending God." At Pellevoisin Mary chose to appear to Estelle Faguet, a young woman, thirty-one years old who suffered considerably from ulcers of the stomach and tuberculosis. From February 14 to December 8, Estelle Faguet saw Our Lady fifteen times and heard from her the oft-repeated pleas for prayer and sacrifice.

Estelle Faguet suffered much but she did not wish to be cured. She wanted to suffer in reparation for the sins of her past life and then to die and go to heaven. But Mary thought otherwise. At her fifth visit, Estelle was suddenly cured of all her sicknesses—a sure sign that the apparition was genuine. The message of Pellevoisin is rich with the admonitions and pleas of Our Lady. We give here but a few sentences spoken by the Queen of Heaven to Estelle Faguet.

"I am all merciful and have great influence with my Son. My Mother Heart has heard all your prayers

and good works. Do not squander the graces that shall be given you. Fulfill my requests. If you wish to serve me be simple and true. Wherever you are you can do much good and fulfill my requests. My Son loves me so much that He can refuse me nothing that I ask. Above all I come for the conversion of sinners. The treasury of graces is ever open. Pray. Pray."

Because of her defects, Estelle was deeply troubled that she should be the object of Mary's special attention. She thought of all the sins she had committed which made her unworthy to be so favored by Heaven. But Mary said to her: "All that is past. You have made up for all your sins by your resignation to the will of God in your sufferings." To Mary, Estelle Faguet was a symbol of all the people of France. France could regain its healthy national life if it would only be converted and lay aside its sinful ways. "And France!" exclaimed Our Blessed Mother. "What have I not done for France? How many warnings, and yet it remains unmoved. I cannot hold back my Son much longer. France must suffer. Worse things are in store for those

(This is the fifth of a series of articles on the various apparitions of Mary, our Mother, under the title *Our Blessed Mother Appears*. May they help to draw all men closer to the Immaculate Heart of Mary.—Editor.)

Francis Patrick, F.S.C.



No gracious trait the Savior lacked;
He well knew so to live and act
That unto good He might attract.

No man with Jesus could compare;
His life was holy, all was fair,
His every trait refined and rare.

Of good, of cheer, was He the source;
Was, like the sun on westward course,
The Image of a heavenly force.

The sight of Jesus was a gift
That caused in dismal clouds a rift,
From good to better moods to shift.

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(Continued from page 50)

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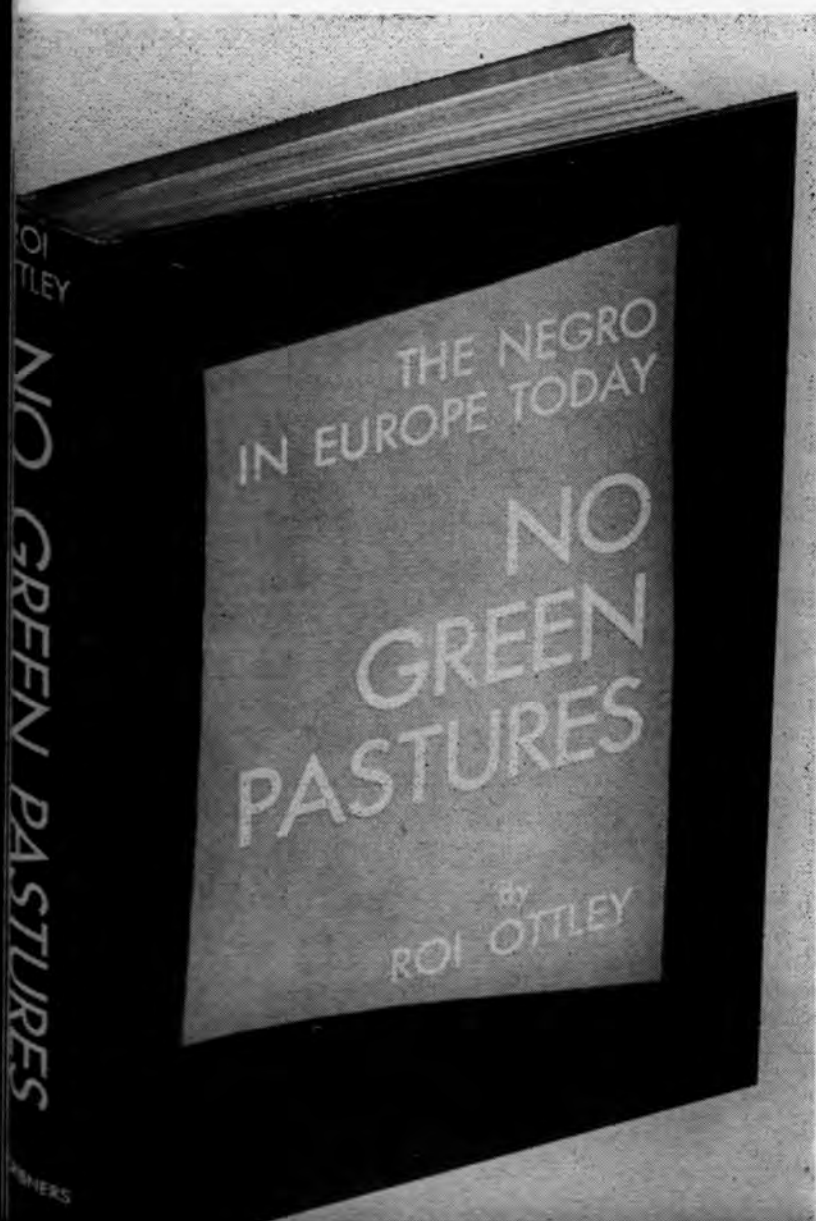
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It was the realization of this unity and oneness of the Catholic Church and her doctrines that brought over such men as Cardinals Newman and Wiseman, and is still leading other notable men and women of all races into the Church in our present day.

NO GREEN PASTURES

The Negro in Europe Today

NO GREEN PASTURES deals with a subject that has never before been examined thoroughly—the situation of the Negro in Europe today. It gives a clear, unbiased picture of how the principal nations treat their Negro populations. Mr. Roe Ottley gathered most of his material firsthand during his travels in Europe as a foreign correspondent. A skilled reporter who sets down the facts as he sees them, without twisting them to fit a thesis, he writes with a sharp eye for colorful detail.



WITH THE S.V.D. FATHERS ON THE COLORED MISSIONS

(Continued from page 54)

hundred and fifty-thousand-dollar social center to help along in the work of saving some 77,000 souls in San Francisco. Although the necessary funds are lacking for the project, Father intends to make an early start of it, trusting in God's grace and the benevolence of mission-minded people.

New Progress

Father Clarence Weber, S.V.D., zealous pastor of the Missions of Elton and Basile, Louisiana, is attempting *everything* to build a chapel for his colored people at Basile. He succeeded in getting an article about his work into the Catholic newspaper of his home diocese, Indianapolis. Another recent venture was to publish an appeal in *Catholic Action of The South* for unwanted Christmas gifts, which he would be able to use as prizes in raising funds. Perhaps some of our readers can also come to Father's aid.

Although Father is very busy with paying off debts and trying to get up enough courage to make new ones, he is by no means neglecting the spiritual formation of his charges. His "parlor" has been converted into a library of Catholic books and magazines. Here the "youngsters" gather in the evening for an hour of good reading that ends at seven with the recitation of the rosary. Father makes them feel welcome, because he is convinced that their whole future is being influenced by their good reading now.



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Children's CORNER

WHAT'S THE LATEST?

... Haven't you read? This is
CATHOLIC PRESS MONTH!

During the month of February we celebrate the birthdays of two of our nation's greatest presidents, Washington and Lincoln. Both of them were presidents when our country was still young and small.

George Washington was our first president. Before he was elected president, our country was nothing more than a number of settlements or colonies with little union among themselves, each being independent of the other. But they had united to win their freedom from England, they chose as their first president and leader the general who had won their freedom, George Washington.

Abraham Lincoln was our sixteenth president. When he was elected, our country had grown, but it was in a dangerous situation. The question of slaveholding threatened to disrupt the unity of the nation. It was during his presidency that a cruel war was fought between the North and the South. But under the skillful guidance of Lincoln the nation was kept together and the enslaved Negroes were granted freedom to live as men.

Very many stories are told about these two presidents. Everyone has heard at one time or another the story of George Washington and the cherry tree or one story of the honesty of "Honest Abe." Here is a little story about President Lincoln.

George Washington as first president of our country. ➤

Why Lincoln Grew A Beard

In the year 1860, Abraham Lincoln was running for the office of President of the United States. He traveled about the country making speeches.

One day he received this letter from an 11-year-old girl named Grace Bedell:

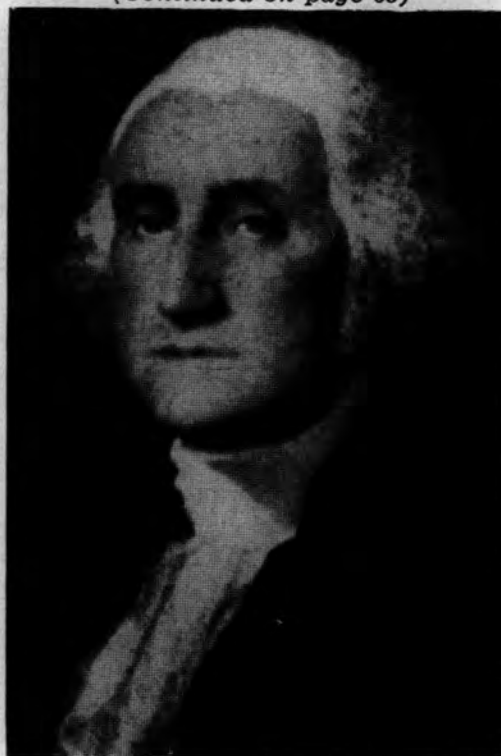
"I am a little girl 11 years old.

"I have four brothers and a part of them will vote for you anyway. If you will let your whiskers grow I will try to get the rest to vote for you. You would look a great deal better, for your face is so sad and thin . . ."

Mr. Lincoln was pleased to receive the letter. He answered it at once.

A short time later, Lincoln was elected President of the United States. (It was then that he began to grow a beard.)

(Continued on page 63)



It Is Here!

Mickey Magone Breaks Through the News!

Our story is about a little boy. Well, he wasn't too little, he was fourteen. But he's a regular fellow, could be any of the gang you know. He liked to do and disliked many of the things you also dislike. But . . . on with the story!



CHAPTER II — MICKEY FINDS A FRIEND

Mickey couldn't wait until morning. He lined up his ranks, dismissed them in true military style, then scampered off to the village rectory. Father Joseph looked at the excited little fellow, be-drizzled and gasping for breath, as he managed to blurt out his story. "All right, Mickey," he answered. "I'll take care of the message. Now you go home and sit by the fire or you're going to catch your death of cold."

"But who is that nice priest?"

Father Joseph winked knowingly at the General and whispered, "A friend—a good friend." Then after the lad had dashed into the darkness again, he sat at his desk and wrote a brief note, addressing it to: "The Reverend John Bosco, St. Francis De Sales' Oratory, Turin. **"Mickey,"** he wrote, **"is a fatherless boy. His mother slaves to keep the family alive. He himself has exceptional qualities, but he has no one to bring them out. He has an excellent heart but the streets won't help him keep it clean. His liveliness is amazing and makes him the worst boy in school while he can easily be the best."**

The answer came from Turin a week later. "I will accept the boy. He has stuff in him."

Mickey danced with joy when Father Joseph asked him if he would like to go to the City. Imagine the City . . . He

felt like a king as, a few days later, he sat on the hard wooden bench of the railway coach. A hearty kiss to Mom, a few tears brushed away with his sleeve, a farewell salute to his army, and Mickey was off . . . for the City.

With many a roar and puff, the train rumbled into the Turin depot. As he alighted his myterious friend grasped the lad's hand and conducted him wide eyed through the fabled streets of Turin.

"So you're the famous Don Bosco who takes care of kids and takes them from the streets and lets them have a nice time in the Oratory and gets them a job?"

"Right, Mickey, but who keeps them from sin and shows them the way to heaven," corrected the priest. "Are you glad you came?"

"Oh, you bet I am! This is swell."

They turned off the street into a playground literally packed with little fellows and big fellows, all playing and raising an awful rumpus. But the noise never disturbed Don Bosco. He liked it because it meant that none of his rascals were up to some sly mischief.

"Here we are, Mickey! This is the Oratory."

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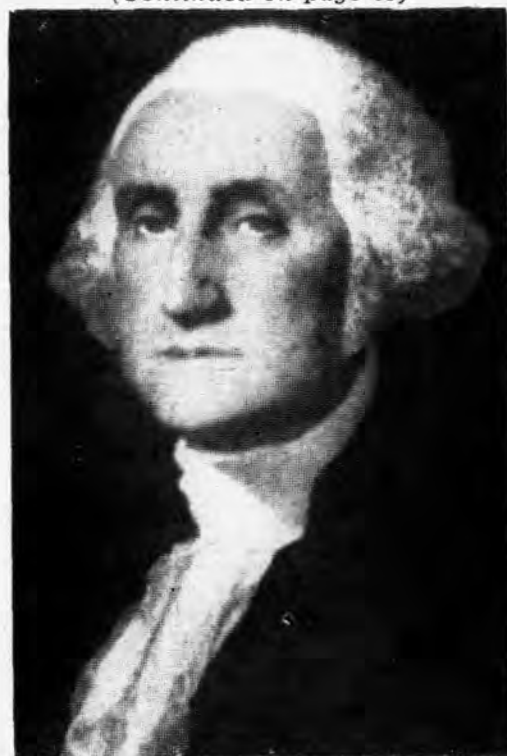
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"You're very welcome, Mickey. I want you to enjoy yourself. Just don't tear the roof down."

"Oh, I won't!" laughed the youngster.
 "Now would you rather study or learn a trade?"

"Whichever you want, Father, only I'd rather study, if I could."

Fine, then we shall send you to school. But why do you want to study?"

Mickey turned pink, then red and stammered, "I'd kinda . . . well, you see, if . . ."

"If what, Mickey?"

"Well if a wild little bum like me can ever hope to be a priest, I'd ah . . ."

"All right, Mickey. I'll try you out. Now all you have to do is buckle down to business, study hard, play all you want in recreation, be obedient to your teachers, and pray. God will take care of the rest. Now go and meet the other boys."

But Don Bosco was not finished. He called a boy, a fellow of Mickey's size, a wide awake looking lad, his pupil for over a year.

"Here, Tommy," began the priest. "See that newcomer? His name is Mickey Magone. He's a swell lad, but as wild as could be. You're going to be his Guardian Angel. See to it that nothing happens to him; show him the ropes."

Tommy's eyes brightened. "As you say, Don Bosco."

Tommy kept his trust. He and Mickey became fast friends. In their class and in the chapel they were together, Tommy trying to keep Mickey out of mischief and teach him more refined manners. Mickey found it hard at first, but he liked Tom. Often when the bell would clang to leave games and go to church, Tom would look at Mickey, and Mickey would look at the ball and groan, then say "Coming Tom." Once he admitted, "You know, Tom, if you had only been with me all my past life I would never have gotten into trouble."

(To Be Continued)

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 Religious Scrolls, Folders, etc.

DO YOU KNOW WHY WE SEND
 VALENTINES TO OUR FRIENDS . . .?
 READ THIS AND FIND OUT . . .!



In the early days of the Church the Emperors, jealous of the devotion of the Devout Christians to their religion, often persecuted the Church. They used to kill the Christians by cutting off their heads or throwing them to the beasts or by using other means of punishment. Some of the Christians became afraid and were ready to give up their faith. To strengthen them against this temptation St. Valentine used to send letters to them while they were in prison awaiting the time of their death, so that they would be cheered and face death courageously.

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On the way to Washington his train stopped at Westfield, New York, where Grace Bedell lived.

Mr. Lincoln stepped out upon the platform of the train. A large crowd of people had gathered to see their new President. They cheered loudly when they saw him. He smiled and waved at them.

Then in a loud voice he called out, "I have a little friend here. If Grace Bedell is present will she please come forward?"

Grace was present and she came forward. Mr. Lincoln shook her hand and said:

"You see, Grace, I let my whiskers grow for you." And so he had.

"You see, Grace, I let my whiskers grow for you."

My Favorite Saint

St. John the Evangelist was one of the first apostles of Christ and was very much loved by Him. He was the only apostle to die a natural death. This was a special favor of Christ.

As tradition tells us, on his trip to Rome, during the time of Emperor Domitian, he was sentenced to die near the Latin gate in a caldron of boiling oil because he was a Christian. But Christ saved his life by His miraculous power.

St. John, the brother of James, was the apostle who leaned on Christ's breast at the Last Supper when Christ instituted the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist. He was also present at the crucifixion of Christ together with the Blessed Virgin. It was then that Christ gave him Mary, as his mother.

He was banished to Patmos, an island in the Aegean Sea. Here he wrote a book which is called the Apocalypse, the last book in the Bible. St. John kept on preaching until he died in the year 100 A. D. and was taken into heaven by Christ, his beloved Master.

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ELRAY LEMOINE—age 13
Box 423
Elton, La.

Little drops of water.....



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So the poet tells us. Your monthly contributions, large or small, will flow together and grow into an ocean of help for our work of educating candidates for the priesthood and brotherhood. Join today! . . .

ONCE-A-MONTH CLUB
St. Augustine's Seminary,
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

"Oh, I won't!" laughed the youngster.
 "Now would you rather study or learn a trade?"

"Whichever you want, Father, only I'd rather study, if I could."

Fine, then we shall send you to school. But why do you want to study?"

Mickey turned pink, then red and stammered, "I'd kinda . . . well, you see, if . . ."

"If what, Mickey?"

"Well if a wild little bum like me can ever hope to be a priest, I'd ah . . ."

"All right, Mickey. I'll try you out. Now all you have to do is buckle down to business, study hard, play all you want in recreation, be obedient to your teachers, and pray. God will take care of the rest. Now go and meet the other boys."

But Don Bosco was not finished. He called a boy, a fellow of Mickey's size, a wide awake looking lad, his pupil for over a year.

"Here, Tommy," began the priest. "See that newcomer? His name is Mickey Magone. He's a swell lad, but as wild as could be. You're going to be his Guardian Angel. See to it that nothing happens to him; show him the ropes."

Tommy's eyes brightened. "As you say, Don Bosco."

Tommy kept his trust. He and Mickey became fast friends. In their class and in the chapel they were together, Tommy trying to keep Mickey out of mischief and teach him more refined manners. Mickey found it hard at first, but he liked Tom. Often when the bell would clang to leave games and go to church, Tom would look at Mickey, and Mickey would look at the ball and groan, then say "Coming Tom." Once he admitted, "You know, Tom, if you had only been with me all my past life I would never have gotten into trouble."

(To Be Continued)

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On the way to Washington his train stopped at Westfield, New York, where Grace Bedell lived.

Mr. Lincoln stepped out upon the platform of the train. A large crowd of people had gathered to see their new President. They cheered loudly when they saw him. He smiled and waved at them.

Then in a loud voice he called out, "I have a little friend here. If Grace Bedell is present will she please come forward?"

Grace was present and she came forward. Mr. Lincoln shook her hand and said:

"You see, Grace, I let my whiskers grow for you." And so he had.

◀ "You see, Grace, I let my whiskers grow for you."

My Favorite Saint

St. John the Evangelist was one of the first apostles of Christ and was very much loved by Him. He was the only apostle to die a natural death. This was a special favor of Christ.

As tradition tells us, on his trip to Rome, during the time of Emperor Domitian, he was sentenced to die near the Latin gate in a caldron of boiling oil because he was a Christian. But Christ saved his life by His miraculous power.

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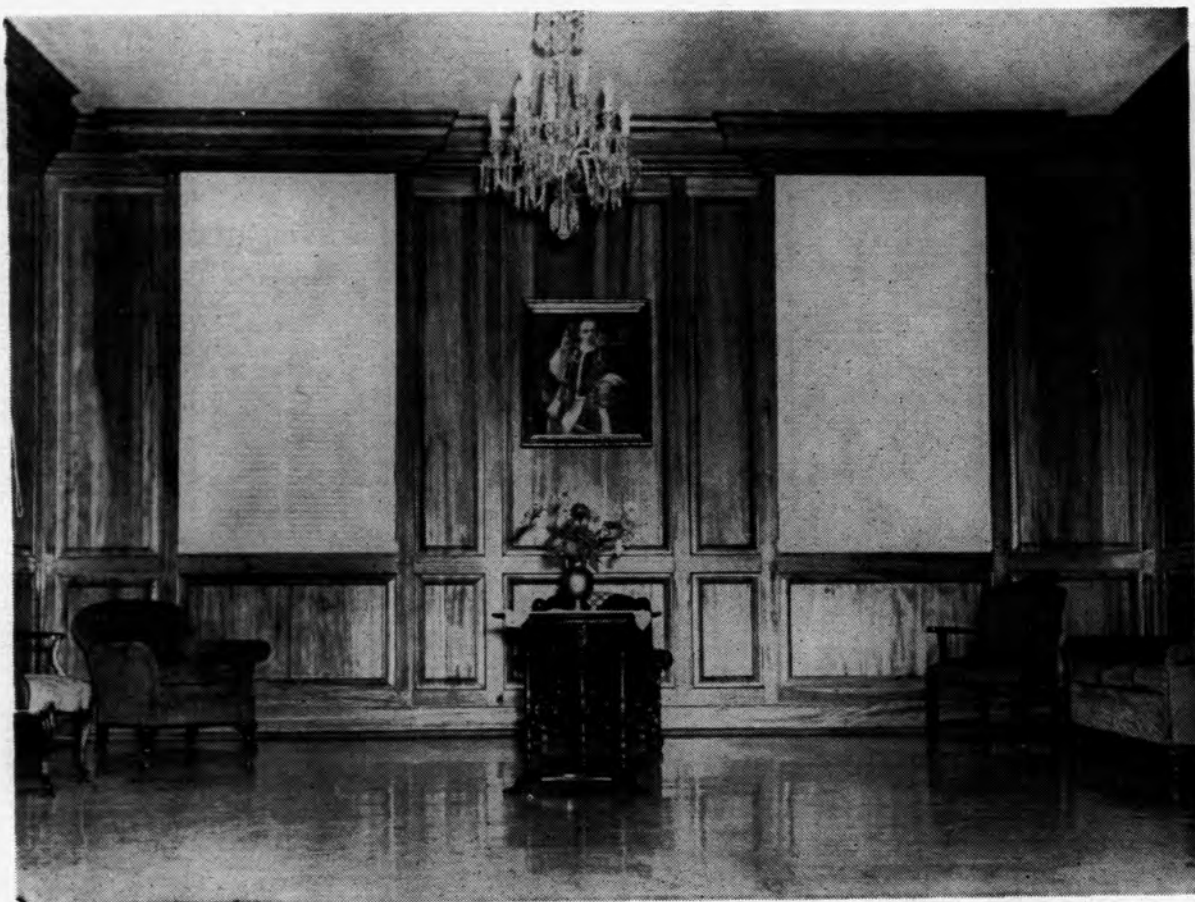
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Vol. XXX

MARCH, 1952

No. 3

St. Augustine's



Messenger

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are working—more priests and religious for the
Missions, especially among the Negroes.

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They Want To Be Priests

Hubert Singleton, S.V.D.

The training program in a minor seminary draws a variety of reactions from our future priests. For many boys the minor seminary is *but another school with no problems other than those they knew at the school back home*. These boys fall in line right away and seem to love everything about the seminary.

For other aspirants the training program *presents a rough road with quite a few hills hard to climb*. It is such for boys who tend to be homesick, babyish and excessively fond of female companionship. In time, however, after making honest efforts to follow Christ their leader and aided by His grace these boys may find the road to the priesthood less rough and less hilly.

For still other boys the minor seminary *just does not seem to do at all*. They dislike it from the first sight. Such boys, thank God they are not many, never stay more than a few days in their strange, new and unliked surroundings. They never really unpack. They mope and moan until one wonders why they ever left home for the seminary. Before long they return home. For a few days they are remembered as queer cases, perhaps are talked about and then are completely forgotten.

It is not quite just to call the latter type of aspirants cowards, cry babies and sissies as they have been called. After all, they *did* have the get-up and the grit to come to the seminary. That step takes a lot of courage sometimes. Perhaps

it is more to the point to say they are stingy. They simply are *not big-hearted enough* to follow Christ and they grab the first excuse that comes along to quit Him. "I don't like the seminary program" is often the excuse.

After sometime in the seminary most priests-to-be shake off the troubles that try to drag them back home. *The seminary training program is largely responsible for that fact*. It keeps the aspirants occupied and is so arranged as to make known to them that they are engaged in a really big-time career—pursuit of the holy priesthood. The following is the training program at St. Augustine's Seminary. It is fairly typical of the programs obtaining in all minor seminaries.

Recently there was presented to the minor seminarians at St. Augustine's a list of questions calculated to get from them answers: 1. Manifesting their ideals of the priesthood. 2. Their reactions to life

"Wilbur" and Abel Dicks—
Our Charlie McCarthy and Bergen.





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"I want to be a priest to save my soul, to be able to say Mass and to be a missionary."

"There are thousands of pagans in this land and abroad who need to be taught. Many of them would be Catholics if there were enough priests to get around to them with instructions."

"I have wanted to be a priest ever since I was a small kid. I used to try to imitate priests. When Father would sing a high Mass or a Requiem Mass I would later on try to do the same. I want to help save souls

for God and I want to save my own soul. I want to help bring Jesus' and Mary's names to all men."

It is interesting to know what occasioned the call to the priesthood for some boys.

"I decided to be a priest when I heard one of the Sisters at our parish talking about how badly needed are priests. Everyday I want more and more to be a priest. I do believe God wants it too."

"I saw how close priests are to God. I want to be just that close."

"I decided to become a priest when one day I saw a priest holding up the sacred host and after it the chalice. No other vocation on earth allows that."

"My brother entered St. Augustine's Seminary two years ago. I visited him once and saw what a

(Continued on page 82)

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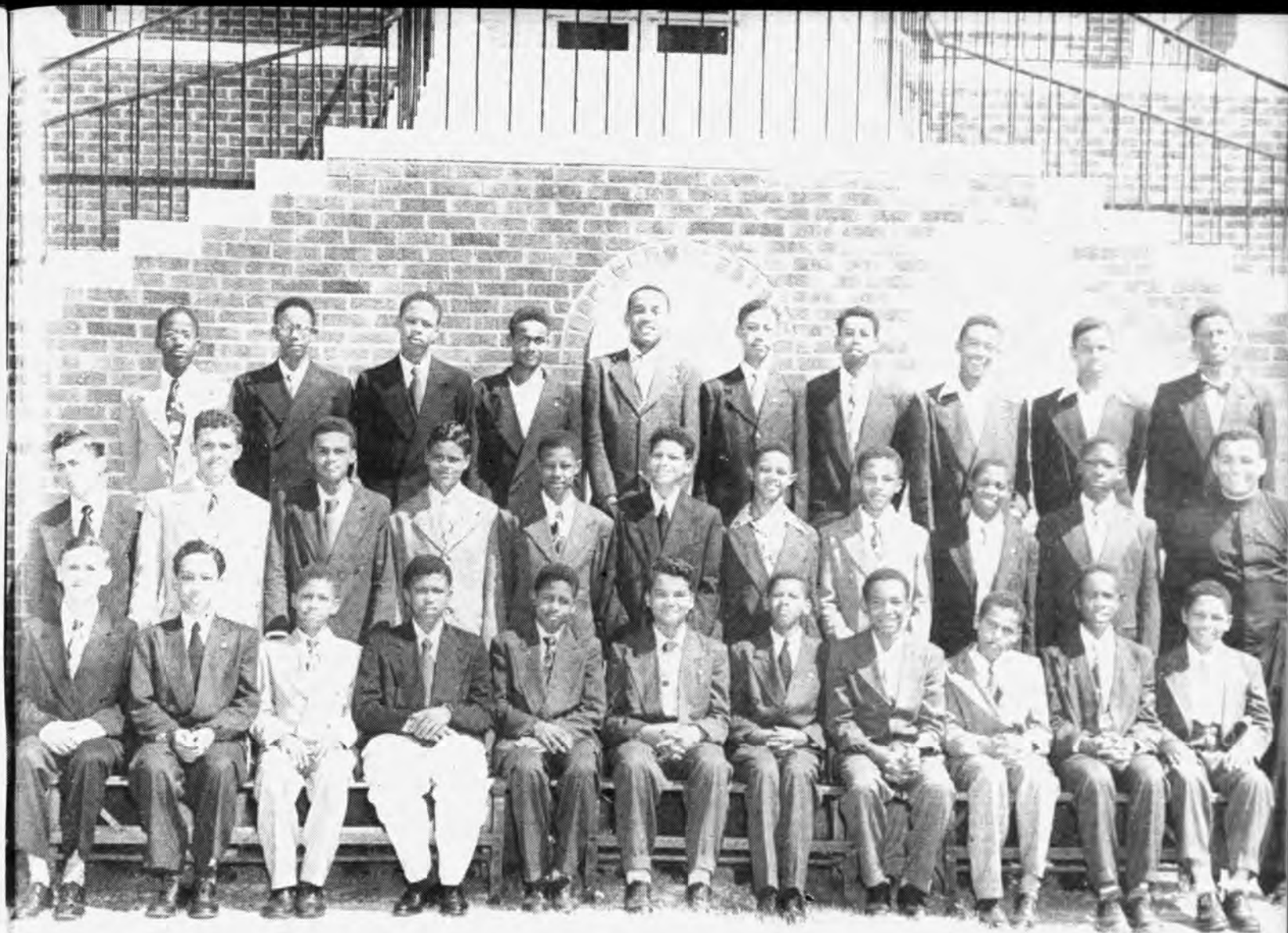
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(Continued on page 82)

Editorial

Maurice Rousseve, S.V.D.

Surely the most striking words in all of Mr. Walter White's very interesting own life story, "*A Man Called White*," are the following:

"As my father lay dying in a jimcrow hospital in Atlanta, he put into words for my brother and me the faith which had sustained him throughout his life. 'Human kindness, decency, love, whatever you wish to call it,' he said, 'is the only real thing in the world. It is a dynamic, not a passive emotion. It's up to you two, and others like you, to use your education and talents in an effort to make love as positive an emotion in the world as are prejudice and hate. That's the only way the world can save itself. Don't forget that. No matter what happens, you must love, not hate.'"

Seven hundred years before, St. Francis of Assisi had much the same prayer to make for himself:

"Lord," he prayed, "make me an instrument of Your peace! Where there is hatred let me sow love."

Last February marked the death anniversaries of two great priests of the Society of the Divine Word, the late Fathers James Wendel and Matthew Christmann. Both knew this well: the world needs more instruments of peace, many more sowers of love. That is why they thought of St. Augustine's Seminary, though neither lived to see its first priests. In fact, Father Wendel died before the first brick was laid and the first board nailed.

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February 13, 1929, just five years before the first four priests were ordained, he collapsed of heart failure. Was the work doomed to disappointment and failure? Divine Providence saw to it that it would be otherwise. Today, St. Augustine's Seminary is an internationally known institution. This coming June it hopes to present its 27th and 28th son to the Bishop for Ordination. These two priests, as well as others like-minded, had learned from experience that a race or group is best led and most easily converted by its own sons.

However, there was more to it than just that! A Catholic priest is more than just a leader, a convert-maker. He is a representative of Christ, he is another Christ. As such, there is no such thing as an American priest, a German priest, a Japanese priest, a Negro priest, a French priest. He is simply a priest, one of God's priests, with the same powers and dignity as any other priest. In other words, the priests ordained at St. Augustine's Seminary are writing a new page in race-relations wherever they labor. For they minister to the needs of all who come to them.

Before they were ordained, it was always asked: "Would their own accept them?" Today we know that Catholics of different racial strains and national identities ARE accepting them and honoring their sacred priesthood.

In this way they are SOWING the seeds of love and SERVING as instruments of peace by bringing people closer to God and also to one another.

The school, formerly the old church, had been declared unsound. The children of St. Charles' parish found themselves being transported elsewhere to receive their primary education. The parish priest, long realizing the educational and recreational needs of his 2,000 Negro parishioners and their neighbors, decided to put into action a rather bold plan. With the help of God, with the help of his fellowmen, far and near, he would build a SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY CENTER at the cost of a MILLION DOLLARS.

Pastor of a poor parish in the heart of Harlem, the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cornelius J. Drew, has embarked upon an "ambitious project," but he who holds the hand of God, can reach the unattainable.

The source of Msgr. Drew's dauntlessness and determination is revealed in his own words:

"Many people tell us that it would be a modern miracle to succeed in this ambitious project. Some even go so far as to say we're crazy. Well, we're going to prove how sane we are. We have faith in God, faith in ourselves, and faith in our friends. The generosity and energy of our parishioners and non-Catholic neighbors belies the slanders you hear about lazy and irresponsible Negroes. The help we expect from other quarters will be a good measure of the interest of white Catholics in the spiritual and temporal welfare of their Negro brothers in Christ."

Dr. Channing H. Tobias, member of the American delegation to the United Nations, charged that the entire William N. Oatis trial was "staged" before the U. N. Social Committee meeting in Paris. Dr. Tobias is also an ardent supporter of Msgr. Drew's Community Center. (United Press Photo)

A challenge arose from St. Charles' Parish. The response to this challenge has been tremendous. The organized campaign, directed by Bernard J. O'Shea, took its start early last October. Into the fray have stepped the great and the small, the rich and the poor, religious and lay people, Catholic and non-Catholic, white and colored. Nickels, dimes and pennies have rolled in from school children in various parts of the country.

Moreover, miracles are merited by prayer. So Monsignor Drew did not fail to enlist the spiritual support of hundreds of communities of Sisters. To them he outlined the lack of recreational facilities; pointed out the resulting presence



Editorial

Love Versus Hate

Maurice Rousseau, S.V.D.

Surely the most striking words in all of Mr. Walter White's very interesting own life story, "A Man Called White," are the following:

"As my father lay dying in a jimcrow hospital in Atlanta, he put into words for my brother and me the faith which had sustained him throughout his life. 'Human kindness, decency, love, whatever you wish to call it,' he said, 'is the only real thing in the world. It is a dynamic, not a passive emotion. It's up to you two, and others like you, to use your education and talents in an effort to make love as positive an emotion in the world as are prejudice and hate. That's the only way the world can save itself. Don't forget that. No matter what happens, you must love, not hate.'"

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St. Charles School and Community Center

Charles J. Henry

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of street-gangs, cellar clubs, dope peddlers, stressed the fact that the Communists have moved their headquarters to Harlem to profit from the poverty and discontent of the under-privileged Negroes.

Here is an excerpt from a letter written by some cloistered Carmelite Sisters who had been given spiritual conferences by Msgr. Drew:

"Your old friends did not want a single day to pass without assuring you the St. Charles Campaign will have a priority in our prayers . . . we keep praying that God's grace will overcome . . . un-Christian attitudes so that all men will be united in the Family of God."

A nun, the principal of an academy in Philadelphia, wrote:

"We told our children about your efforts to raise a million dollars to build a school and Community Center in Harlem. The children were so anxious to join the fight, they raffled off a cake from which they made the \$25.00 I have enclosed."

Many prominent persons are, in some way, connected with the St. Charles School and Community Center Fund. James A. Farley is chairman of the city-wide committee; Judge Harold A. Stevens, chairman of the Harlem Committee; Maceo A. Thomas, co-chairman of the Harlem Committee. Mayor Vincent Impelliteri, Police Commissioner William L. Rowe, and Middle Weight Champion Sugar Ray Robinson are associated with the Fund.

Non-Catholic Negro leaders have been able to evaluate the advantages of such an unusual project for the advancement of the members of their group and consider the project worthy of their unstinted support. Among these are Dr. Channing H. Tobias of the Phelps-Stokes Fund, Roy Wilkins of the N.A.A.C.P., and Jackie Robinson of the Brooklyn Dodgers.

Such men undoubtedly express their enthusiasm because Monsignor Drew is by no means short-sighted in his concept of the role which Catholic education should play in the lives of colored Catholic children when he says:

"The day will come—and it must come—when the young people we are training here will play their parts in the life of other parishes throughout America. They will be fully equal to it, a credit to their Catholic upbringing. I have no doubt that within five years, Negro families will be living in every Catholic parish here in New York. Soon most parishes will have a few Negro parishioners . . . Thousands of Negroes are gainfully employed, receiving salaries far beyond what they would have expected ten years ago. As a result, they are able to buy homes outside Harlem. Secondly, the Supreme Court has held that restrictive covenants can no longer be enforced in our courts. New York City has a number of public housing projects built or projected in every borough. Remember that all these projects have mixed occupants, and we have a third reason why Negro families will be found in many white neighborhoods."

Many glowing statements have been made in praise of the great cooperative venture undertaken by Monsignor Drew. James A. Farley has summed up the matter very appropriately by saying:

"Here is the American way of life at work. A white Catholic priest, Monsignor Drew, decides to build a new school and community center for his Negro neighbors and their children and gains the enthusiastic support of the members of this community (city of New York) — Protestants, Catholics and Jews, Negroes and whites."

(Continued on page 95)



◀ Father Obenrader, pastor of Christ the King Center, addresses his flock with gratitude on the day of dedication.



Church of Christ the King



Laverne Argenson

Within the Shenango Valley, an industrial community, there are approximately 5000 colored people. In this area twelve Catholic Churches exist. There were only about ten colored families members of the Catholic Church. These figures tell their own story of negligence or laxness. On whom should one place the responsibility for this neglect? Is it not more or less as one might say "*Picking up sticks?*" Facts are facts and cannot be denied or excused. The important factor is to correct these figures that they might tell a different story of spiritual zeal and true Catholicism.

Father Obenrader saw the great need for this work. His one desire and daily prayer was that all men might have a knowledge of the beauty and truth of our Faith. And how could they know unless it were told to them! In that he might devote all of his time, yes and self, to his chosen work, Father Obenrader received full authority from Bishop Gannon to begin work among the Negro people of the Shenango Valley.

Thus Christ the King Parish — first a dream, a hope, a desire within Father's heart—is now a reality. There was at this time no building; in fact, to be most truthful, nothing in material goods (but in faith, hope, and trust in Divine Provi-

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We went from house to house, talking with people, inviting them to come and learn the truth about our faith. Their surprise, their attitude was another proven fact that we had failed in our dealings with our fellow men. If not, why the surprise that we Catholics were

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While making this canvass during the months of February, March, April, May and June, we still had no place to hold the meetings to which we were inviting people. All we had was faith that God would not permit us to fail. Every night we prayed that somewhere and somehow our Church problem would be solved. Having heard so

(Continued on page 79)



Father Howard In New Guinea

The "Aorangi" on which Father Howard sailed for New Guinea last November arrived safely in Sydney, Australia, on January 1, 1952. He was met at the dock by Fathers McVinney and Ruiter who had preceded him from the States, and Father Becker. Father Howard visited our Houses at Epping and Marburg en route to the mainland of New Guinea. He arrived at his destination, Wewak, about the middle of February. May God speed him in his work of establishing the first seminary for the training of a native New Guinea clergy.

Minor Seminarians Present Drama

On Wednesday evening, February 6, the minor seminarians entertained the community with the five act drama, "Angel-at-Large." The students exhibited much histrionic ability. There were many laughs at the antics of Brother Seraphim's guardian angel, played by Michael Moody. Edwin Caby as Brother Gregory, Alton Prejean as Brother Fidelis, Charles Burns as Brother Seraphim and George Artis as Brother Ubaldus headed the presentation and each did his part well. Many thanks to the students.

The Cast for the play, "ANGEL-AT-LARGE," with their director, Monroe Cheeks.

Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., Visits

Our community was most privileged to have Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., of Rosary Crusade fame pay us a brief visit on the last Monday afternoon in January. Father spoke to the Community and friends assembled in chapel after his reception on the front campus. All were moved by Father's simplicity, sincerity, and fervor. With the approval and backing of the Archbishop and Bishops of the New Orleans' Province, Father Peyton had begun a mammoth drive for recruits in the Rosary Crusade. En route to one of his speaking engagements, he paid us the visit. After meeting and hearing the energetic apostle of Our Lady, we were more convinced of the truth of his slogan: *"The family that prays together stays together!"*

S.V.D. Provincials Meet

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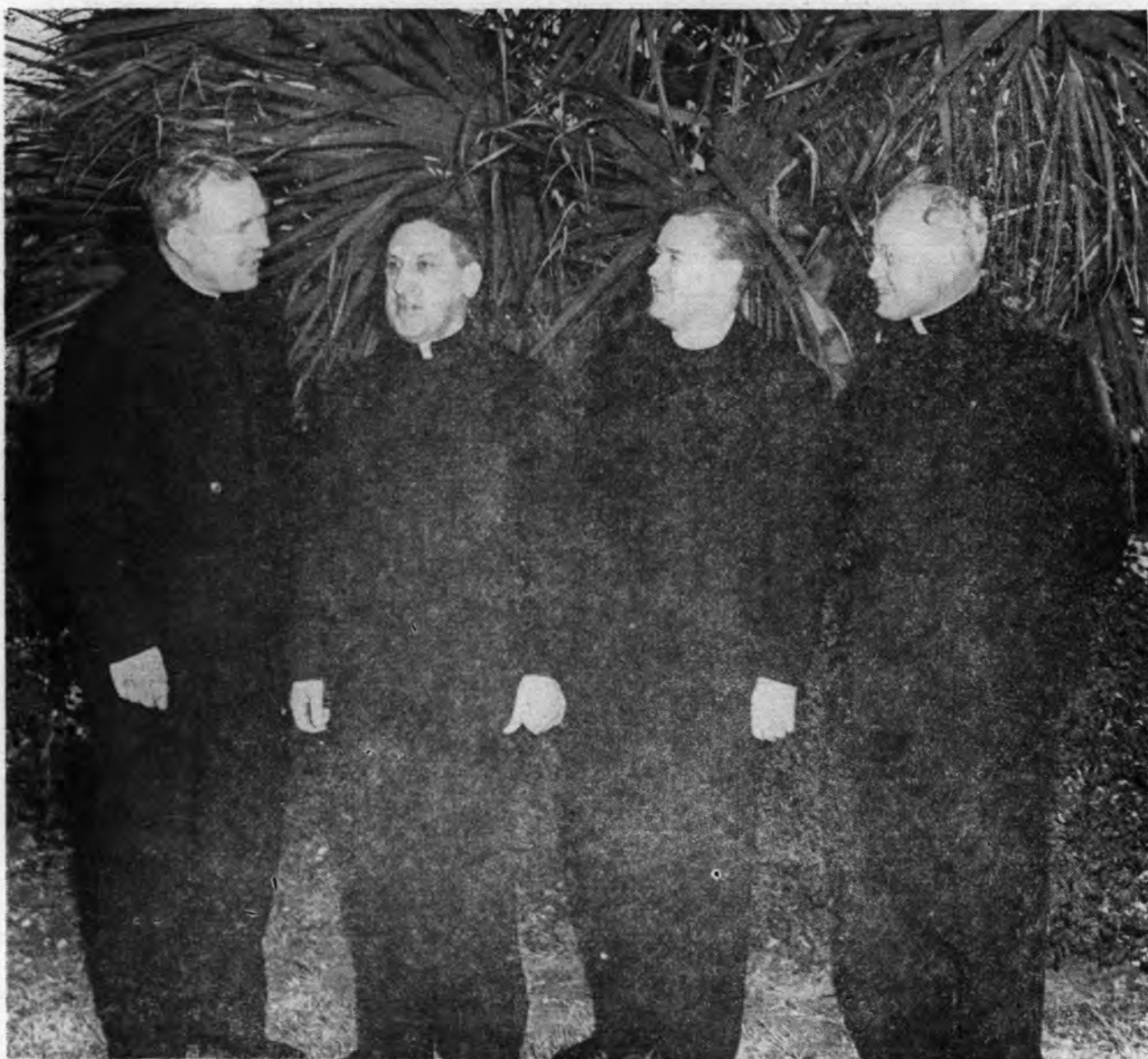
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Reverend Robert Hunter, S.V.D., of the Eastern Province and the Very Reverend L. J. Schaffhauser, S.V.D., of the Western Province were the visiting Provincials. In general the Provincials' discussions were centered around the betterment of the Society in all its work.

Father Joseph Henkels, S.V.D., missionary in Communist China until last October, presented to the Community a most interesting illustrated lecture on Hongkong and the parts of Japan in which the Society is engaged in missionary work during the week of January 28. This was an informative treat since

Father is lately from China and therefore well versed on the situation, especially the plight of the Church and her missionaries.

Techny Brothers, Guests

Accompanying Father Provincial Schaffhauser, S.V.D., from Techny were Brother Tiberias, S.V.D., sacristan in Holy Ghost Chapel, and Brother Titus, S.V.D., carpenter at Techny. The Brothers were delighted with the beauty of the Gulf Coast in mid-winter. A party was given by the Bay Brothers in honor of the guests on the eve of their departure for Techny and sub-zero weather.

(Continued on page 84)

THE
Missionary
Sisters

OF
 VERONA

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Walter Mulroney, S.S.J.



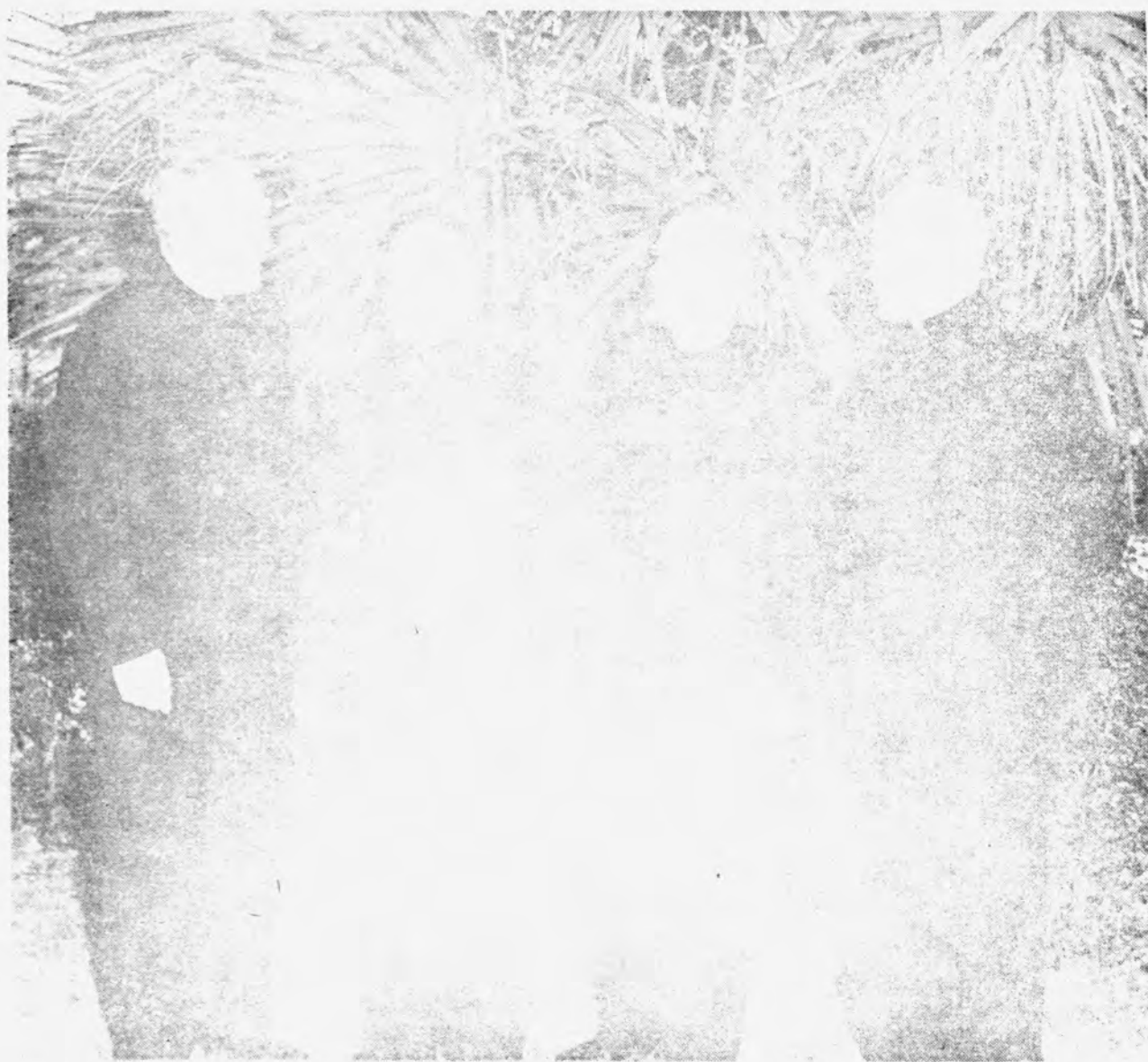
Verona Nuns in Eritria

In the northeastern part of Italy, on the way to the famous Brenner Pass, is situated a very beautiful Italian city called Verona. This city has a past that goes back almost to the Caesars in Rome. Its Church History is almost as old; for, as early as 362 A.D., there was a Bishop of Verona who is now a saint. His name is Saint Zeno, *and strange to say, Saint Zeno was colored.* His memory is cherished by the people of Verona even to this day.

It is quite fitting then, that Verona should be the Mother House of the Verona Sisters. Their great love is the Colored and their principal mission field is Africa. This Congregation of Sisters was founded by Bishop Daniel Comboni, who also founded a Congregation of priests called the Sons of the Sacred Heart. The first Superior General of the Verona Sisters was Mother Maria Bolezzoli. Although only seventy-five years old, the Sisters number over two thousand. Most of them work in Africa, Sudan, Uganda, Egypt, Eritrea, the Belgian Congo, Asia Minor and Arabia. They conduct schools, colleges, hospitals, leprosaria, dispensaries and clinics. In fact, their work covers every phase of human life. Little



◀ Verona Nuns in Chastang, Alabama. They are doing a grand work.



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The beautiful and artistic chapel of the Sisters at the Motherhouse in Verona, Italy



Native Nuns in Sudan—They too belong to the Community.

wonder then, that this Congregation of Sisters has been blessed in a very special manner by Almighty God. They cheerfully put up with hardships and sufferings in order to win more souls for Christ; consequently, their mission work in Africa has been very successful. They have trained native Nuns, who are now most valuable in the conversion of their own people. It is a life that should appeal to our American girls, who desire to give their life to Christ in the glorious work of saving souls for eternity. They accept such girls *regardless of nationality or race.*

The two principal novitiates of the Verona Sisters are in Italy at Verona and Como. The average number of Novices is about 150. A few years ago a Novitiate was also

(Continued on page 84)



✦ The Nuns are doing real mission work in and around Chastang, Ala.

When someone mentions the word "Benediction" we usually think of many things. We may think of the priest in his beautiful vestments; the pure white surplice, and the richly embroidered cope. Maybe you think of the beautiful hymns and prayers, or of the little altar boys in their cassocks and surplices struggling manfully to manipulate the censer with its labyrinth of chains. But all these are more or less accidental parts of the service. The center of the benediction service is Our Lord Jesus Christ reigning from the golden monstrance under the form of the spotless white host. We think of Jesus gazing down on us lovingly from His sacramental throne on the altar. We kneel in expectancy awaiting the blessing which Jesus bestows on us as the priest raises the glittering monstrance aloft in the sign of the cross. The blessing of Jesus! The "benediction" of Jesus! That is what the word "benediction" means—"a blessing."

The name "Benedict" sounds very much like "benediction" and it has almost the same meaning. "Benediction" means "a blessing"; and "Benedict" means "blessed." More than three hundred years ago there lived a holy Negro Franciscan whose name was Benedict. Not only did his name signify "blessed," but his whole life was blessed. His life was a "benediction."

Every benediction service consists chiefly of two parts. The first part consists of prayers and hymns by means of which Catholics adore Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The second part is that which we have already mentioned, namely, the

blissing of Jesus from the monstrance. St. Benedict's life conformed most strikingly to this twofold division of the Benediction service. His whole life was a prayer, a hymn of praise to Almighty God. Benedict was famous during his life for his devotion to the Holy Eucharist. His whole life was Christ-centered. This was the legacy he inherited from St. Francis, his spiritual father. St. Francis is called the "Mirror of Christ" because he made Christ walk again among men. As a true son of his seraphic father, Benedict saw Christ as the focal point of his life. All his affections were drawn to Christ as if by a magnetic force. Christ was the spark of Benedict's holy vitality, the very soul of his only desire was to be with Jesus in the quiet solitude of the church. Here he would speak with Jesus as a friend; here he would console Jesus as a loving child; here he would adore Jesus, his Lord and His God. This was the secret of his sanctity—union with Christ even while on



The Shrine of St. Benedict the Moor. The pilgrims who flock to the shrine are many.



The beautiful and artistic chapel of the Sisters at the Motherhouse in Verona, Italy



Native Nuns in Sudan—They too belong to the Community.

wonder then, that this Congregation of Sisters has been blessed in a very special manner by Almighty God. They cheerfully put up with hardships and sufferings in order to win more souls for Christ; consequently, their mission work in Africa has been very successful. They have trained native Nuns, who are now most valuable in the conversion of their own people. It is a life that should appeal to our American girls, who desire to give their life to Christ in the glorious work of saving souls for eternity. They accept such girls *regardless of nationality or race.*

The two principal novitiates of the Verona Sisters are in Italy at Verona and Como. The average number of Novices is about 150. A few years ago a Novitiate was also

(Continued on page 84)

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Religious garb worn by St. Benedict the Moor.

earth through love of the Blessed Sacrament. In this way all his actions were turned into prayers which ascended to his Eucharistic King in the same way that the smoke ascends from the censer at Benediction.

In return for this life of prayer Benedict received the blessing of His Eucharistic Lord. God deigned to favor Benedict with the power of miracles, prophecies and the gift of reading men's hearts. Truly, his life was a "benediction." On his part, a life of continual prayer and mortification consumed by love for God and his neighbor. On the part of God, numerous blessings and a degree of heroic sanctity as a reward for the fidelity of His servant.

But, just as there are many people today who do not understand our "benediction service," so there are many who do not understand the "life of benediction" which St. Benedict led. They cannot seem to grasp the value of a life of prayer. Here is a true story that will illustrate the point. It will also serve to show how the devotion to St. Benedict the Moor has received an impetus in the United States in recent years.

A few years ago, a Franciscan cleric was visiting the patients in a

hospital in Washington, D. C. He paused to talk to a Negro patient. The conversation went something like this. "Brother, I cannot see how you can shut yourself away from the world and not be able to enjoy all its pleasures. It seems impossible."

"It is by no means easy," replied the cleric, "but far from impossible. In fact, there is a Negro Saint of our Order who has proved that a life dedicated to God is far from the impossible."

At this the Negro was interested. "Tell me something about this man." The cleric proceeded to give a brief account of how St. Benedict was born of slave parents in Italy, how he received his first freedom, how he joined the Franciscan Order, and how he became a Saint. The young Friar knew that there was much more to be told, so he promised to return the next week to continue the discussion. He returned to the monastery and spent the next week searching diligently for more information on this great but little known Negro Saint. The week was not long in passing, and soon he was back at the hospital. He was eager to supplement last week's information with the new facts that he had unearthed. But he was too late. The old Negro had died. This stunned the young Friar. But, it set him thinking. "Suppose there are many people like that old man, just looking for someone to show them how they can dedicate their lives to God. There must be many people who need a Saint like Benedict the Moor." By the time he returned to the monastery his mind was made up. Within a short time a leaflet was published containing a prayer to St. Benedict and a short biography-

(Continued on page 84)

Christ The King Center

(Continued from page 72)

much about "offering up," I offered up the daily quota of blisters, as an extra inducement to Almighty God to hear our prayers. I felt it might help, for we so needed a meeting place.

Father Obenrader's parents, through a great and beautiful sacrifice on their part, made it possible that the old Jewish Synagogue could be purchased. I hope Mother Obenrader will forgive me for mentioning this, I know that she would rather this would never have been revealed. One cannot speak of Christ the King Parish without mentioning those whose love and sacrifice made it possible.

Now we had a church, but were not able to occupy it until the present Congregation had made its exodus in September. We had a Church and we didn't have a Church. One thing that we definitely did have was over 100 children gathered together for a Summer School. And here we found no place to take them. Everything seemed absolutely hopeless. Having stormed heaven with prayers, petitions and "offerings up," suddenly the sun shone. Monsignor McQuillen of St. Joseph's Church, Sharon, offered us the use of his school. We shall always be most grateful to Monsignor McQuillen for his kindness. He was truly the answer to prayer.

(Continued on page 83)

The usual congregation at Christ the King Center.





Religious garb worn by St. Benedict the Moor.

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Christ The King Center

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Father Obenrader's parents, through a great and beautiful sacrifice on their part, made it possible that the old Jewish Synagogue could be purchased. Father Obenrader was originally in no way mentioning this, I think. It was rather this wonderful revelation revealed. The Christ the King Center, mentioning these things, the sacrifice made possible.

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(Continued on page 73)

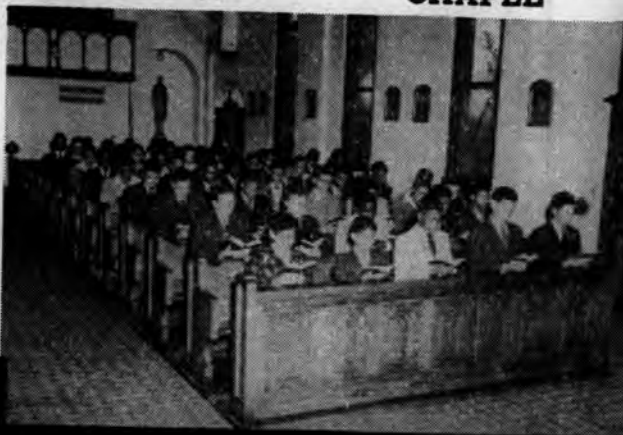
The usual congregation at Christ the King Center.



LIFE *at* ST. AUGUSTINE

...minor SEMINARY

CHAPEL



STUDYHALL



STUDENT PAPER

C. S. M. C.



LEGION OF MARY



Perhaps at no other time than a need for priests, Sisters, and Brothers and pandemonium has broken loose of the deadliest of onslaughts!

It saddens the heart of every Church to learn daily of the indigence the 'daily bread' of those who have in His vineyard. Amid the sadness of martyrs is the seed of Christianity youth to the call for recruits to fill indeed heartening. To this segment are displaying such loyalty to Christ this month's pictorial review. It and Major Seminaries here at St. Augustine youths come and carrying aloft the banner of Christ and his minions.

Christus Vincit!

Christus Vincit!

I HAVE CHOSEN

JUSTINE'S SEMINARY

SCHOLA

...MAJOR SEMINARY



PHYSICS



CHRISTOCRAT



RETREAT



ORDINATIONS

resent has the Church had such
Satan seems to be running wild
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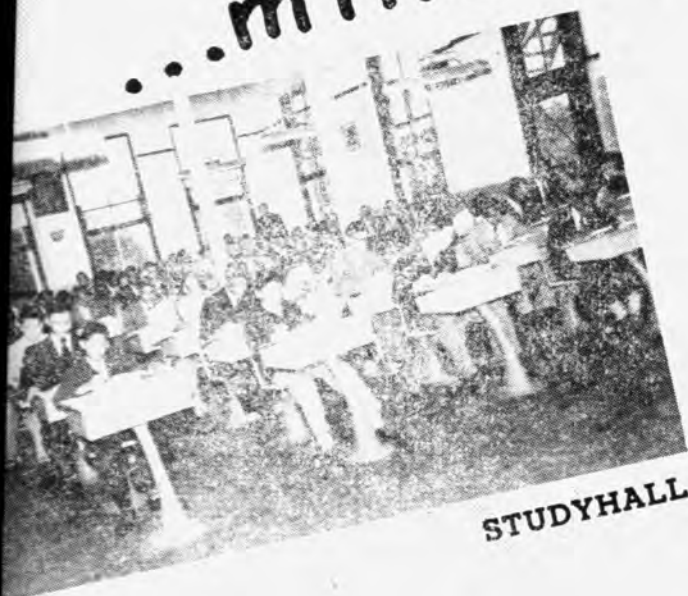
son and daughter of the Holy
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nks of the clergy and religious is
merican youth—who by and large
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ustine's. Let many more brave
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Christus Imperat!

CHOSEN YOU

LIFE *at* ST. AUGUSTINE

...minor SEMINARY



STUDYHALL



CHAPEL



STUDENT PAPER

C. S. M. C.

LEGION OF MARY

Perhaps at no other time than at the present need for priests, Sisters, and Brothers. Satan and pandemonium has broken loose! Priests of the deadliest of onslaughts!

It saddens the heart of every true son of the Church to learn daily of the indignities and the 'daily bread' of those who have answered the call in His vineyard. Amid the sadness, though, of martyrs is the seed of Christians! The courage of youth to the call for recruits to fill the ranks is indeed heartening. To this segment of America are displaying such loyalty to Christ's call—that is the theme of this month's pictorial review. It depicts some of the students of the Minor and Major Seminaries here at St. Augustine. These youths come and carrying aloft the Cross of Christ against Satan and his minions.

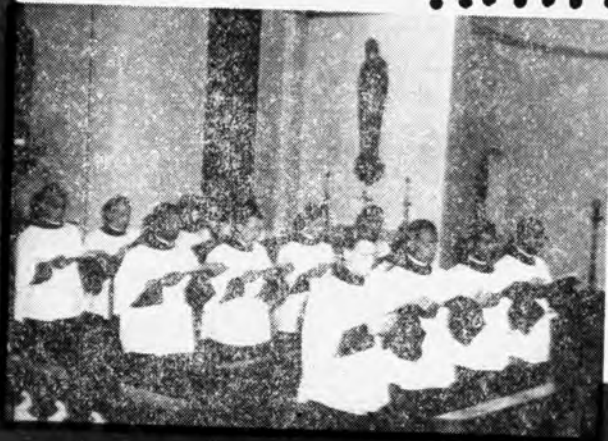
Christus Vincit!

Christus Regnat!

I HAVE CHOSEN

AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

SCHOLA



...MAJOR SEMINARY



PHYSICS



CHRISTOCRAT



RETREAT



ORDINATIONS

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have answered the Master's call for laborers
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bought' the courageous answer of American
youth in the ranks of the clergy and religious is
the answer of American youth—who by and large
have answered Christ's call—the MESSENGER dedicates
some of the life in the Minor
St. Augustine's. Let many more brave
the Cross of Jesus, chase back into Hell

Christus Regnat!

Christus Imperat!

CHOSEN YOU

Their peaceful slumbers in a large, well ventilated dormitory, end with the bell at 5:30 a.m.



They Want To Be Priests

(Continued from page 67)

swell place the seminary is. Then I saw a movie about the whole priestly vocation which was shown by Father Howard. It was very inspiring. It was at the movie that I made up my mind I would join my brother and be a missionary priest."

A boy may be firmly convinced that God is calling him to the holy priesthood. He can hardly wait for the day to come when he leaves home for the seminary, yet when that departure day comes he may dread it. There is an air of mystery about a seminary that makes the newcomer feel uneasy.

"I was kind of nervous the first two days but now I like it."

"When I first came to the seminary I was a bit scared."

"I had never visited the seminary before and when I arrived here, I was a little confused and worried. After a week or two things cleared up."

"I started for the seminary figuring things would be very hard."

Now and then a boy is found who experiences no such feelings of



fright and nervousness at the start of his new life.

"I felt fine coming to the seminary. I had visited here twice before."

"Coming to the seminary for the first time was one of the happiest events in my life. To think, from among the millions of boys alive, God picked me to become one of His followers. En route to the seminary, when this thought hit me I felt elevated to think what a great vocation I was called to."

A truth which always holds about minor seminarians is this: They either like their seminary life or are trying to like it. The aspirant cannot be found who lives that life yet from the bottom of his soul hates it irreconcilably. He either loves his life or tries to love it, otherwise he will surely pack up and leave of his own accord. When a boy comes to love seminary life he will express his love more in ways than in words, but often enough his words betray his affections:

"This is the life. I like it very much. Everyday I like it here more and I am coming to a definite decision. With God's help I shall be a priest after all."

(Continued on Page 91)

And thus they begin another day—they want to be priests.



Christ The King Center

(Continued from page 79)

The first Summer School was taught by the Benedictine Sisters whose Motherhouse is in Erie, Pa. The teachers were: Sisters M. Theophane, O.S.B., assistant Mother Superior, Marie Claire, local superior of St. Joseph's Convent, Sharon, Ethelreda of Oil City, Mary Michael, Mary Paul and Elaine of Sharon. These Sisters performed a miraculous task of disciplining and moulding Christ in the hearts of the over 100 children. At the end of the month Father Obenrader offered the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass

at which the children sang, as only cherubs could sing, the beautiful hymns. After Mass we all toured to Buhl Park for a picnic. Who had the most fun—the adults or the children is still the question.

Again the second Summer School was taught by the Benedictine Sisters — Thephane, Ethelreda and Marcia. We concluded with Mass and a big picnic.

The first Summer School brought forth unexpected fruits. There began a regular epidemic of summer

(Continued on page 87)

The Solemn High Mass on the occasion of the dedication. Father Obenrader, celebrant; Father Leedie, S.V.D., deacon; Father Simpson, subdeacon, and two local seminarians.



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♦ The two teams pose for a picture after an exciting and interesting game.

Seminary News

(Continued from page 74)

ST. CECILIA'S Versus ST. AUGUSTINE'S

On Sunday afternoon, January 13, Father Robert Guste, assistant pastor of St. Cecilia's Church in New Orleans brought his C.Y.O. basketball teams to St. Augustine's for a clash with the minor seminary teams. Both senior and junior teams played a brilliant and hard game. St. Augustine's minor seminarians came out on top in both games. The standings:

Senior Teams: St. Cecilia's 38; St. Augustine's 46

Junior Teams: St. Cecilia's 20; St. Augustine's 35

Orchids for our guests and may they come again real soon. Refreshments were served and our guests were taken for a tour of our grounds and buildings before the return trip to New Orleans.

St. Benedict the Moor

(Continued from page 78)

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tion began to arrive. Then someone suggested that a periodical be published which would keep all these people in touch with St. Benedict's spirit and ideals. Thus was born the *Benedict the Moor News Letter*. This is a periodical published quarterly by the Franciscan clerics of Holy Name College, Washington, D. C. It is sent free of charge to almost two thousand friends of St. Benedict.

Missionary Sisters of Verona

(Continued from page 76)

opened in London where postulants were received from England and Ireland. However, they must still go to Verona or Como in Italy for their second canonical year of Novitiate. After a two-year Novitiate, temporary vows are taken for two three-year periods; then final vows. Thus they spend eight and one-half years before taking their perpetual vows.

On October 13, 1950, the Verona Sisters opened two houses in America. One is located in Richmond, Virginia, with the Redemptorist Fathers in charge; the other at Chastang, Alabama, twenty-six miles north of Mobile, where the Josephite Fathers are in charge. It is the hope and prayer of the Sisters that they will soon be able to open a Novitiate in America. Until that time, any young girl or lady interested in joining this zealous group of Missionary Sisters and "studying abroad" should write to: Reverend Mother Superior, Saint Peter's High School, Chastang, Alabama, c/o Rev. Sabino Grossi, S.S.J.



With the S.V.D. Fathers

On The

COLORED MISSIONS

School Mass

The school children of Notre Dame School in St. Martinville, Louisiana, are taught to regard Holy Mass as the only proper way to begin each day. It is edifying to see the church almost filled with school children singing and praying the Mass. The majority of them receive Holy Communion. The pastor, assistants, and Sisters set a good example by their presence at the children's Mass. After the Holy Sacrifice a short recess is used for breakfast. By attending Mass the pupils put into practical life what they are taught about their Catholic faith in the classroom. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament are doing an excellent job of teaching these young "hopefuls" of Notre Dame Parish and in fostering in all the vocational spirit.

New Look

Father Anthony Bourges, S.V.D., and his Assistants and parishioners are now enjoying their new liturgical altar and freshly decorated church in St. Martinville, Louisiana. This was the first general renovation the church has received since it was built in 1938. The Fathers and parishioners are well satisfied with this job of architectural "face-lifting."

The newly decorated church and liturgical altar at Notre Dame in St. Martinville, La.

Sacred Concert

On Sunday evening, January 20, the choral group of St. Francis' Mission, Yazoo City, Mississippi, gave a program of sacred melodies. Both Catholics and non-Catholics who attended enjoyed the evening of music. The success of the program was due to the efforts of the cheerful and self-sacrificing School Sisters of St. Francis, who have been teaching in the school since its opening in 1940. The school enjoys one of the highest standings in the diocese. Father Joseph Stier, S.V.D., is the present pastor of the mission.





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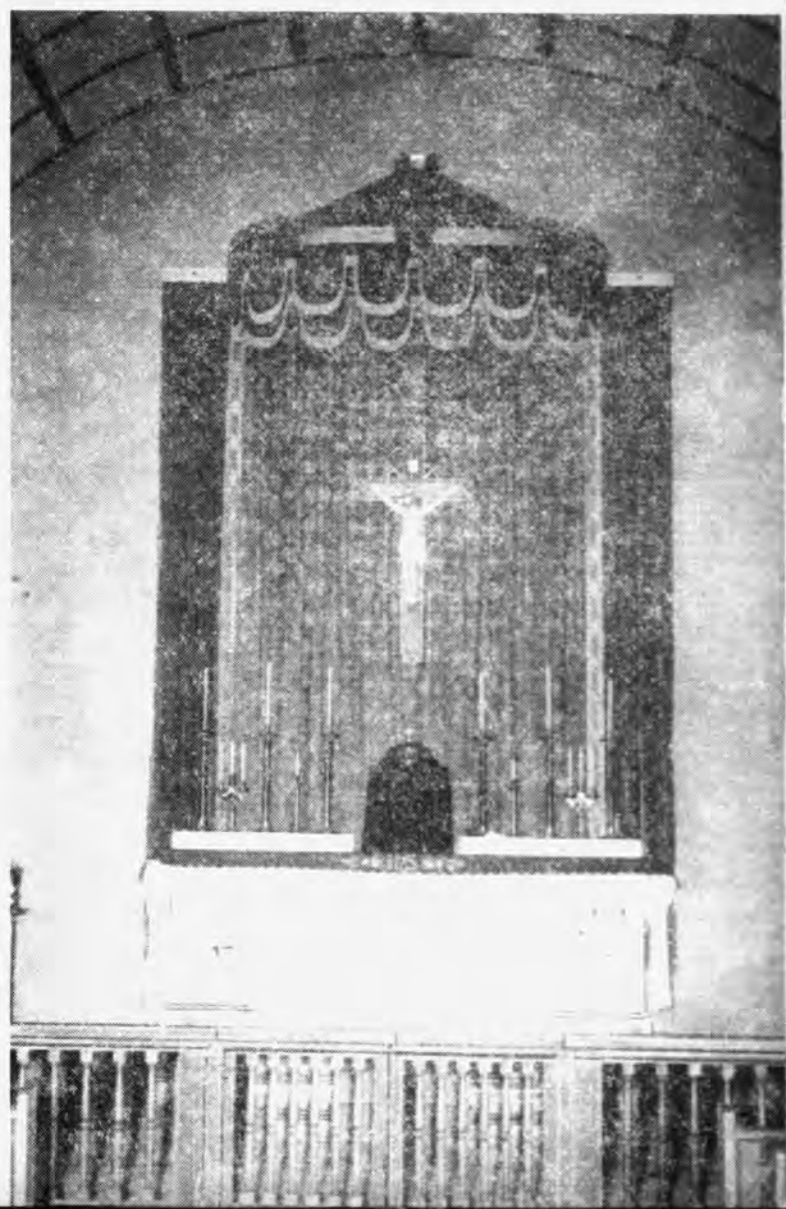
New Look

Father Anthony Bourges, S.V.D., and his Assistants and parishioners are now enjoying their new liturgical altar and freshly decorated church in St. Martinville, Louisiana. This was the first general renovation the church has received since it was built in 1938. The Fathers and parishioners are well satisfied with this job of architectural "face-lifting."

The newly decorated church and liturgical altar at Notre Dame in St. Martinville, La.

Sacred Concert

On Sunday evening, January 20, the choral group of St. Francis' Mission, Yazoo City, Mississippi, gave a program of sacred melodies. Both Catholics and non-Catholics who attended enjoyed the evening of music. The success of the program was due to the efforts of the cheerful and self-sacrificing School Sisters of St. Francis, who have been teaching in the school since its opening in 1940. The school enjoys one of the highest standings in the diocese. Father Joseph Stier, S.V.D., is the present pastor of the mission.





◀ **Immaculate Heart of Mary School in Lafayette, La., with its new second story.**

New School Addition

A new second story has been added to Immaculate Heart of Mary School in Lafayette, Louisiana. The addition will help to accommodate the ever increasing number of pupils. However, there is still not enough room to take care of all the pupils who would like to attend the school. Immaculate Heart of Mary was established in 1934 and staffed by the first four Fathers ordained at St. Augustine's Seminary. At present, it is cared for by the able Father Leander Martin, S.V.D., the energetic Father Arthur Winters, S.V.D., and a diocesan priest, Father Papayer.

Fatima Downs

For the past several months, Father Joseph Kempinski, S.V.D., of St. Raphael Mission, Pine Bluff, Arkansas, has been conducting a novena in honor of Our Lady of Fatima from the fifth to the thirteenth of each month. In these

Novenas of Masses and special prayers, he remembers in a special way all the men and women in the armed forces, living or dead, whose names have been forwarded to his Fatima Shrine by relatives. Father expects no donation for this service, but only asks that all who send in names pray for all the persons enrolled at the shrine as well as for their families. Anyone may make use of this spiritual service. Simply address Father at Box 802, Fatima Downs, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Rosary Rally

On January the 27th Jackson welcomed Reverend Father Peyton, well-known sponsor of the Rosary Rally. About 5000 people assembled before the Bishop's residence to participate in this great event. Our parish was well represented, and the people were deeply impressed with what they heard and saw. The school children remarked about the true piety and humility of Father Peyton. All seem willing to sign the family rosary pledge. At present members of the Holy Name Society are going from house to house to solicit these pledges. Each successive Sunday our Reverend Pastor, Father Holken, S.V.D., and his assistant, Rev. Father Nau, speak to the people about the meaning of the rally, and the need for family prayer. Let us hope that their earnest endeavors will meet with success.



◀ **Father Figaro, S. V. D., assistant at Notre Dame in St. Martinville, blesses the children at the daily school Mass.**

Christ The King Center

(Continued from page 83)

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Some bitterness and animosity have arisen since this work began, but does it not always happen when people are shaken out of their chosen lethargy? Our parish is truly Catholic in every sense of the word. We are an interracial parish. Here we all worship together, work together—no barriers, no prejudices. We have a common bond, one common purpose—the honor and glory of God. We are truly one in Christ the King.

To thank all who have given of time, self, financial support would require volumes. God knows them

and He will reward them for their love and service.

God willing, there will be a convent by August of this year. The Oblate Sisters of Providence from Baltimore, Md., a community of colored Nuns, will take up their new work at Christ the King Convent. We are anxiously awaiting their arrival. Eventually we hope to have a recreation center and school. I know this all sounds like a castle in the air. However, remember, we started a Church without even a building. As long as we continue as now, worshipping, working together — "*All one in Christ Jesus*" — the King will continue to bless us, who have found in Christ the King the true meaning of Catholic teaching.

No words could say more about our Pastor and his work in our valley that have not already been said. If I might, I could only quote from Holy Scripture: "*who wills that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth.*"

Our summer school program brought forth unexpected results.



INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE



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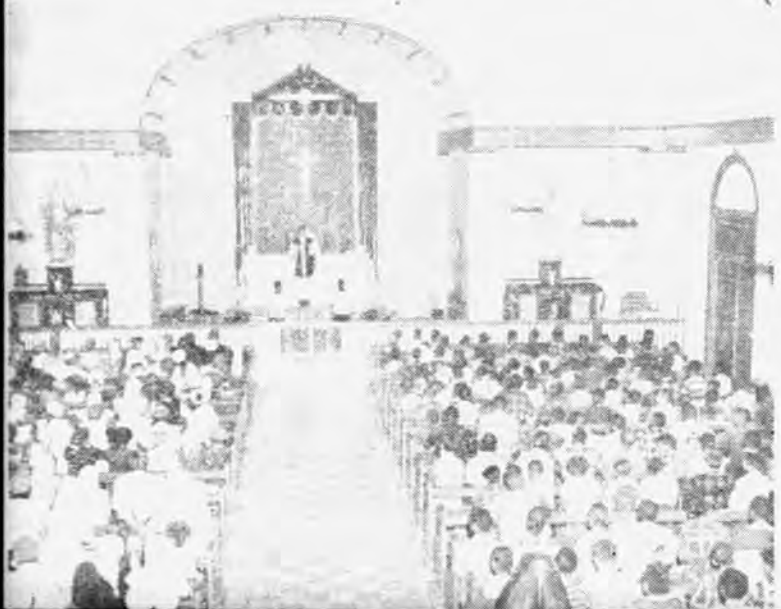
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SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT!

Alumni Express Interest In Club

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dear Father:

I would like to join the SIGMA ALPHA SIGMA CLUB. I was a student at St. Augustine's from September 1935 to June 1937. I think the association and its purposes are a good idea. I am especially interested in vocations for our boys and girls. I am offering daily prayers for that purpose.

Fraternally yours,
JOSEPH F. CURTIS

GRAND SEMINAIRE DE SAINT-SULPICE, CANADA

Dear Father Pung:

Many thanks for the "Messenger" wherein was set forth an appeal to all alumni of St. Augustine's to lend their cooperation and assistance in forming an Alumni Association. From the proposed four-fold objective, it is evident that such an association would in time afford many benefits to the alumni and to the seminary, thereby aiding the missions—ultimately bringing about the salvation of souls.

During my years at St. Augustine's I met many fellows and shared greatly in the many spiritual and material advantages the seminary so generously offered its students. It would be a great pleasure for me to belong to an Alumni Association where I could renew old acquaintances and at the same time if possible be of help to St. Augustine's and to the great cause it has espoused—the Negro Apostolate.

I shall pray daily, especially at Holy Mass and Communion, that all alumni will respond with enthusiasm in order that an Alumni Association with such great objectives may be realized as soon as possible.


Sincerely, in Corde Jesu,
LOUIS V. LE DOUX

RETREATS FOR MEN

- Resolve NOW to make a spiritual renewal.
- Enjoy these exercises that turn your soul GODWARD.
- Make EARLY reservations for one of the following:

First Retreat — July 4, 5, 6
Second Retreat — July 11, 12, 13
Third Retreat — July 25, 26, 27
Fourth Retreat — August 1, 2, 3

Write to LAYMEN'S RETREAT LEAGUE
Bay St. Louis, Miss. St. Augustine's Seminary



OUR BLESSED MOTHER APPEARS . . .

AT
KNOCK MUIRE

Gerald Lewis, S.V.D.

When England became protestant, they tried to force Ireland to join them in their image breaking orgy, in which statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin Mary were smashed and dishonored. The English burned their churches and murdered their priests, but they could not take from the Irish mother and her children that precious reminder of Mary's blessedness — the Rosary. Martyrs mounted the scaffold with the rosary around their necks. The great O'Connell walked the corridors of English parliament fingering his beads as he fought for Irish liberty. All this could not go unnoticed by Our Lady and when she sought a new land to honor with her presence she chose Ireland. On August 21, 1879, in the village of Knock Mhuire, Mary came to visit this land, a blazing jewel in the diadem of the Queen of Heaven.

About 7:30, Mary McLaughlin, the housekeeper at the Rectory of Knock Mhuire, took leave of the Beirne family, whom she had been visiting, and started home accompanied by Widow Beirne's daughter Mary. As the two drew near the parish Church, Mary exclaimed: "Oh, look at those statues. Why didn't you tell us that Father Cavanagh had bought some new statutes for the church." Poor Mary McLaughlin had to admit that she had

not known about it either. But as she spoke Mary exclaimed again: "But look, those aren't statutes. They move. It is the Blessed Virgin." She turned and ran to call her mother. Widow Beirne and her family hastened to the church, all except twenty-year-old Dominic who had to be forced to follow the prattling of a girl. When Dominic saw the apparition he also became excited and ran to arouse the neighbors. In spite of the heavy rain fifteen persons gathered outside the church to see this wonderful thing.

Dressed in a white gown and a white cloak, Our Lady hovered above the ground. On her head was a golden crown sparkling with diamonds. Her hands were raised as the hands of a priest at Mass. Her gaze was directed to heaven. And she was barefooted. To her right stood Saint Joseph, His eyes fixed on his blessed spouse, his hands clasped in fervent prayer. To her left stood a bishop with miter, an open book in his left hand, his right hand raised as if he were preaching to the people. Everyone concluded that this must be Saint John, since in the church at Lecanvey there was a similar statue of the Evangelist. But beyond all this was the most awe-inspiring sight of all: a simple altar on which stood a lamb and behind the lamb a large cross.

Bright rays of light, golden stars and adoring seraphim surrounded the altar.

The simple country folk stood or knelt in an attitude of prayer and wonder. Fourteen-year-old Patrick Hill dared to approach so close that he could look into the open book held by Saint John. Seventy-five-year-old Bridget Trench was so moved by the vision that she approached and kissed the feet of Our Lady three times. Although the rain soaked the people and the ground all around them, yet the statues and the place over which they hovered remained dry. About nine o'clock the apparition vanished into the darkness.

Immediately Knock Mhuire became the topic of conversation all over Ireland. In 1880 the newspapers were calling the village a "*Mayo Lourdes*." In 1881 the papers reported that six or eight miraculous cures took place each week in Knock Mhuire. Archbishop Mac Hale appointed a commission to study this case and all fifteen witnesses had to write down what they had seen and experienced. But the poor people of Ireland could not wait for the decision of a commission. The village became the center of pilgrimage in Ireland and Our Lady of Knock Mhuire was proclaimed Queen of Ireland.

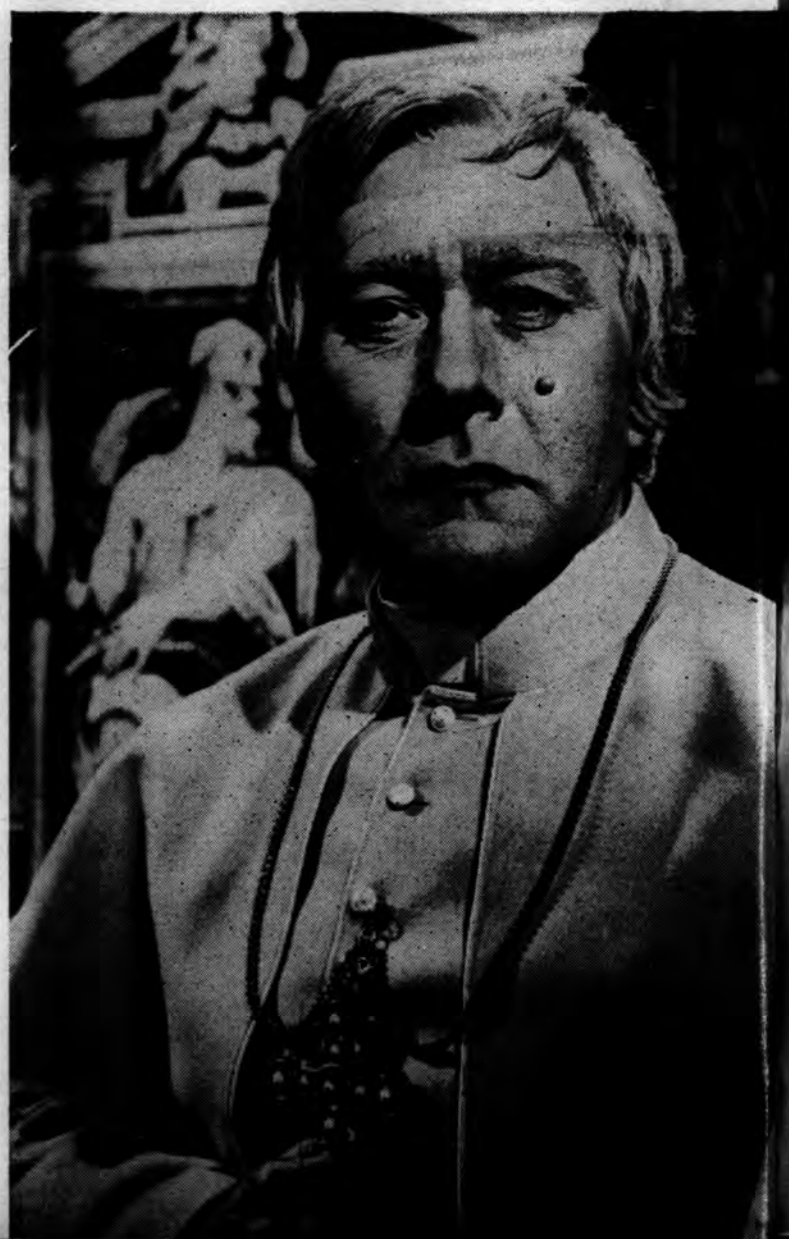


EX-SOLDIER PORTRAYS POPE IN FILM

British Actor, **FINELY DUNN**, an ex-colonel in the famed Eighth Army, displays costume and make-up he uses to portray Pope Pius X in a movie biography of him.

(United Press Photo)

It is surprising that none of the figures in the apparition spoke. This needs no explanation—the apparition was a sermon in itself. The Immaculate Virgin, Mediatrix of all Graces, hovered between heaven and earth. The Lamb, once sacrificed on the altar of the cross is now offered for us each morning on the altar of the Mass, the source of all the graces dispensed by Mary. St. Joseph's prayerful position tells us that this is indeed the Queen of Heaven. St. John assures us that as Mary mediated at Cana, so she now mediates for all mankind. It was a dark hour in Irish history when Mary deigned to bless that land with her presence. Our Lady appears and promises us great things through her intercession. Let us not miss the lesson of Knock Mhuire. We have Mary's assurance: "*If enough obey there will be peace.*"



CALM BEFORE THEIR BATTLE ▶
Welterweight Champion of the World,
KID GAVALIN (left), of Cuba, takes
time out from training to chat with
BOBBY DYKES, of Miami. The two
met in a bout on February 4.
(United Press Photo)



Third Negro Latin Bishop Given By Church To Africa

ROME.—With the oppointment of the
Most Rev. Laurean Rugambwa as Vicar
Apostolic in Tanganyika, Central Africa,
the Latin Rite Hierachy now has three
native African Bishops.

The other two are Bishop Ignatius
Ramarosandratana, Vicar Apostolic of
Miarinarivo on the Island of Madagas-
car, and Bishop Joseph Kiwanuka, Vicar
Apostolic of Masaka in Uganda, both of
whom were raised to the Heirarchy in
1939.

The new Vicariate of Kagera, which
the White Fathers now hand over to
the native bishop, has a population of
77,000, of whom 34,713 are Catholics.
There are 18 African priests in the
vicariate and five mission stations with
resident missionaries.



They Want To Be Priests

(Continued from page 82)

*"I can remember when I thought
the seminary a place of constant
studying. I now see how wrong I
was. I like it and am very happy."*

*"Most people think boys in the
seminary pray all day. This is not
true. I am happy here and I know.
We study and play too. Personally,
I think this is the greatest life any-
body can ask for."*

There are Catholic parents who
are determined to choke to death a
vocation to the priesthood in their
son, alleging, among other excuses,
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♦ **Sports train our students in self-control and cooperation.**



Children's CORNER

"Going, therefore, make
disciples of all nations!"

THOUGHT FOR THE MONTH:

On March 19, we celebrate the feast of a very great Saint. Of course, you know it is St. Joseph. On this day we honor him as the Patron and Protector of the Universal Church. Now a patron is one who looks after you; one who guards you from all danger and the Universal Church is the Catholic Church throughout the world.

Don't you think that St. Joseph has a pretty big job on his hands these days. Our Catholic faith is being persecuted all over the world. Hundreds of missionaries have been forced to leave their work in China. Some have been put in prison and others have been killed for their faith. The same thing is happening in Europe.

But if you think that St. Joseph has his hands full, what do you think of our Holy Father in Rome? He has to govern the Church, to look out for the welfare of the priests and missionaries. It must hurt him very much to hear of the sad conditions of so many of his faithful sheep, and the government of the Church in days such as these must be a task that weighs heavily on his shoulders. He needs prayers to keep him strong and steady.

So during the month of March, let us say a special prayer for him. March is a great month for him. He was born on March 2, he was ordained priest in March, he was elected Pope on his birthday, 1939, and was crowned on

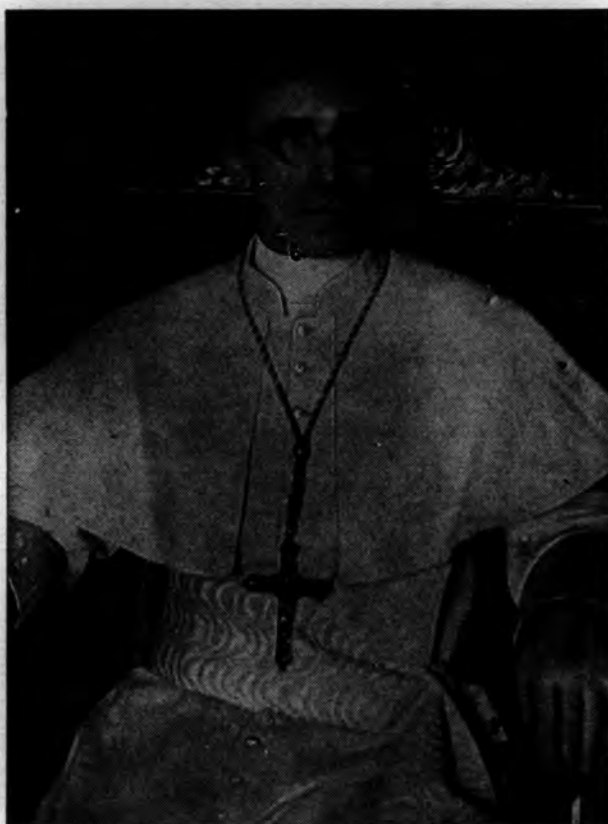
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A THOUGHT FOR LENT:

I've always considered March a wonderful month. I guess you wonder why . . . it's still cold enough and much more windy. Well, I'll tell you. Winter is on the way out; the coldest months have passed and the earth is thawing out. If you live in a place where there is plenty of snow and ice, then you know what it means to see the ice and dirty slush melting away, it makes every-

(Continued on page 94)



It Is Here!

Mickey Magone Breaks Through the News!

Our story is about a little boy. Well, he wasn't too little, he was fourteen. But he's a regular fellow, could be any of the gang you know. He liked to do and disliked many of the things you also dislike. But . . . on with the story!



Chapter III.

Days rolled into weeks and weeks into months. Mickey was having a great time. Among the lads he was known as the General, and his leadership was sure to lead to victory. The hero of the playground, his name was on everyone's lips. But then all of a sudden something snapped. The boys noticed it. What could have gone wrong with the General? He was as gloomy as midnight—not a laugh, not even a smile. "Tell him something," it was whispered in sport circles, "and you might get a growl for an answer, if not something more dangerous. Generals are tough individuals to handle, especially at times!"

Comments spread like wildfire. Tommy was dazed, but the remembrance of Don Bosco's charge woke him up. He approached Mickey one day as the General was leaning against the side of the house. "Come on General," he pleaded. "What's happened to you? Why the sudden gloom?"

Not a word. Tommy changed tactics. "Come on Mickey. Let it out. Maybe I can help you. Haven't I always been your friend? What's wrong? Are you sick or something?"

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"I'm not happy! I can't be happy like you and the other fellows. You are good. You go to Communion. You pray. But I . . ."

"Aw come on Mickey, sympathized Tom, "you don't have to cry for that!"

"Sure you can, Mickey. Shake off all those troubles. It's easy!"

"Yeah, it's easy! That's what you say. But I can't. Aw, go away. You're not my friend!"

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Tom felt Don Bosco ought to step in. The good priest already knew of Mickey's changed behaviour, so when he heard of Tom's failure, he called Mickey to his room.

"Well, General," he began, "I'd like you to do me a favor, are you willing?" Mickey forced a smile. "Sure!"

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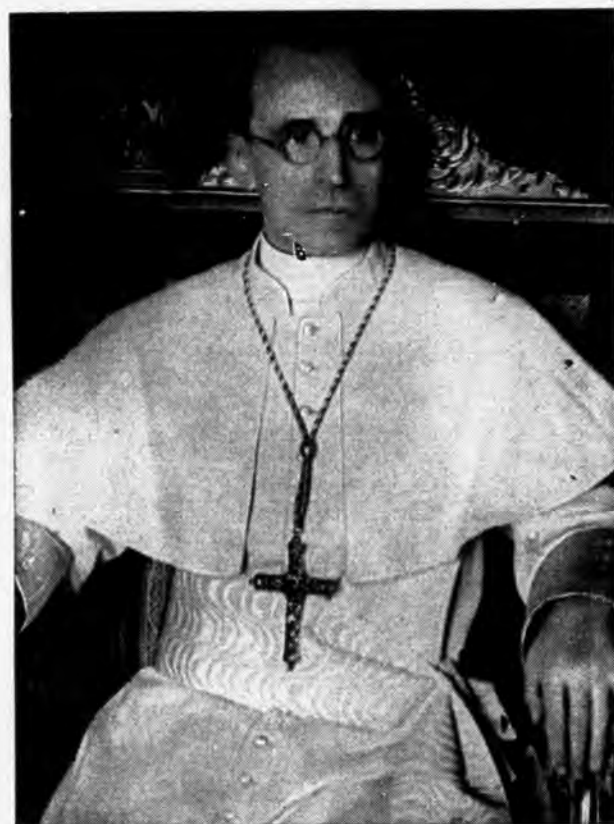
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ful and dirty compared to all his classmates. They went to Mass and Communion. They were happy because they were clean. But Mickey—the remembrance of his escapades at Carmagnola and his none too sinless habits overwhelmed him. He gasped, "I'm no good. Help me!"

"I understand my boy" whispered the priest and his voice resembled that of an angel. Mickey calmed down, "What shall I do, Father?"

"Your conscience bothers you. It is the voice of God knocking at your heart. All you have to do is straighten out the affairs of your soul by a good confession. Don't do it now. First think it over, examine your conscience, then go to the priest and receive his absolution. After that you'll be a new boy—and you'll be happy."

The brave general left Don Bosco's room feeling better; a happy load of doubt was off his mind. He spent the whole day in going over his past life. Then after night prayers he approached Don Bosco.

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feet, he opened his heart in full confidence. The gentle Don Bosco helped the lad with opportune questions, and as he raised his hand over the penitent's head and whispered, "I absolve you," Mickey burst into tears. At least, his heart was at peace with God.

"Father," he asked, "are all my sins forgiven? If I should die tonight, would I go straight to heaven?"

"Yes, Mickey. Your soul is whiter than snow now. God has forgiven each sin and forgotten all about them. You are His own dear son now. Go to bed and enjoy your rest. You have nothing to worry about."

The next morning found the jolly, laughing Mickey of old. Tommy was delighted at the miracle, especially when Mickey tried to explain it all.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," he began.

"Skip it, Mickey."

"I was in an awful mess. But Don Bosco got me out. Now I feel like a new boy."

(To Be Continued)

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Children's Corner

(Continued from page 92)

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little sacrifices and prepare for the coming of Christ on Easter.

Now what are you going to do during Lent? I know that each of you is going to offer up some little sacrifices to prepare your hearts for Jesus. But your hearts are clean and warm with love for Jesus. I want you to be missionaries; I want you to warm someone else's heart. If you look around you, surely you can find someone whose heart is cold. Then take this as your soul; pray for him, offer up your little sacrifices for him. Make this your little secret with Jesus.

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Who can Saint Joseph's virtues trace—
That greatest saint? What lofty place
He holds within the realms of grace!

How high, how holy was his trust!
How faithful he, how pure, how just!
How far removed from pride or lust!

To his great care did God confide
His chosen spouse, the virgin-bride,
More dear than any one beside.

He bound himself by plighted vows
To chastely guard the virgin-spouse—
No other thought himself allows.

He always lived as lived the just,
Forever faithful to his trust,
For so he willed—not that he must.

And to this service so sublime,
Devoting all his toil and time,
The heights of holiness did climb.

How favored in his holy death,
As Mary watched his parting breath,
And words of comfort Jesus saith.

There Jesus was, and Mary nigh,
And never did a mortal die
With greater aid and cause for joy.

This happy Saint had passage blest
From labor to eternal rest,
His aged head on Jesus' breast.

So may we when we come to die,
Have Mary and our Saviour nigh
To bid hell's darksome shadows fly.

—FRANCIS PATRICK, F.S.C.



St. Joseph, Patron of the Universal Church.

St. Charles School And Community Center

(Continued from page 70)

It is time for us to express our admiration for the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cornelius J. Drew, his loyal parishioners, and his host of faithful and generous friends. Recently the Fund passed the \$100,000 mark, (half in cash, and half in pledges) with the contribution of \$300 given by the parishioners of a church in downtown New York who were attending a Novena service in honor of St. Anne de Beaupre. Our admiration can be no more aptly expressed than through our cooperation—the spiritual support of our prayers or the financial support of our dimes or our dollars. If we want to see a miracle, let us help make it come true. Remember —

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(Continued from page 70)

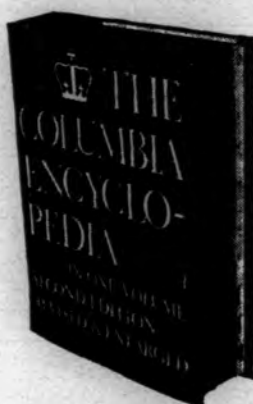
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Vol. XXX

APRIL, 1952

No. 4

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S Messenger

The
MAGAZINE
with a
MESSAGE

To aid the cause for which the Divine Word Missionaries
are working—more priests and religious for the
Missions, especially among the Negroes.

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Rev. Robert E. Pung, S.V.D., Editor

OUR COVER . . .

Three Brothers pronounce Temporal Vows in the Society of the Divine Word, thus devoting themselves and their talents to the service of God. In the Brotherhood, they will look out primarily for their own sanctification and the salvation of their souls. Also by their labors and good example, they will help others in attaining the same end. They "work for Christ in silence and true humility."

VOL. XXX

APRIL, 1952

No. 4

To Work For Christ

Tilden LeMelle, S.V.D.



*"To work for Christ in silence
and true humility."*

In this closing verse of a hymn in honor of St. Joseph, we find this apt and complete definition of our S.V.D. Missionary Brothers. Theirs is a life spent in imitation of the holy Carpenter of Nazareth—a life of humble toil for Christ.

In our present day of organized labor, of strikes and strikebreakers and in the unceasing battle between capital and labor, the Missionary Brother stands as a stalwart light-



Brother Peter Among the Flowers

house in the midst of a raging sea. His life of selfless service (another definition for love) would quickly stem the rising tide of Communism (the so-called working man's party) if employers and employees had the least bit of strength and courage demanded by such a life.

Ever since man has been sentenced to eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, the earth has been a scene of endless labor. Men have braved the stormy sea, the treacherous jungle, the scorching desert heat, the freezing polar cold—all for self gain. For a little gold dust, thousands have wasted their energy and finally died in poverty. But who has had the courage to face such and even greater trials with no thought of an earthly reward? Who today would spend his life to exhaustion in selfless service? The Missionary Brother!

Here at the seminary we are daily witnesses of this selfless service. In the tailor shop, in the kitchen, on the farm, in the nursery and in the different offices, all the Brothers apply themselves to various tasks but are all fundamentally

◆ **Brother Stephen At The Organ**





◆ Brother Candidates in Class

could we have become sad had Jesus asked us? Well, so it is with the Brother. With the ears of Faith he has heard Jesus asking him for a favor, and valiantly he has set about to grant Jesus that favor. No, sadness is not and cannot be the lot of the Missionary Brother. Sadness is for the ordinary man. A Missionary Brother is made of "*sterner stuff*."

Yes, men will continue to work for perishable gain. Labor and Management will continue to fight, but amid all this turmoil there will be found men with courage and strength enough "*to work for Christ in silence and true humility*."

doing the same thing—"working for Christ in silence and true humility." In the mission fields, at home and abroad, the same "*labor of love*" distinguishes the Missionary Brother.

We are often wont to call the priest an "Alter Christus—Another Christ" but could we not also apply this title to the Missionary Brother? A carpenter, the Son of a carpenter, did not Christ spend almost thirty of His thirty-three years as an ordinary worker? The greater part of His life He was, as it were, a Brother *laboring in silence and true humility*. Only after having learned the virtues of the Brotherhood did He venture upon His priestly career. It is no wonder then, that our Father and Founder, Arnold Janssen, found that one of his greatest joys was to spend his free moments with the Brothers.

But some may say, "*Isn't such a life sad. It's so contrary to what other men are doing.*" Yes, it is very much opposed to the life of the ordinary man, for Missionary Brothers are *extraordinary* men. But sad? By no means! Could we picture St. Joseph sad because Jesus asked him to make a little wagon with which to run Mary's errands? Would we, nay more,

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◆ Brother Candidates in Class

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We are often wont to call the priest an *“Alter Christus—Another Christ”* but could we not also apply this title to the Missionary Brother? A carpenter, the Son of a carpenter, did not Christ spend almost thirty of His thirty-three years as an ordinary worker? The greater part of His life He was, as it were, a Brother *laboring in silence and true humility*. Only after having learned the virtues of the Brotherhood did He venture upon His priestly career. It is no wonder then, that our Father and Founder, Arnold Janssen, found that one of his greatest joys was to spend his free moments with the Brothers.

But some may say, *“Isn’t such a life sad. It’s so contrary to what other men are doing.”* Yes, it is very much opposed to the life of the ordinary man, for Missionary Brothers are *extraordinary* men. But sad? By no means! Could we picture St. Joseph sad because Jesus asked him to make a little wagon with which to run Mary’s errands? Would we, nay more,

could we have become sad had Jesus asked us? Well, so it is with the Brother. With the ears of Faith he has heard Jesus asking him for a favor, and valiantly he has set about to grant Jesus that favor. No, sadness is not and cannot be the lot of the Missionary Brother. Sadness is for the ordinary man. A Missionary Brother is made of *“sterner stuff.”*

Yes, men will continue to work for perishable gain. Labor and Management will continue to fight, but amid all this turmoil there will be found men with courage and strength enough *“to work for Christ in silence and true humility.”*

Boys and Young Men . . .

If you wish to serve God and devote your life to His cause, but do not feel capable of becoming a priest, then join the ranks of God’s HIDDEN HEROES, the Missionary Brothers. Learn more about the noble life of a Missionary Brother through the

FUTURE BROTHER CLUB

St. Augustine’s Seminary
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi

Brother Conrad in the Bookbindery ◆



Editorial

"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER..."

Do you remember ever hearing the popular "hit" of the days before the United States entered the first World War? The whole nation sang it. It was meant to dampen and kill the rising war spirit, to keep us out of the war. But the war came and the nation jubilantly changed the tune to "Over There."

Too many Catholic parents have this "I-did-not-raise-my-children" attitude toward religious and missionary vocations for their sons and daughters. They dread to think of the day when one of their children might approach them, tell them timidly: "I would like to become a nun, Dad."—"I would like to become a priest, Mom." And should little Henry come and say: "I want to become a missionary Brother," they would be positively horrified!

Such an attitude in one who claims to be proud of his God-given faith brings to naught the very faith he claims to have. The great scheme of God to create, redeem, and sanctify man existed in His mind from all eternity. We cannot picture Christ standing there upon the mountain-top before His Ascension and saying: "Wait, what was that I wanted to tell you? . . . Oh, yes, go ye into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature!" No, it was God's eternal plan to create man and redeem him after his fall, but He also decreed, as Pope Leo XIII wrote to Cardinal Gibbons, that *by man shall man know the path of salvation.*

Nobody today questions the duty of every Catholic to participate in some way in missionary work. Not every Catholic can become an active missionary, but genuine faith will drive a man to try to give his faith to others. Chesterton, the great Eng-

lish convert, shouted so long and so loud about the great discovery he had made, —the Catholic Faith, that he actually "got on peoples' nerves." Still, he was only thinking with the Church, and with our great Pope of the missions, Pius XI, who wrote: "It is quite proper that all those who have received the great gift of the faith . . . should do everything possible to correspond with that great gift by cooperating in communicating it to others."

We know Christ's command by heart; we've heard it so often; we know that even as lay people we are bound to further the propagation of the faith. But it worries us not at all who shall propagate and preach it. Now let us be logical. If we are to assist in realizing the divine scheme of redemption, if we are to carry out Christ's command, and perform our duty as Catholics, we must provide missionaries. If we are to provide missionaries, we must have mission seminaries in which to train them. And if we are to have mission seminaries, we must have candidates to fill these institutions.

Now a vocation for the religious and missionary life is a gift of God. It cannot be given or gotten like a Christmas present. Your mother cannot give it to you, nor can your rich uncle in California! However, God does not, ordinarily, work miracles. He sends out no printed or gilt-edged invitations to "Come, follow Me!" He works when He can upon a natural foundation. He gives the necessary health and talents to begin with, then intensifies and sanctifies, so to speak, the idealism which the parents have fostered in their child, that longing to be of

(Continued on page 108)

A Missionary Apostle From The Alps

CARLOS LEWIS, S.V.D.

One day in 1889 a missionary went to the chief official of a Chinese district to seek justice in behalf of his Christians. The latter, instead of fulfilling the duty of his office, instigated some youths to attack the priest and his two companions. The three Christians were attacked with sticks and dragged some distance through the streets. Lying on the ground all bruised, the missionary asked those maltreating him: "Why do you persecute us?" Calmly he continued, admonishing the attackers who shamefaced, slipped away one by one. This is but one of the many trying incidents that the subject of this sketch had to endure, incidents which revealed the deep spirituality that pervaded his soul.

But let us begin at the beginning. Father Joseph Freinademetz—that was the missionary's name—was born in Abtei, a small Alpine town in Austria, on April 15, 1852. He was ordained a diocesan priest at the age of 23, and three years later joined the newly-founded missionary Society of the Divine Word at Steyl, Holland. By so doing, he fulfilled a life-long yearning to dedicate his life to the salvation of the heathen.

With another priest as companion, Father Freinademetz was missioned to northeastern China by the society's Founder, Father Arnold Janssen. His companion was Father John Anzer, who was later to become Bishop of the mission. Both of these priests were the first missionaries sent afar by the Society of the Divine Word. The 27-year old Alpine priest sailed from Italy after receiving the blessing of Pope Leo XIII in Rome. Five weeks later, on April 20, 1879, he set foot on the soil of China which he was destined never to leave.



Father Freinademetz in Chinese Dress

Twenty-eight years is a mighty long time when we consider the average life span of man. For many men it's half a lifetime, as it actually was in the case of our missionary. It might even seem longer if one, without ever seeing his fatherland again, must spend these years in an alien land among people of a different race, language and culture. But Father Freinademetz made the sacrifice cheerfully, willingly. He pleaded with his Superiors to allow him to remain always among the people he loved: "Only one favor I ask. Don't send me back to Europe. Let me live and die with my beloved Chinese."

The pioneer missionary was an indefatigable worker. South Shantung was the scene of his labors. Manifold were the duties he performed. Besides devoting himself to the immediate care of souls, he often guided the mission when its head, Bishop Anzer, was away soliciting funds; for sometime also he was rector of the seminary, head of

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the school for catechists, and provincial superior. All the duties connected with these offices he performed cheerfully and humbly, (for he never sought nor gloried in positions of honor) zealously and efficiently and that often despite ill-health.

Innumerable were the souls won for Christ by this saintly priest. Because he adapted himself to the ways of the Chinese—speaking their language fluently, wearing their dress, eating their food, etc.—he endeared himself to all hearts. His extraordinary piety made him an object of veneration not only among his confreres, but also among the Chinese Christians, and even the pagans.

In the midst of his multiple activities he found time to write a little book of reflections on the Mass. The fervor and unction of this work reveal the author's passionate love for God and souls.

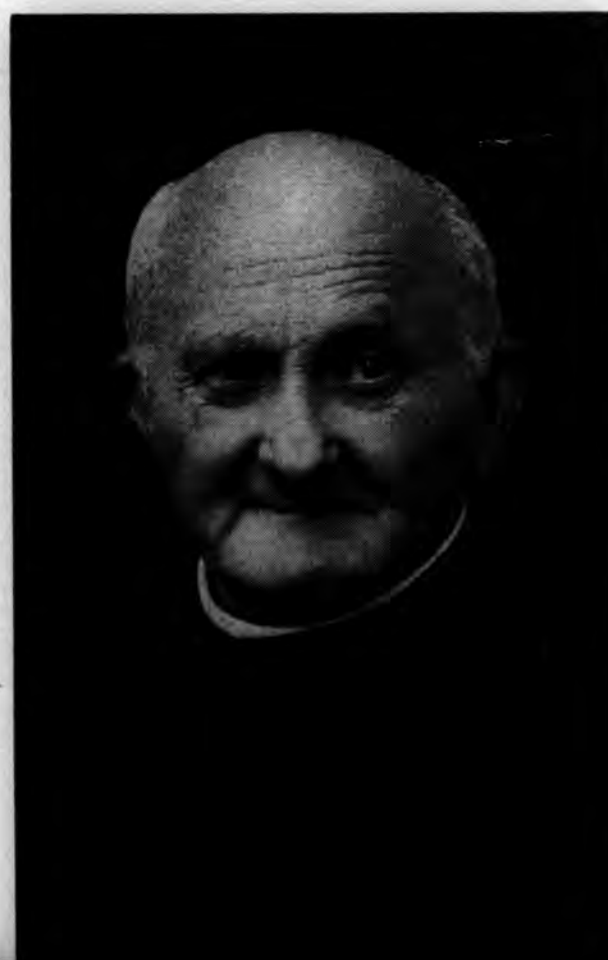
In those days, as it is now under the atheistic regime, the lot of a foreign missionary in China was not a happy one. He was called a "*foreign devil*," just as now he is called an "*imperialist spy*." Many were the sacrifices the missionaries had to make; heroic, the sufferings to undergo. Father Freinademetz was provincial superior when the bloody Boxer-uprising broke out in 1900, the aim of which was to drive all foreigners out of China. Refusing to leave the country, he faithfully remained at his post during those most trying years.

When a typhoid epidemic broke out in the mission station of Taikia and laid low many missionaries and natives, Father Freinademetz administered to their spiritual and physical needs unstintingly. Worn-out, he too soon fell victim to the disease. "*Greater love than this no*

one has, that one lay down his life for his friends." He died in his fifty-sixth year on January 28, 1908, after giving the example of a high degree of Christian patience and fortitude, tormented as he was by excruciating sufferings during his last illness.

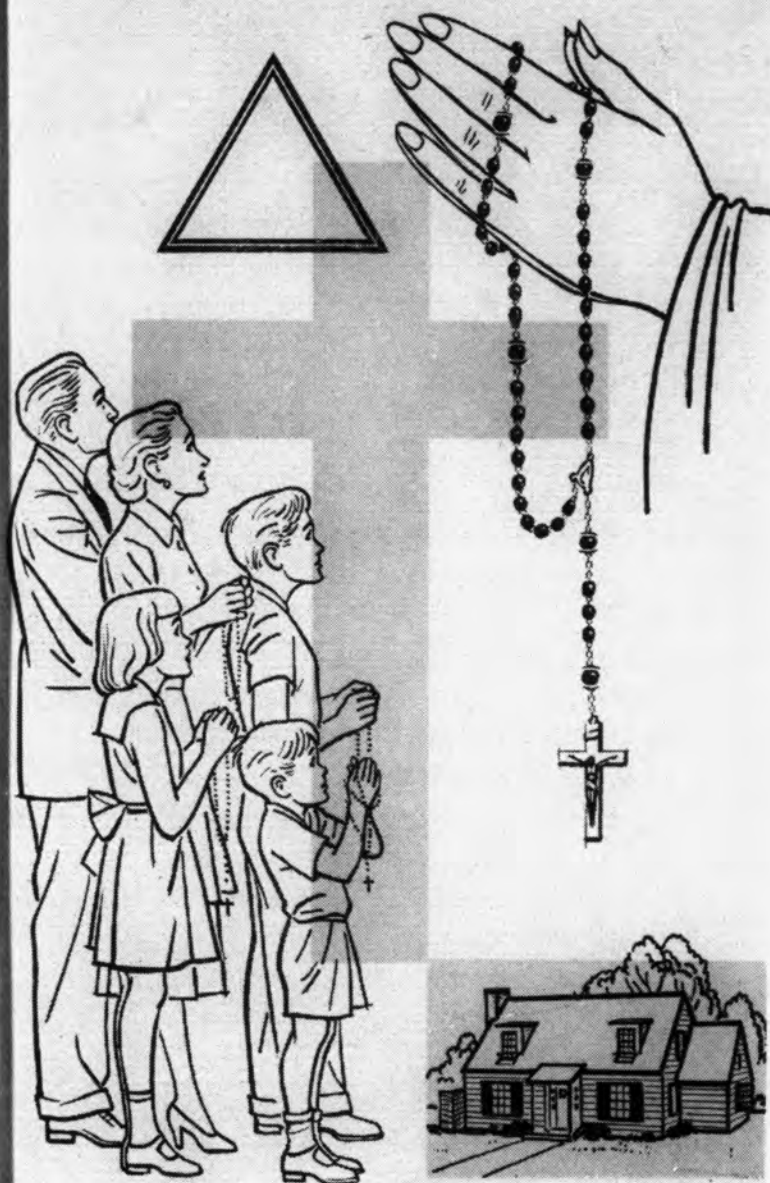
After the death of this saintly missionary, the fame of his sanctity continued to spread far and wide. The Bishops of Germany sent a petition to the Holy See begging for the beatification of this son of the Alps. The title "*Venerable*" has already been conceded to him by Rome. Many favors have been attributed to his intercession, and the miracles submitted for his beatification are now being examined in Rome. There the solemn decree announcing the introduction of his cause for beatification was issued by the Sacred Congregation of Rites on June 22, 1951.

The missionary priest from the little Alpine town lived up to the admonition of his holy Founder. And the Founder's wish did come true; for, the Sacred Heart did give to this pioneer herald of the Word "a truly apostolic heart like unto His own,"—which is to say, the heart of a saint.



Father Arnold Janssen, Founder of the Divine Word Missionaries.

OUR FAMILY ROSARY CRUSADE . . .



Elmer Powell, S.V.D.

"With all our strength and with every means we must strive to preserve good homes, to restore wrecked and broken homes to their former vigor and to re-establish them in Christ. Such an aim can be attained by a most efficacious remedy—one which has, alas, in recent years been almost completely forgotten—namely, Family Prayer in the family circle . . ."

—Pope Pius XII

In 1939, Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., a seminarian was told by his physicians that his life was endangered from tuberculosis. He did not succumb, and in gratitude he promised our Blessed Mother that he would enlist ten million families for family prayer.

Beginning on this Crusade of Prayer after his ordination ten years ago, Father Peyton has to date enlisted over six million families and from indications, he will be able to keep his promise to Our Lady with some left over.

While in a campaign in the Metropolitan Province of New Orleans, Father Peyton paid a visit to St. Augustine's Seminary and addressed the community. His piety, simplicity, sincerity, and love for Our Lady most impressed his hearers. He referred to his campaign as "election time for Mary." He urged all to join the Crusade of Family Prayer, to get others to do something positive for Mary, and to pray and offer some sacrifice for the success of the drive.

Father Peyton has succeeded in interesting Hollywood in the Crusade of Family Prayer. Top stars of moviedom, radio, and television have donated their services which have an estimated value of more than ten million dollars. One is amazed at this feat when he meets the shy, unassuming priest who is the power behind the Crusade.

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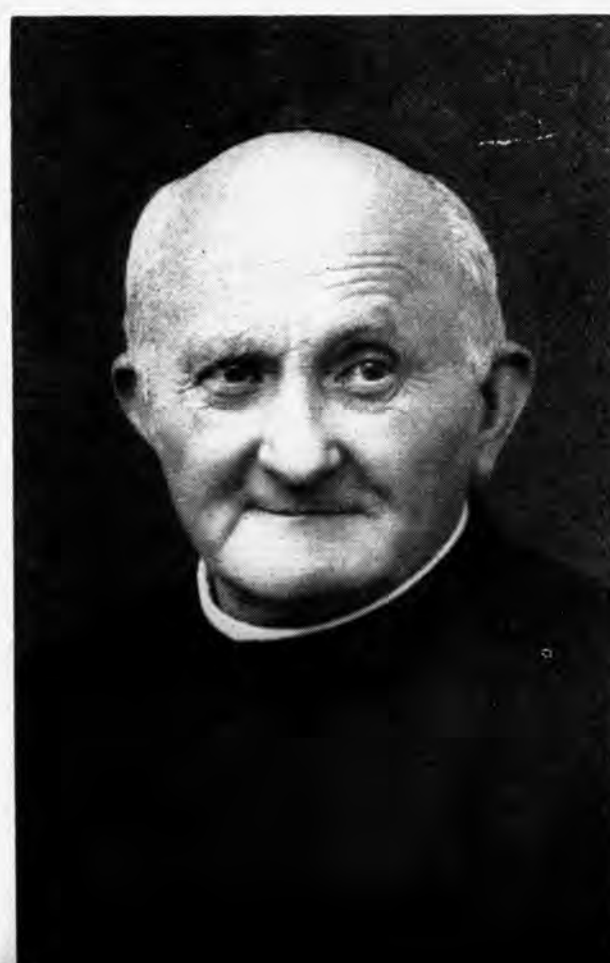
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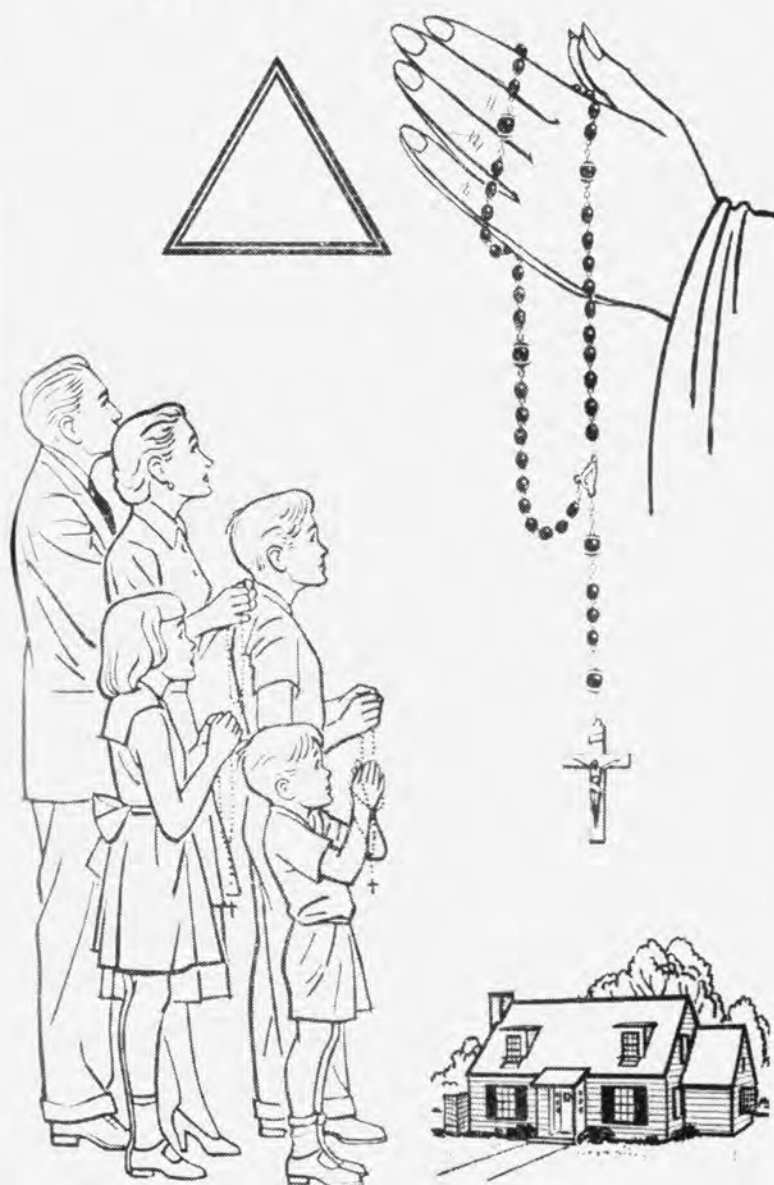
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◀ **Father Peyton pauses to chat with our students in front of the statue of St. Augustine.**



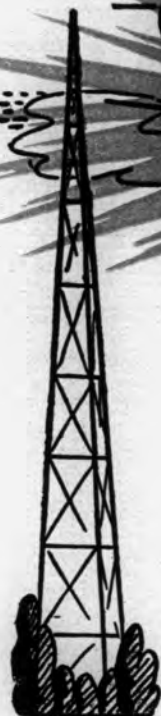
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(l. to r.) Father Woods, C.S.C., Associate Director, Father Walsh, S.V.D., Rector of the Seminary, Father Peyton, C.S.C., and Father Kemper, S.V.D. ▶



Seminary News



Subdiaconate Conferred

Fraters Thaddeus Boucree, S. V. D., and Gerald Lewis, S. V. D. received the first of the major orders—that of the Subdiaconate on Sunday morning, February 17. The Most Reverend Richard O. Gerow, S. T. D., Bishop of Natchez was the ordaining prelate. These two candidates for the priesthood in June received the Diaconate on March 9.

Telegraph Wires Underground

Recently, visitors at the Seminary have wondered about the deep trenches throughout our campus. The answer is that all the lines for the seminary telephones were encased in lead pipes and put underground. This is a safeguard from the wear and tear inflicted on wires suspended by poles. It will also assure service during and after an electrical storm.

Camellias and Azaleas

Father Christian Baker, S. V. D. and Brother Peter Boyer, S. V. D. deserve most honorable mention for their fine 'crop' of camellias and azaleas this season. As the camellia season closes and the azalea season opens, many varieties of both are to be seen on our campus—and some of these varieties have won coveted prizes. From the number of visitors and admirers and from the variety of license plates, one would judge that our grounds are fast becoming

Father Peter Jansser, S.V.D., on the day of his golden sacerdotal jubilee. ▀

one of the showplaces of the Gulf Coast.

Golden Jubilee

Father Peter Jansser, S. V. D., Provincial of the United States' Province of the Society of the Divine Word at the time of the foundation of St. Augustine's Seminary recently celebrated his Golden Sacerdotal Jubilee in Techny, Illinois. Father Jansser has also served as Prefect Apostolic of our mission territory of Indore, India. Because of ill health, he had to relinquish this post. Stationed now at St. Mary's Mission House in Techny, Father has a busy schedule giving retreats, spiritual conferences and hearing confessions. *Ad multos annos*, Father Jansser.



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Philippines Missionary, A Visitor

Father Patrick Schoening, S. V. D., missionary to the Philippines dropped in for a few days' visit recently. Father has been in our country for two years doing university work toward a degree. As missionary in the Philippines he has done mission work in the bush and in the parishes as well as having held down administrative posts in our high schools, colleges and the University of Cebu. Father gave an informative illustrated lecture in Sacred Heart

Hall during his stay at the Seminary. The Fraters had as guests besides: Father Rector and Father Hagen.

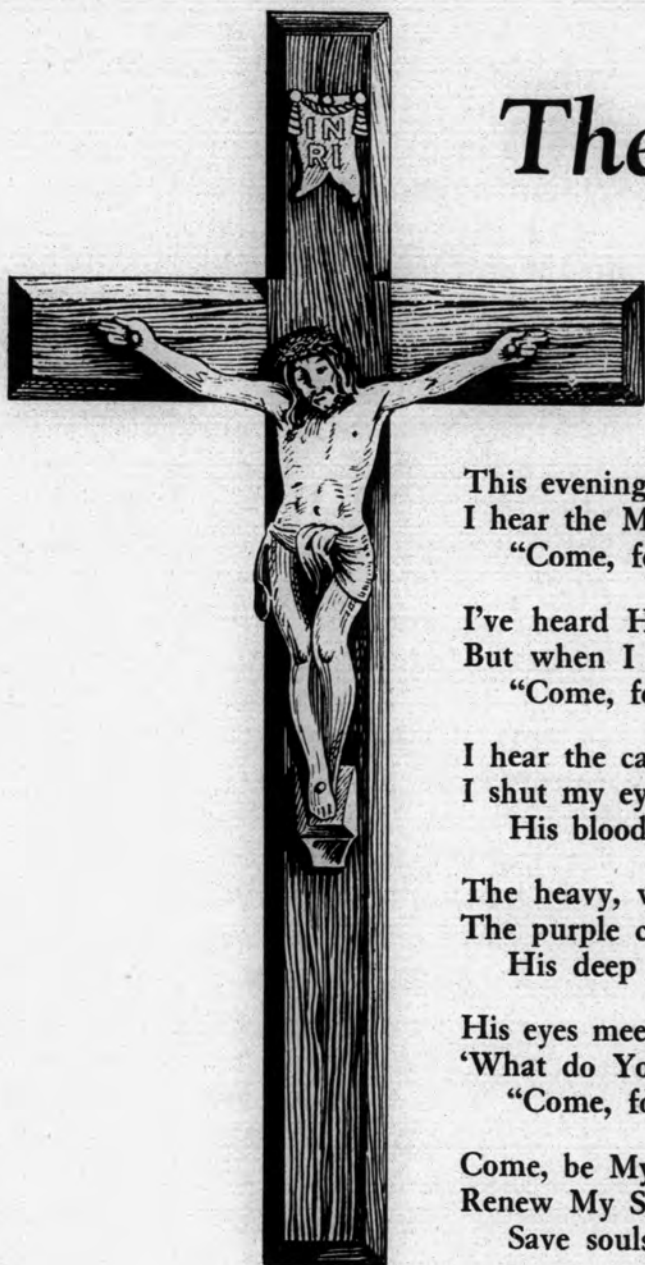
Seculars On Retreat

During the latter part of February, three young priests from the Archdiocese of Chicago chose St. Augustine's Seminary as the place of their annual retreat. We were happy to play hosts to these visitors. After the retreat, they remained for a few days to enjoy the hospitality and the sunshine of the South. They were: Fathers Boudorz, Richter, and Sauer.

ORDINATION DAY AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

(l. to r.) Father Maurice Rousseve, S.V.D., Prefect of the Scholastics, Rev. Mr. Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., Bishop Richard O. Gerow, S.T.D., Bishop of Natchez, Rev. Mr. Gerald Lewis, S.V.D., Frater Tilden LeMelle, S.V.D., (received tonsure) and Very Rev. Lawrence Walsh, S.V.D., Rector.





The Master's Call

This evening as I pray my rosary,
I hear the Master's softly whispered plea:
"Come, follow Me."

I've heard His gentle, pleading voice before,
But when I gave no heed it came no more.
"Come, follow Me."

I hear the call again, insistent now.
I shut my eyes and see His thorn-crowned brow,
His bloodstained Face,

The heavy, wooden, rough-hewn Cross He bears,
The purple cloak and cutting bonds He wears —
His deep disgrace.

His eyes meet mine; 'My King,' I cry in woe,
'What do You want of me?' He whispers low,
"Come, follow Me."

Come, be My priest, remake the broken earth;
Renew My Sacrifice of priceless worth.
Save souls for Me:

Warn, bless, instruct, console, exhort, forgive;
To hungry souls My Blood and Body give —
True Food and Drink.

Pray, intercede for wayward sinners tossed
About in life's swift stream, or plunging, lost,
Toward hell's black brink."

My heart is torn; His words tug at its strings.
My thoughts, perplexed, confused, afraid, take wings
In fancied flight:

'The price is great, but . . . oh the joy and peace
To follow Christ and be His sacred priest.'
This calms my fright.

I look upon my Master's bleeding face.
'Thou'st won my heart, dear Lord; give me Thy grace.
Thy priest I'll be.

Thy thorns, Thy robe, Thy bonds, Thy heavy Cross
Are not in vain; I count it gain, not loss,
To follow Thee.'

Philippines Missionary.

A Visitor

Father Patrick Schoening, S. V. D., missionary to the Philippines dropped in for a few days' visit recently. Father has been in our country for two years doing university work toward a degree. As missionary in the Philippines he has done mission work in the bush and in the parishes as well as having held down administrative posts in our high schools, colleges and the University of Cebu. Father gave an informative illustrated lecture in Sacred Heart

Hall during his stay at the Seminary. The Fraters had as guests besides: Father Rector and Father Hagen.

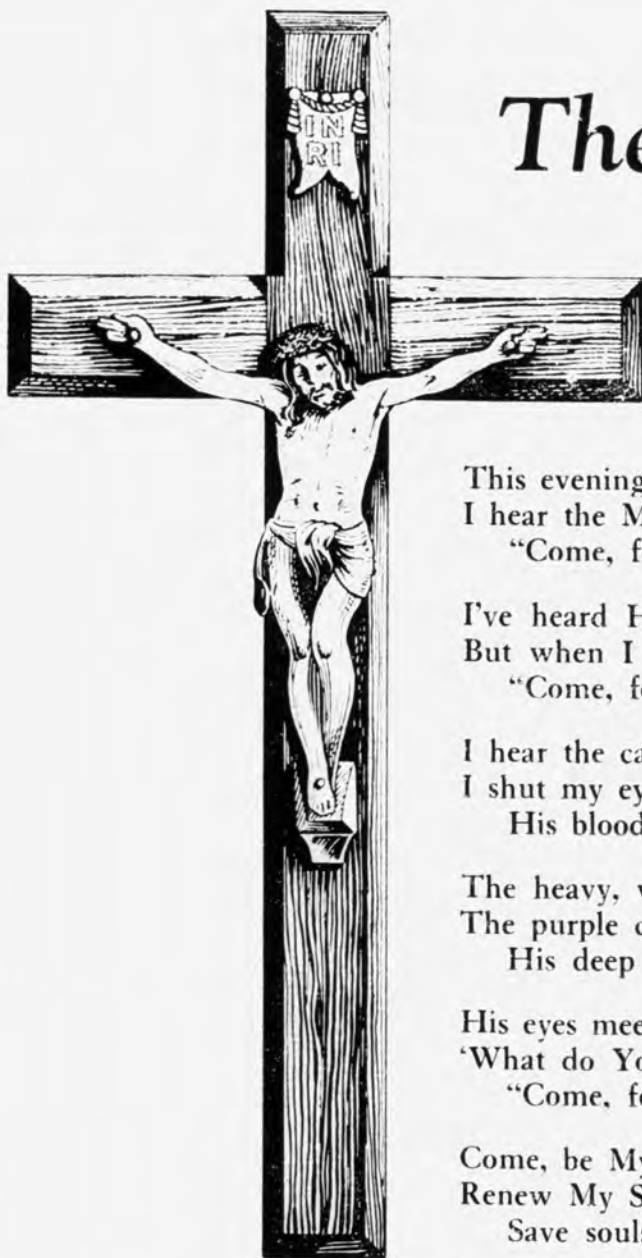
Seculars On Retreat

During the latter part of February, three young priests from the Archdiocese of Chicago chose St. Augustine's Seminary as the place of their annual retreat. We were happy to play hosts to these visitors. After the retreat, they remained for a few days to enjoy the hospitality and the sunshine of the South. They were: Fathers Boudorz, Richter, and Sauer.

ORDINATION DAY AT ST. AUGUSTINE'S SEMINARY

(l. to r.) Father Maurice Rousseve, S.V.D., Prefect of the Scholastics, Rev. Mr. Thaddeus Boucree, S.V.D., Bishop Richard O. Gerow, S.T.D., Bishop of Natchez, Rev. Mr. Gerald Lewis, S.V.D., Frater Tilden LeMelle, S.V.D., (received tonsure) and Very Rev. Lawrence Walsh, S.V.D., Rector.





The Master's Call

This evening as I pray my rosary,
I hear the Master's softly whispered plea:
"Come, follow Me."

I've heard His gentle, pleading voice before,
But when I gave no heed it came no more.
"Come, follow Me."

I hear the call again, insistent now.
I shut my eyes and see His thorn-crowned brow,
His bloodstained Face,

The heavy, wooden, rough-hewn Cross He bears,
The purple cloak and cutting bonds He wears —
His deep disgrace.

His eyes meet mine; 'My King,' I cry in woe,
'What do You want of me?' He whispers low,
"Come, follow Me."

Come, be My priest, remake the broken earth;
Renew My Sacrifice of priceless worth.
Save souls for Me:

Warn, bless, instruct, console, exhort, forgive;
To hungry souls My Blood and Body give —
True Food and Drink.

Pray, intercede for wayward sinners tossed
About in life's swift stream, or plunging, lost,
Toward hell's black brink."

My heart is torn; His words tug at its strings.
My thoughts, perplexed, confused, afraid, take wings
In fancied flight:

'The price is great, but . . . oh the joy and peace
To follow Christ and be His sacred priest.'
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"I DID NOT RAISE MY BOY TO BE A SOLDIER . . ."

(Continued from page 100)

special service to God and man—that, we think, constitutes a vocation, a calling by God. But you will realize what an important role parents play in the giving of it.

Our experience has taught us that the *true vocation is born in the child's earliest years, and in the home*. Young people who live good, protected lives will show an inclination to do something special for God. This desire, if properly nurtured, may develop into a genuine and permanent vocation. Parents need not fear the budding and flowering of religious and missionary vocations in their children. They should rather be glad and feel highly flattered that God should show them so much preference, honor them so signally.

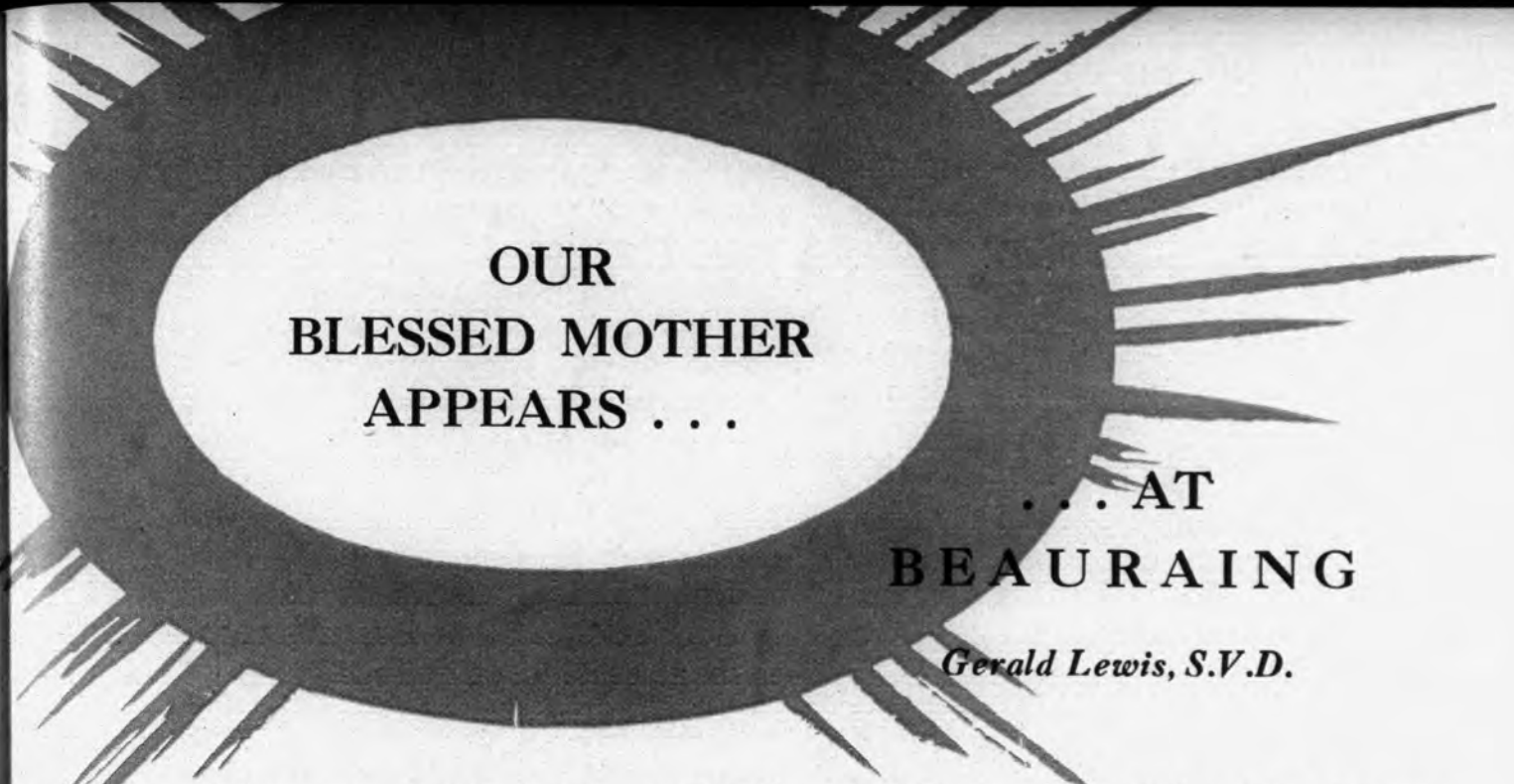
The pious mother of little Samuel

gives them the good example. She brought her son early to the High Priest to be brought up for God's service in the shadow of the temple. When the mother of Father Richard Henle, S. V. D., (murdered in China in 1897), received the message of her son's death, she fell to her knees and thanked God that she was *privileged to be the mother not only of a priest and missionary, but also of a martyr*.

The first Missionary's Mother, Our Lady, gave the world the most dazzling example of noble sacrifice, when she offered her only Son on the cross for the salvation of the world. *Modern mothers* can do no better than follow her example in seeking the better part by inspiring and encouraging their children to the special calling, the life in the service of God, for the glory of their own souls and the salvation of many others who will not otherwise be saved.

Dr. Francis M. Hammond, former head of the Philosophy Department, Seton Hall University, was appointed assistant director of the National Commission on Religious Organizations of the National Conference of Christians and Jews. The appointment was announced by Dr. Everett R. Clinchy, president of the National Conference. Dr. Hammond will work with the commission's director, Rev. Allyn P. Robinson, in promoting the objectives of the organization in cooperation with Protestant, Catholic and Jewish religious organizations.





OUR BLESSED MOTHER APPEARS . . .

. . . AT
BEAURAING

Gerald Lewis, S.V.D.

"You are a parasite to society," the socialist worker told the young priest who greeted him. "Every loaf of bread you eat is bread taken from me and my children. I don't want to have anything to do with priests." Such was the hostility towards the Church in Belgium over twenty-five years ago. Yet, in spite of such a hostile attitude, the visitor to Belgium will immediately notice the thriving Catholic life of the Belgian workers today, most of whom have been won back to the Church. The admirable change is due in great measure to the Young Catholic Worker organization which had its start in that country. *But by far the most important figure in the reconversion of the Belgians is the Immaculate Virgin Mother of God.*

In 1932 the Belgian worker was no different from the workers in other parts of the world; he also was a mere tool in the hands of a liberal government. Not only his morale suffered, but also his religion. And yet when Our Lady wished to call Europe and the world to penance once more she chose the indifferent, fallen-away Catholics to bear her message to the world.

Beauraing is a town of about 1800

inhabitants. Situated in the dreary landscape of southern Belgium, it has nothing to recommend it to the tourist trade. The town has a parish church long neglected by the people. Nearby is the girls' school run by Sisters. The people are Catholic, but very few bother to attend Mass and to think of their soul's salvation. The Boisin family is typical of all the families of the town. The father is a machinist, the mother runs a small store. Very seldom are they seen in Church, but Madame Boisin sees to it that her three children attend Mass and Vespers every Sunday. Ferdinand is fifteen, Gilberte is thirteen, Albert is twelve.

On November 29, 1932, Ferdinand and Albert went to meet their sister Gilberte at the convent school in order to accompany her home. When Albert rang the bell at the convent, he was frightened by a bright light that seemed to come from the Lourdes grotto in the convent garden. Ferdinand thought it was the headlight of a car passing on the highway, but when Gilberte also appeared and saw the light the three became afraid and began to cry out: "*The statue in the grotto is moving.*" Hearing the noise, one

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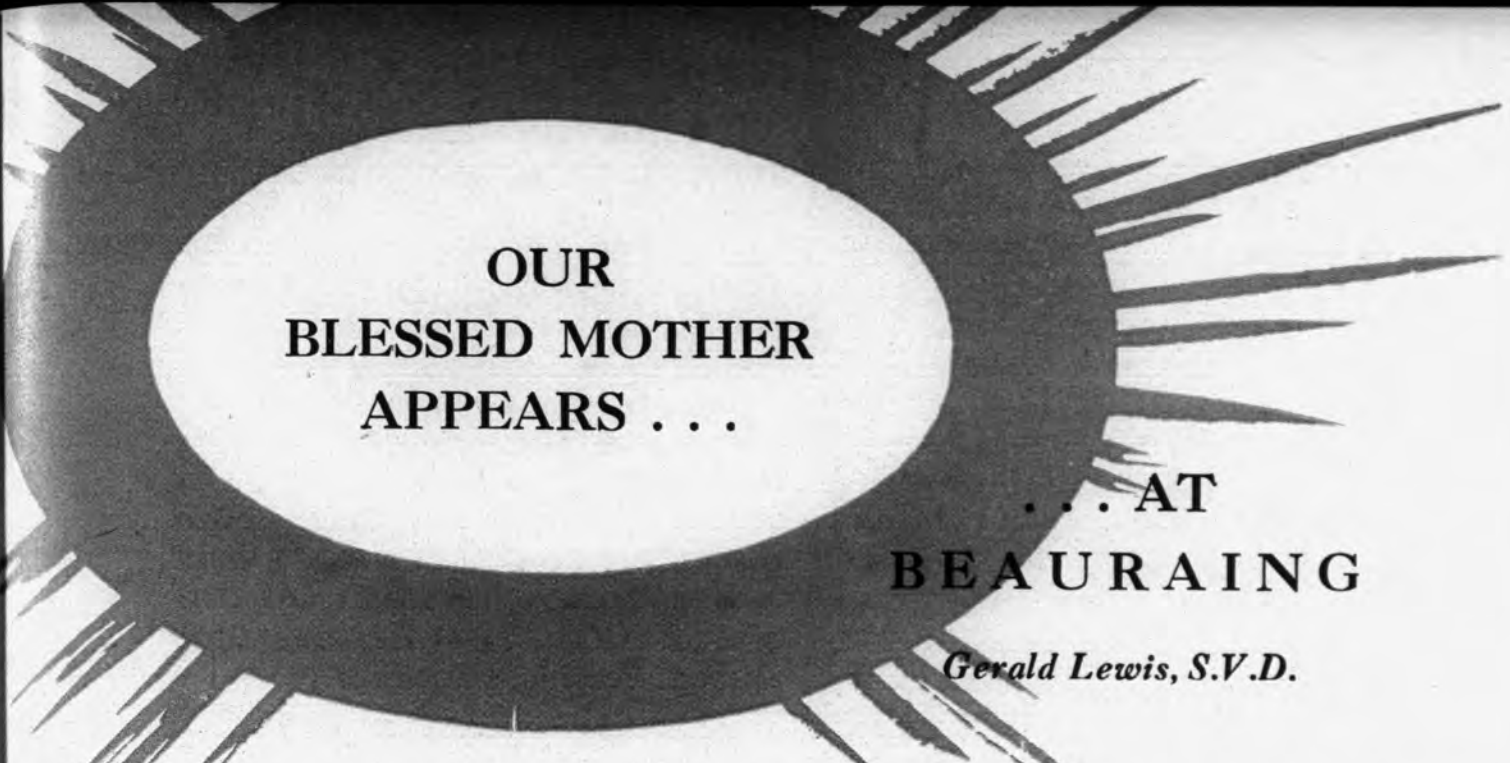
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From that November day until the following January 3, Our Lady appeared thirty-three times, sometimes for a minute or two, at other times throughout the recitation of the rosary. The children described her as a young girl about twenty years old with sharp features softened by a smile full of heavenly goodness and beauty. Her long white robe fell in many folds to her feet and a white veil covered her head and part of her forehead. On her left arm hung a Rosary partly hidden in the folds of her dress. Her hands were clasped on her breast and only when she bade farewell did she open them as the priest does when he says, *Dominus Vobiscum*. A blue band extended from her left shoulder to her right knee; her feet were hidden in a fluffy white cloud that surrounded her.

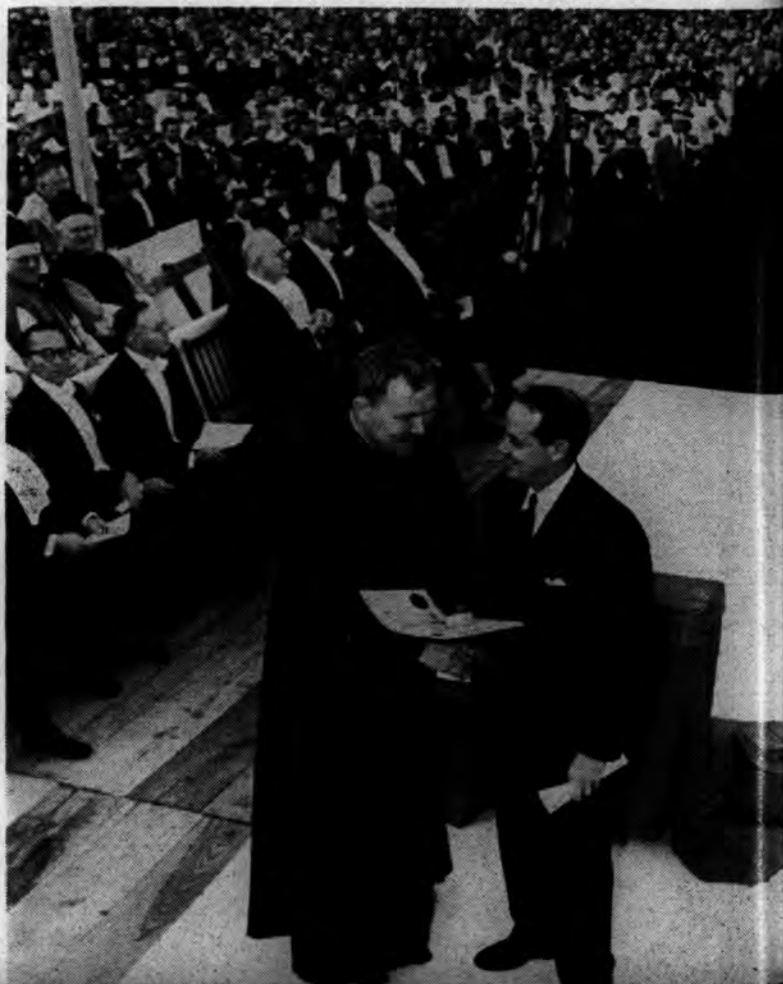
Our Lady did not say much during her apparitions to the children. As the word spread, people came from all parts of the country to witness the wonder that was taking place at Beauraing. On one day there were ten thousand people gathered in the town. On the last day of the apparition the number swelled to twenty thousand. Many sick persons were brought to the

scene of the apparitions, but not one cure was reported. When Albert asked her if she were the Immaculate Virgin Mary, the Lady nodded in assent. He then asked, "What do you want from us?" And she answered, "A chapel." Why did she choose Beauraing? "In order that it may become a place of pilgrimage." Then on January third she said to the children: "I shall convert sinners. I am the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven. Pray without ceasing. Goodbye."

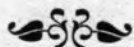
When the parish priest of Banneux heard of the apparitions at Beauraing he gathered some pious persons and began a novena to the Mother of God for the conversion of the people of Banneux. At the end of the novena Our Lady appeared to twelve year old Mariette Beco, and told her: "I am the Mother of the Poor." Her exhortation to prayer was repeated. Belgium could not remain cold in the face of such an appeal. The intense work of the jocists and the influence of Mary, has made Belgium today a Catholic nation of which the Church can be proud.



Father Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., Apostle of the Rosary, speaks with Mayor Morrison of New Orleans, La., at the Family Rosary Crusade Rally in New Orleans.

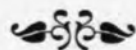


Baseball Highlights



DAY OFF FOR MAYS—Dr. Anthony Palermo, New York Giants' Doctor, takes the temperature of outfielder Willie Mays. A slight touch of grippe is the diagnosis.

(United Press Photo)



▲ **BASEBALL AWARDS**—Robert T. McEnheimer (left), president of the Leondi Club, presents plaques to Branch Rickey (center) and Jackie Robinson, Dodger second baseman, for outstanding contributions to baseball. Ralph Kiner of the Pirates and Roy Campanella of the Dodgers were also honored but were not present.

(United Press Photo)

JOINS UNCLE SAM'S TEAM — Lt. James R. Huey administers the oath as Don Newcombe, Brooklyn Dodgers' Negro righthander, is inducted into the armed services. Big Don had won 20 and lost 9 last year.

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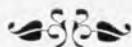
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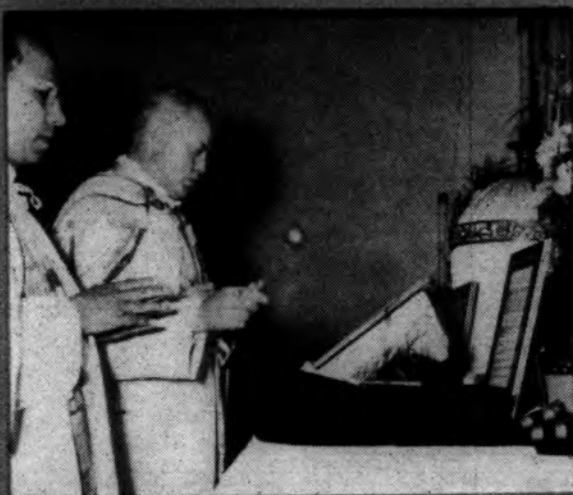


Holy Communion

Along the to BROTH

After a postulant has finished his six-month period of postulancy in the Society of the

Word, the great day of his life dawns—the day of Investiture. On that day, the young man receives the religious habit or garb of the Society plus a girdle or novice's cincture of black and red. After his two years' canonical novitiate, the Brother exchanges the novice's cincture for a completely black one and pronounces his First Vows in the Society. The Vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience are renewed yearly for six years, then pronounced finally for life. The entire ceremony of Investiture and Pronouncing of Vows is presented in this pictorial review: from the procession and subsequent blessing of habits to the promise of Novices and Vows of the Professed Brothers.



Blessing of Habits



Procession

ARE

the Way THERHOOD!

hed his six-month
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Reception of Habits



Investiture



Holy Vows



"... it is becoming that they (Brothers) treasure highly heaven's gift of a vocation and thank God for this favor." —Pope Pius XI

ARE YOU INTERESTED?



Professed Brothers

The ADDRESS?

It's EASY

VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR
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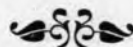


Catholic Magazine

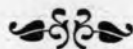
Says

Joe Louis

Should Retire



Joe Louis (left) shakes hands with Bill Spiller.



UNION CITY, N. J.—“Joe Louis can best continue his good-will efforts in behalf of his race, sound citizenship and athletics in general by retiring from fighting—for keeps,” declares an editorial in *The Sign*, national Catholic magazine published here.

Entitled, “*The Bomber and His Mission*,” the editorial says, in part: “Joe Louis has done a lot for his race. For eleven years, he was the greatest boxer in the world. Better than any white man or man of any other color . . .

“Louis showed that a Negro could compete successfully in the courage, strength, coordination, speed and generalship which ring championship demands. While not the first fighter to do this, he did it best.

“No amount of theoretical agreement about Negro equality could have counted so much as the crown Joe wore and the entry under his name in the record book. As important as his title, was his reputation as a man. The public knew him for

a good honest decent guy. It pleased us that Joe came alone when he did. The time was ripe for ditching stupid class-consciousness against the Negro. And nothing could help so much as for the adult male population to have a great Negro athlete and a great citizen to get excited about and root for.

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“We felt a little sick as Joe lay sprawled on the ring apron recently, staring glassily at the tackle in the dim loft of Madison Square Garden, while Rocky Marciano waited alert in a neutral corner across the ring . . . Now, we hope Joe retires from fighting—for keeps . . .

“Our purpose, however, is not to read Joe a lecture. It is rather to say: ‘Hats off to a great and valued American.’ Keep it up, Joe. But you can’t do it in the ring any more.”

Another New African Bishop

Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, recently elevated another African priest to the rank of Bishop. The newly-elected Bishop is the Most Reverend Laureau Rugambwa of Tanganyika, British, East Africa. He was born in 1912 and ordained priest in 1943. He worked among his own people until 1948, when he was sent to Rome for higher studies. There in 1951, he obtained the doctorate in Canon Law at the Pontifical University, "Propaganda Fide." While in Rome, Bishop-elect Rugambwa resided at St. Peter's College, a house of residence staffed by the DIVINE WORD MISSIONARIES for priest-students coming from mission lands.

The newly-appointed Bishop, who was guided to the priesthood by the White Fathers, will head the new Vicariate of Lower Kagera, Tanganyika. He is the second native African Bishop of the Latin rite in continental Africa, the first being Bishop

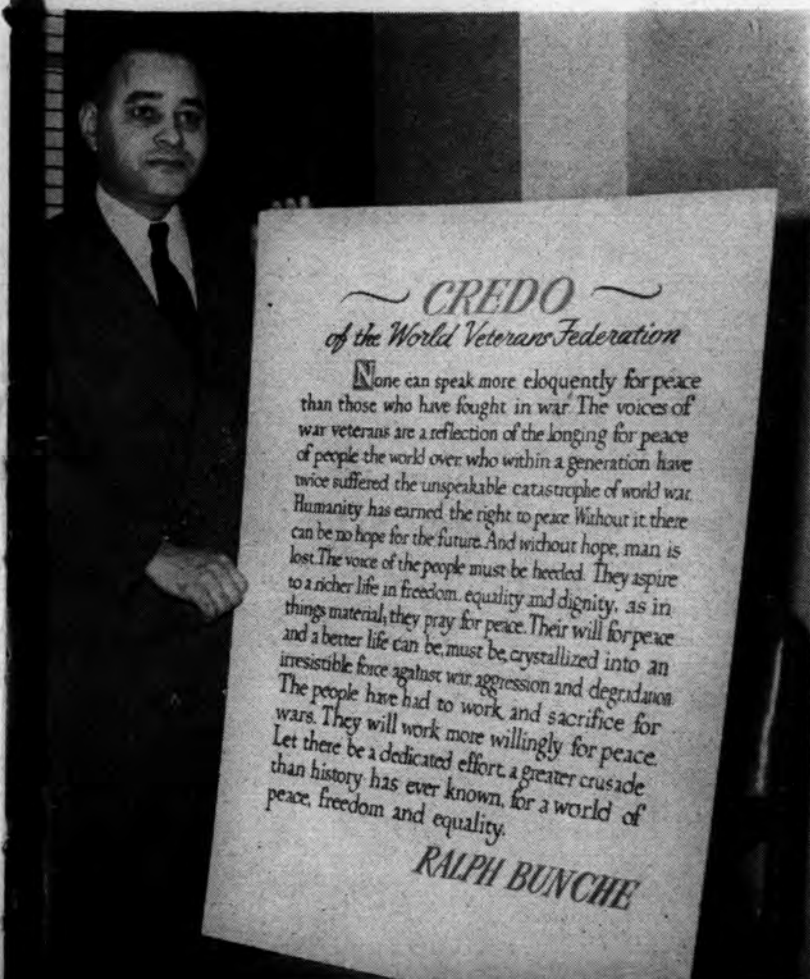


Bishop-elect, the Most Reverend Laureau Rugambwa is third from left.

Joseph Kiwanuka, W. F., of Uganda. The island of Madagascar, off the east coast of Africa, also has a native Latin-rite Bishop, the Most Reverend Ign. Ramarosandratana, Vicar Apostolic of Miaranarivo. Two other African Bishops, members of the Ethiopian rite, were consecrated in Rome, May, 1951. They are Bishops Jacob Gebre—Jesus and Hile—Mariam Cahasi, of Eritrea and Ethiopia respectively. Thus the new appointment brings to five the number of native African Bishops.



Dr. Ralph Bunche, Director of the Trustee Division of the United Nations has issued a call for a "dedicated effort, a greater crusade than history has ever known for a world of peace, freedom and equality," which is contained in the CREDO Dr. Bunche wrote for the World Veterans Federation.



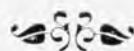


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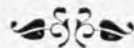
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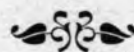


MITT BRIGADE — The Brooklyn Dodgers' four catchers look like they're ready to snare the next pitch. The foursome includes (l. to r. front): Rube Walker and Roy Campanella; (l. to r. rear): Dick Teed and Steve Lembo.

(United Press Photo)



Baseball Fever



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With Our S.V.D. Fathers on the Home Missions

DIVINE WORD NEGRO MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES

(Statistics of January 1, 1952)

	Priests	Catholics	Baptisms		Pupils	Sisters	Lay Teachers
			Infants	Adults			
ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO							
St. Anselm's, Chicago, Ill.	5	4,000	138	112	780	15	2
Our Lady's Mission, Chicago 27, Ill.	1	400	31	53			
St. Elizabeth's, Chicago, Ill.	3	2,000	85	157	1,076	21	8
ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS							
St. Thomas, Pointe a la Hache, La.	2	600	24	2	200		7
(Missions: Davant, La., Bohemia, La., Phoenix, La.)							
ARCHDIOCESE OF ST. LOUIS							
St. Nicholas, St. Louis, Mo.	3	565	24	49	153	4	1
ARCHDIOCESE OF SAN FRANCISCO							
St. Benedict the Moor, San Francisco, Calif.	1	450	15	13			
DIOCESE OF AUSTIN							
St. Peter Claver's, Taylor, Texas	1	5					
DIOCESE OF LAFAYETTE							
Immaculate Heart of Mary, Lafayette, La.	3	3,750	267	2	486	9	3
St. John Vianney's, Mouton Switch, La.		390			150		3
Notre Dame, St. Martinville, La.	3	3,700	135	2	469	5	3
Our Lady of Perpetual Help, St. John, La.		487	15				
St. Anthony's, Cade, La.		1,015	20				
Our Lady of the Rosary, Jeanerette, La.	2	382	14	3	126		2
St. Peter's, Julien Hill, La.		165	6	1	40		1
St. Joan of Arc, Glencoe, La.		113	2		45		
St. Benedict the Moor, Duson, La.	1						
Blessed Martin de Porres, Scott, La.							
St. Joseph's, Maurice, La.	1	567	26	1			
St. Jules', Franklin, La.	1	80	6	5			
Immaculate Conception, Verdunville, La.		225	5				
Holy Trinity, Washington, La.	1	500	42	6			
St. Joseph's, Elton, La.	2	537	28	2			
Assumption, Basile, La.		263	4				
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Gueydan, La.	1						
Holy Rosary Institute, Lafayette, La.	2			4	383	11	2
							Bros.
DIOCESE OF LITTLE ROCK							
St. Augustine's, North Little Rock, Ark.	1	55	4	11	115	5	
St. Bartholomew's, Little Rock, Ark.	1	145	3	28	260	8	
St. Peter's, Pine Bluff, Ark.	1	186	10	13	235	6	
St. Raphael's, Pine Bluff, Ark.	1	40	3	2			
DIOCESE OF NATCHEZ							
Christ the King, Jackson, Miss.	1	75	4	7			
Holy Ghost, Jackson, Miss.	2	350	14	17	486	13	4
Immaculate Conception, Clarksdale, Miss.	1	57		11	170	4	
Sacred Heart, Greenville, Miss.	1	220	8	31	422	11	3
St. Francis of Assisi, Yazoo City, Miss.	1	158	11	39	363	13	1
St. Gabriel's, Mound Bayou, Miss.	2	23	1				
St. Joseph's, Meridian, Miss.	2	181	13	7	395	11	1
St. Mary's, Vicksburg, Miss.	2	350	7	23	377	12	1
St. Rose de Lima, Bay St. Louis, Miss.	1	700	36		161	9	
St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay St. Louis, Miss.	16	115			70		1
(18 Brothers, 5 Candidates)							
DIOCESE OF TRENTON							
Our Lady of the Divine Shepherd, Trenton, N. J.	2	254	13	4	182	6	
St. Peter Claver's, Asbury Park, N. J.	2	443	18	8		3	
OTHER SOUTHERN PROVINCE MISSIONS							
St. Francis Xavier's, San Francisco, Calif.	3	160	2	1	185	6	3
St. Thomas, Pointe a la Hache, La.	2	600	43	3			
St. Francis, Giddings, Texas	1	110	8				
St. Mary's, Smithville, Texas		86	3				
St. John the Evangelist, Luling, Texas	1	685	71	2			
Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Belle Chasse, La.	1						
(Missions: Jesuit Bend, La., Myrtle Grove, La.)							
St. Leo, Rayne, La.	1						

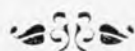


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Some members of the Mothers' Club at St. Rose de Lima Parish in Bay St. Louis, Miss.

Will You . . .

Be My Valentine???

On Sunday, February 10th, the Mothers' Club of St. Rose de Lima Parish in Bay St. Louis, Miss., sponsored a Valentine Party to raise funds to keep the new lunch room program in the running. The big attraction of the evening was the dancing. Music was furnished by some of the most famous orchestras of the country . . . via a beautiful juke box. Old and young had a wonderful time. The climax of the party came with the raffling of a beautiful valentine cake made by one of the Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost. Congratulations to the Mothers' Club of St. Rose and to the Sisters.



Our Blessed Mother occupies a prominent position in Notre Dame Church, St. Martinville, La.



The wedding of Miss Arlena Gobert to Mr. Lee Joseph Datrice at St. Joseph's Church, Elton, La. Father Weber, S.V.D., conducted the ceremony.

Color Line In Catholic Churches?

NEGRO PRIEST FINDS LITTLE EVIDENCE AFTER FIVE YEARS IN MINISTRY

Herman Porter, S.C.J.

Provided they are accepted fully into parish life, Catholic Negro families generally prefer to belong to the parish in which they live, rather than to a church attended only by members of their race. That is the opinion of Fr. Herman Porter, S.C.J., one of the 36 Negro priests in the United States.

Fr. Porter is the only Negro priest ordained in Wisconsin. He studied at Sacred Heart Monastery, Hales Corners, and was ordained to the priesthood at St. John's Cathedral in 1947 for the Sacred Heart Fathers religious community. He now teaches religion and English at Divine Heart Seminary in Donaldson, Ind., and does week-end parish work.

BY BEING "*FULLY accepted into parish life*," Fr. Porter pointed out he meant more than that no objections would be raised to their attend-

ing Mass, going to confession and receiving Communion in a predominantly white parish.

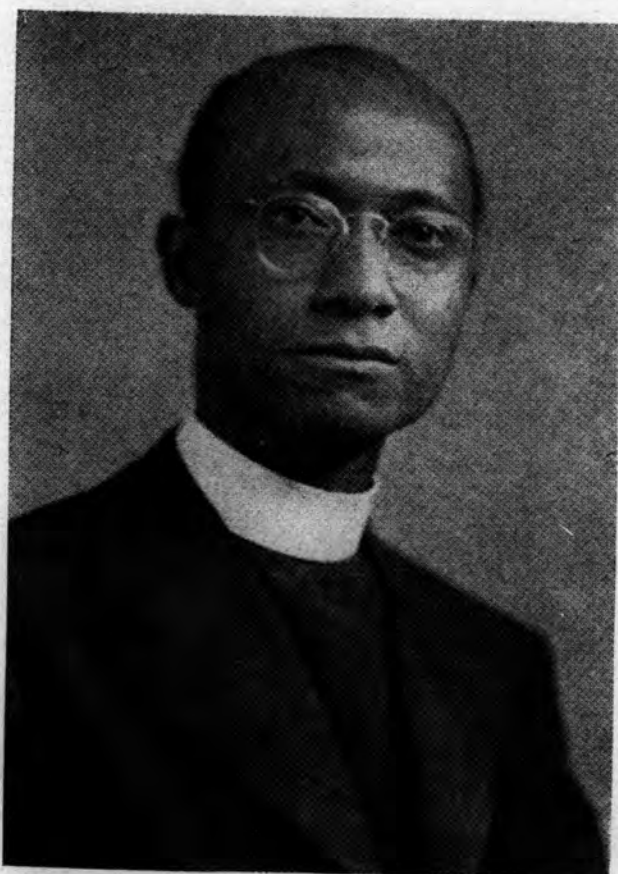
If they are welcomed into the Holy Name Society, the Altar Society, the choir and the ushers' group, and in general are treated as any other Catholic, then they prefer to become members of the parish within whose boundaries they live, even though few other non-whites may attend the church. However, if they sense that their presence is not warmly regarded, then they prefer to go to a church where the congregation is largely Negro, he said.

FR. PORTER STATED that at no time since ordination has he experienced discrimination by the Catholic people. Parish priests in Indiana frequently call upon his order to supply a priest for extra Masses, during vacations and on special occasions. When he was assigned, he could notice no surprise or unusual reaction among the people.

The lineup at his confessional was as long as that at any other. Quite often he had been asked for personally by pastors for helping out, and by lay groups to conduct their retreats and address their meetings.

HE IS HIGHLY complimentary to northern Catholics for this attitude. Fr. Porter has compared his experiences with those of the other 35 Negro priests, all but two of whom he has met personally, and his attitude in the North has been general.

(Continued on page 123)



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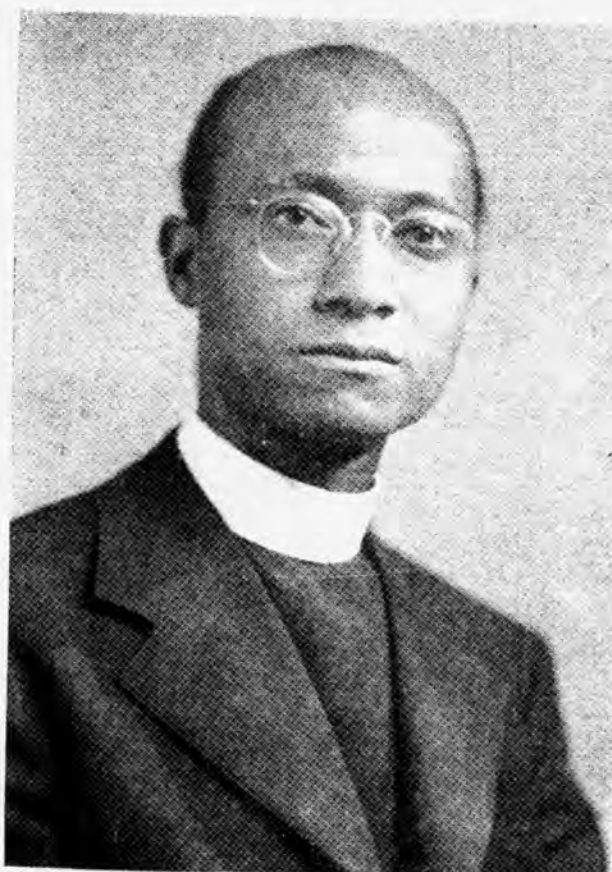
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(Continued on page 123)



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Interest Grows

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

My Dear Father Pung:

The receipt of the December issue of the "Messenger" with its invitation to join in the formation of an alumni association has spurred me to write. I am happy to respond to your inquiry and to assure you of my interest in the project.

As an old "Augustinian" who first came to Bay St. Louis in 1925, I have cherished through the years the friendships I made and the sound education I received during my three years there, during which I completed the last two years of high school and the first year of college. It was my good fortune to have known Father Christmann and many other faculty members who are no longer with us and to have witnessed the zeal and spirit of sacrifice which characterized those early years.

Yours truly,
LIONEL L. HOFFMAN
Principal, Lincoln Elementary School

New Members

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Mr. Joseph M. Bonner, St. Meinrad College, St. Meinrad, Ind.
Mr. Oscar J. Hodges, 2703 N. 25th St., Omaha, Nebr.
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Announcing . . .

The First Alumni Week-End Retreat July 11, 12, 13

All Alumni are requested to attend the first
Alumni meeting on Sunday, July 13, at 2 P. M.



ONE WAY TO HONOR JOSEPH!

Louise Parnell

One of the highlights of my childhood memories has to do with the celebration of the Feast of St. Joseph. Each year, on the nineteenth of March, we were certain that the invitation to sit and to eat at St. Joseph's table would be ours.

This table, abiding by a vow which they had made to the Good Saint for a special favor received, was prepared by the Signor and Signora Rosina Sylvestri and their family. This was a family of seven children, plus a grandmother and a grandfather to complete it.

I remember the intermingled feelings of festivity and solemnity that captured our hearts the moment we entered the large dining room in which the long table had been prepared.

There were all kinds of good things to eat on St. Joseph's table. There were succulent dishes of *pasta* that had been garnished with the lingering smell of garlic and on which the rich olive oil sat in all of its luster. There were the hot, doughy *zeppole* that are the kind fried especially for St. Joseph. There were the *salads*, of course, to complement the dishes. And there was the *crystal-clear white wine* that would wash down the food that was a votive to St. Joseph. Nor must the *baccala* be forgotten. The

dried cod fish that is soaked at least three days beforehand so as to give it the necessary flavor and softness to make it edible. This fish would be prepared in two ways for St. Joseph's feast. It would be fried for those who preferred to eat it that way. Too, it would be made into a salad, dressed with salt and pepper and parsley and the olive oil for those whose palates preferred it like this. Yes, it was a table of which St. Joseph could be proud.

Before partaking of all of these bounties, the parish priest would come to bless the food. With bowed heads, we followed his course of prayer. We answered the responses which were meant for us.

With the blessing bestowed, we were ready to eat. But before the eating, as if by a hidden signal, young and old alike made certain to look momentarily toward St. Joseph's way.

Yes, he was occupying his niche and a votive light was burning brilliantly before him. There, in the flicker of the light, we caught his benign smile that said he was pleased with each one of us. Pleased that we had not forgotten his day. And we, all of us, happily pinned his smile in our hearts.

With this, we proceeded to eat. Each thing of which we partook



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seemed to have a flavor that was akin to heavenly food, I thought. Somehow, I felt convinced that it must have been.

There was conversation at the table, of course. Padre Guiseppe Masi, the parish priest, acquainted us with the highlights of the life that had been St. Joseph's.

It was the day, too, that Padre Masi celebrated as his *onomastico*, or the name day, which day, for Europeans, takes precedence even over one's birthday, for it is the day on which they honor the saint whose name they bear.

He would intersperse these interesting facts between morsels of food that St. Joseph had blessed for us through him.

There were those at the table who had been blessed with special favors granted them by St. Joseph's

bounty. In all of their fervor, they would proceed to tell us the gifts that had been given to them by the Paternal Saint. Not one of us could go home not believing in his great power after hearing such glorious proof of it.

Youngster though I was the conversation made more than an indelible imprint on my mind.

I remember the year, too, when a familiar face at the table was no longer there. It was the face of Maria Calabria. She who had been one of St. Joseph's most devoted devotees.

From the whispered conversations that went round the table, my young mind concluded that the Signora Calabria must have contracted a very grave illness. I was

(Continued on page 126)

THIS SIN MUST GO

In an editorial of the May 17, 1947 issue of *"America"* it is stated, *"It cannot be too strongly emphasized that racial segregation is a moral question; in plain words, that it is a grave sin, just as adultery and murder are grave sins."*

These are indeed, hard words to those who would justify compulsory segregation. Yet, they express but plain Christian doctrine. Adultery, murder and segregation are all a violation of that fundamental law of love; *"Love thy neighbor as thyself"*—a violation against that first right stemming from the Natural Law—the only norm of morality—the right of all men to be treated with **THE RESPECT AND DIGNITY** becoming a human being. How then can a man preach: *"Thou shalt not kill,"*—and yet say: *"Thou shalt not be segregated?"* The only difference between murder and segregation is this;—Murder is the immediate killing of the body while segregation is a slow torturous killing of body and spirit.

Too long has the South, shrouded by the veil of prejudice, been blind to its moral obligation to treat the Negro as a man. Too long has the South, weighed down by the burden of its sin, lagged behind the rest of the nation in practically every field of enterprise. Today, broad-visioned Southerners, both black and white, have realized the unworkableness and unhappy results, temporal as well as spiritual, of the sin of segregation. This realization has set off the birth pangs of regeneration towards a New South. It is, therefore, incumbent upon all **TRUE LOVERS** of the South to see that this labor will not be in vain. But unless the sin of segregation be wiped out the blossoming of the New South will be an empty dream.

FIGHTER'S FAITH — After flooring Aaron Wilson for a TKO in the second session of a scheduled ten-rounder, Heavyweight Coley Wallace, of New York, kneels to pray for the safety of his opponent. Wilson was reported all right after being helped to his corner following the knockdown. It was Wallace's 15th win in 16 pro tilts. ▀

(United Press Photo)



COLOR LINE IN CATHOLIC CHURCHES?

(Continued from page 119)

He has learned that the parishes function smoothly when Negro diocesan priests are assigned as assistants, or when they become pastors with white priests as their assistants. Negro priests must set an example beyond reproach, however, to prevent others from attributing human defects generally to their race, rather than to the individual.

HE BELIEVES THERE should be little hesitation to accept Negro boys qualified for the priesthood for general diocesan or religious order work among white people in the North. State laws and long-standing conventions create a different situation in the South at present, he pointed out.

He estimated that there are perhaps 500 Negro young men in major seminaries, with additional numbers in religious orders of Brothers.

CONVERSION TO Catholicism among Negro adults meets resistance little different from that of other Protestants or non-church-goers, Fr. Porter believes. However, he states that Catholicism among Negroes has made greater strides in the past quarter century than in the previous 50 years. This is partially due, he thinks, to admission of young people in far greater numbers to Catholic grade and high schools in the past three decades, with their consequent better understanding of the faith.

A native of Chicago, Fr. Porter attended St. Elizabeth elementary and high schools. He obtained his bachelor of arts degree at Loyola University in Chicago, and will complete his work for a master's degree in English at the University of Notre Dame in May.

(Reprinted in the Messenger through the kind courtesy of the Catholic Herald Citizen of Milwaukee, Wis.)

seemed to have a flavor that was akin to heavenly food, I thought. Somehow, I felt convinced that it must have been.

There was conversation at the table, of course. Padre Guiseppe Masi, the parish priest, acquainted us with the highlights of the life that had been St. Joseph's.

It was the day, too, that Padre Masi celebrated as his *onomastico*, or the name day, which day, for Europeans, takes precedence even over one's birthday, for it is the day on which they honor the saint whose name they bear.

He would intersperse these interesting facts between morsels of food that St. Joseph had blessed for us through him.

There were those at the table who had been blessed with special favors granted them by St. Joseph's

bounty. In all of their fervor, they would proceed to tell us the gifts that had been given to them by the Paternal Saint. Not one of us could go home not believing in his great power after hearing such glorious proof of it.

Youngster though I was the conversation made more than an indelible imprint on my mind.

I remember the year, too, when a familiar face at the table was no longer there. It was the face of Maria Calabria. She who had been one of St. Joseph's most devoted devotees.

From the whispered conversations that went round the table, my young mind concluded that the Signora Calabria must have contracted a very grave illness. I was

(Continued on page 126)

THIS SIN MUST GO

In an editorial of the May 17, 1947 issue of "America" it is stated, "*It cannot be too strongly emphasized that racial segregation is a moral question; in plain words, that it is a grave sin, just as adultery and murder are grave sins.*"

These are indeed, hard words to those who would justify compulsory segregation. Yet, they express but plain Christian doctrine. Adultery, murder and segregation are all a violation of that fundamental law of love; "*Love thy neighbor as thyself*" a violation against that first right stemming from the Natural Law the only norm of morality the right of all men to be treated with **THE RESPECT AND DIGNITY** becoming a human being. How then can a man preach: "*Thou shalt not kill,*" and yet say: "*Thou shalt not be segregated?*" The only difference between murder and segregation is this; Murder is the immediate killing of the body while segregation is a slow torturous killing of body and spirit.

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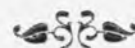
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Children's CORNER

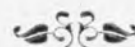
Not a Care in the World!



dead He proved that He was truly the Son of God and that what He spoke was the truth.

Yes, Easter means a lot to us Catholics. Suppose Christ had not risen from the dead, then His teaching would be untrue and our religion would not exist today. But Christ did arise from the dead and now all the world knows that what He taught, the very same truth that the Catholic church teaches, is the truth.

On Easter Sunday when He comes to us in Communion, let us thank Him for giving us our faith and for proving so clearly that it is the true faith. And let us also pray that He give us the grace to be faithful to this faith which He has given us.



MY FAVORITE SAINT King Louis of France

Louis was 11 years old when his father died. While still a boy, he was crowned King of France. His mother, Queen Blanche, told him never to commit a mortal sin, and that she would rather see him lying dead at her feet, than know that he had committed a mortal sin. She told him also to be good to his people.

When he grew up to become king some men wanted to take his power and his kingdom. So he took some soldiers and drove them out of the country. During the time of peace he went to Mass every day and fed 100 poor people in his castle every day.

(Continued on page 127)

Only Thirteen Days Left

Twenty-seven days ago we went to the Church and received the blessed ashes on our foreheads; twenty-seven days ago we started Lent. Did you make any resolutions then? And did you give them up after the first two weeks? Well . . . not entirely . . . that is! There are still thirteen days until Easter, almost two whole weeks. And in that time you may have to do double duty to catch up on what you've missed. So get started again so that when Easter comes you will be ready for Jesus to rise again in your hearts.

Easter—Our Greatest Feast

If someone asked you to name the greatest feast in the Catholic Church, what would you answer? Would you say that it is a feast of Our Lord or would you say that it is a feast of Our Lady? Most likely you would answer that it is a feast of Our Lord. Then suppose he asked you which feast of Our Lord is greater, Christmas or Easter? I bet you would have to think that one over. Christmas, the birthday of Jesus, the Son of God, is a very great day. But how do you know that Jesus is the Son of God, just because he was born? No, you know He was the Son of God because of the miracles that He worked. And what was His greatest miracle. It was His resurrection from the dead. When Jesus rose from the

It Is Here!

Mickey Magone Breaks Through the News!

Chapter IV.—A Turn for the Better

Dust thickened the air of St. Francis of Sales Oratory, as hundreds of little feet tossed it about and hundreds of boyish voices shouted themselves hoarse. Suddenly a brass bell banged furiously. In less time than it takes to tell, boys hopped off swings and see-saws, balls were put away, clothes were brushed and order came out of chaos. Bigger boys, monitors they were called, huddled their charges into surprisingly straight lines, and chattering went on until a second signal would send them into chapel.

"Say, Tom," burst out Bobby, one of Mickey's adorers, shoving an insignificant third grader off his foot, **"what on earth ever got over Mickey Magone? If he isn't a new fellow I'll eat my hat, when I get one!"**

"New is right, Bob," chimed in a third boy, Patty he was called. "Why honestly, you find him in Church now when he doesn't have to go! And before—oh, oh, anything but Church for General Mickey! He used to kick and squirm about and shuffle his feet. You could see he was just waiting for the moment to go out and play."

"The other day," volunteered Bob, "I was playing soccer with him. When the bell rang for class, he stopped on the second. Another kid told him to wait until the goal was made, but Mickey told him flatly, 'Sure, if you give me what God will give me for obeying!' That quieted the youngster and almost knocked me off my feet."

"Um, that doesn't sound like the first Mickey that came here," muttered Patty. Patty.

(A loud clang brought full silence



and the lines filed into the Oratory Church singing with all their energy.)

When General Mickey first came to the Oratory, his schoolmates kept their distance. It might be dangerous to get him sore; one could see that from his eyes. He wasn't bad, but—well, he was general, and you can't ask generals to do certain things. But after that one confession to Don Bosco, Mickey became personified, "Service with a smile." He lent a hand to everyone who needed it. Some tiny third grader might come to him with the plea: "General Mickey, will you please write a letter to my Mommy for me?" and would proudly return to his classmates with a letter nicely written in Mickey's neat penmanship.

Mickey was willing to try his hand at anything useful. Waiting at table, patching torn clothing, coaching a team, helping teach Catechism—Mickey did it all, and with his proverbial ear-to-ear smile. At teaching Catechism to the younger tots he was especially successful. His cheery ways—borrowed from Don Bosco—kept his pupils attentive while his deeply rooted piety worked its way into their pliable hearts.

(To Be Continued)

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ONE WAY TO HONOR ST. JOSEPH

(Continued from page 122)

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"The doctors said she would suffer a long while before her death."

But the miraculous had entered the picture when the Signora Calabria had not suffered a long while! When she, instead, had died with very little pain contrary to medical belief!

There had been a glorious smile on her lips as she had died, they said. All concurred that it had been St. Joseph who had made her die so easily. He who, in her death, had stood by her bedside, mindful of the hours of devotion she had given him when there had been much of life in her body.

As Time has added years to my childhood, shaping the adult to full maturity, I have thought of St.

Joseph's table many times. A certain tinge of nostalgia lingers for that happy table of another day.

I know that when the Signor and Signora Silvestri stood at the door of their eternal reward, they were given a gracious welcome by the Good Saint.

I know, too, that he showered them with the gifts that were their due.

For, in the table which they prepared they taught so many of us not to forget the day that belongs to him. Indeed, it has been to me a memory that has remained with me through the years and one which I am certain will continue to linger through the time that lies ahead.

Somehow, I know, too, that I am not alone in my memories. That many another who sat at that table has not forgotten the nineteenth of March—St. Joseph's very own day.



◆ **KOREA** — When lengthy armistice talks in Korea brought a slowdown in front-line action, more and more GI's began to enroll in the United States Armed Forces Institute courses. By candlelight in a deep bunker, Pfc. Savon Viggs, of Memphis, studies "Auto Mechanics." A jeep driver at the front, Viggs is in the ranks of many GI's who are helping to advance themselves through study of this course.

(United Press Photo)

"Suffer the little Children to come unto me . . ."—Father James Dolan, C.M., and the children he baptized last July. They are all children of a converted couple. When his younger brother began to walk away some time after the ceremony had begun, Richard, age 6, the oldest boy, called him to order saying: "Come back; Father isn't through with you yet." Father Dolan was recently transferred to Our Lady of Lourdes Church, Baltimore.



Trees . . .

When you wish to know if Spring is here, you go to look at the trees, and they answer your question. The trees can also answer these questions for you; each question has for its answer the name of a tree. Do you know your trees? If you can answer all twelve, you are excellent.

1. Which tree likes to dress up? (10)
2. Which is the sorrowful tree? (10)
3. Which tree is the tree of peace? (5)
4. Which tree would you like to have on a rainy day? (5)
5. Which tree begins Lent? (5)
6. Which tree is closest to the ocean? (10)
7. Which tree is the name of an American author? (10)
8. Which tree is the happy tree? (10)
9. Which tree gives us sugar? (5)
10. Which is the most liked tree? (10)
11. Which tree do you hold in your hand? (10)
12. Which tree would make a nice pet? (10)

ANSWERS

1. spruce tree; 2. pine tree; 3. olive tree; 4. umbrella tree; 5. ash tree; 6. beech; 7. Hawthorn; 8. cherry; 9. maple; 10. poplar; 11. palm; 12. dogwood

King Louis of France

(Continued from page 124)

He heard that the Turks had captured the Holy Land. So he got 60,000 soldiers together and went to the Holy Land to take it back from the Turks, but he was defeated and came back to France.

Twenty years later he got another call for help and made another try, but he took sick on the way. He called his son, Philip, and told him to be good to his people, to love God above all things, not to be with bad company and never to commit a mortal sin. After that he died a happy death.

By Jerry White, age 11, grade 5
St. Joseph's Church
Elton, La.



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Vol. XXX

MAY, 1952

No. 5

St. Augustine's



Messenger

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ST. AUGUSTINE'S Messenger

The
MAGAZINE
with a
MESSAGE

To aid the cause for which the Divine Word Missionaries
are working—more priests and religious for the
Missions, especially among the Negroes.



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Rev. Robert E. Pung, S.V.D., Editor

Our Cover

The postulant attired in her wedding gown receives from the hand of the celebrant her religious garb. In a mystical way, she becomes the bride of Christ. The "Suscipe me . . ." is sung during this ceremony and is indicative of the free giving back of her virginity to God. Henceforth, "for better or for worse" she will cling to her Spouse.

VOL. XXX

MAY, 1952

No. 5

After Fifty Years

SR. ANNAMARIE, S.SP.S.

They were called "*Blue Sisters*" almost as soon as they stepped on the shores of the vast but beautiful United States. That was in 1901, when the *Missionary Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost* came to take up work in this country and to interest the spirited youth of America in the mission apostolate. Fifty years of golden activity have passed. The Missionary Sisters have dotted various parts of the United States with their distinct forms of activity, and many American Sisters have realized the fullness of their vocation in the foreign missions.

The Missionary Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost were founded by Rev. Arnold Janssen, who was also the Founder of the Society of the Divine Word. With the loyal cooperation of two zealous women he realized his plan of a missionary

sisterhood on December 8, 1889, the birthday of the Congregation. Because of their important role in this foundation, Father Janssen gave to Mother Maria and Mother Josepha the title co-foundresses. The Founder's great devotion to the Holy Spirit led him to dedicate his new Congregation to this Divine Spirit, and his tender love of Mary suggested to him a habit of blue and white; hence, the name "*Blue Sisters*."

From the Motherhouse in Steyl, Holland, the Missionary Sisters set out for various foreign missions. Then at the opening of the century it was thought advisable to enlist America in the noble cause of the missions. When the first Sisters came to the United States, they set up their little Convent in what is now Techny, a place about ten miles north of Chicago. As is the case with most religious foundations where a great love of God and souls is the



Zealous workers
in the South

Visiting the poor and aged ♦

greatest wealth possessed, the first Sisters experienced the pangs of hardships in their new home. Nothing daunted, they worked zealously and courageously, and in a considerably short time some of the Missionary Sisters with bag and baggage were riding South to open their first field of activity among the Colored in Mississippi. Today after fifty years of missionary endeavors the Sisters can look upon eight prosperous grade schools and seven high schools in Mississippi and Arkansas, the joyous fruit of humble beginnings. The tireless efforts and charity of the Sisters have helped to make these schools beacon lights of education in the South. The high schools are fully accredited, and yearly graduates leave to pursue higher learning in any one of the leading Universities.

Hospital work is always a vital missionary enterprise. Thus in the course of time three hospitals were under the care of the Missionary Sisters. In connection with St. Therese's Hospital, Waukegan, Illinois, there is also a Nurses' Training School.

As time passed activities increased and varied. Now at the end of the



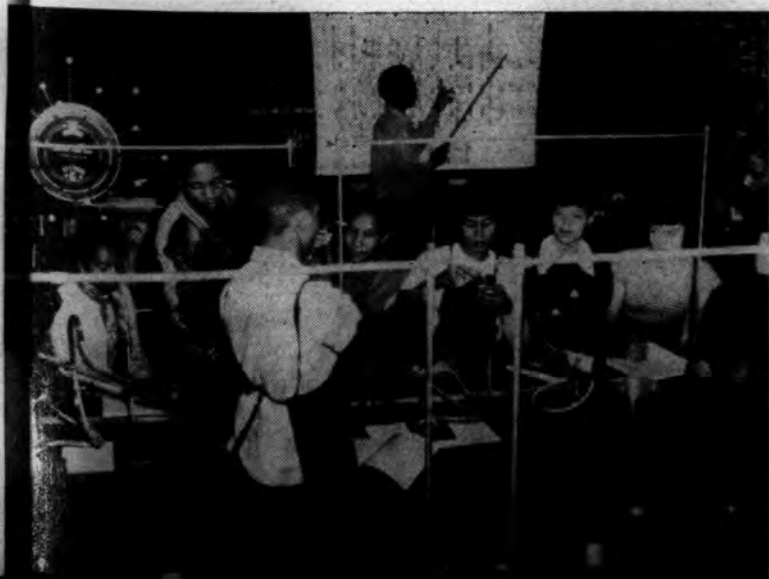
first golden milestone of work in our country Missionary Sisters are found at work in schools, hospitals, catechetical centers, retreat houses, and homes for the aged.

At Holy Ghost Convent, Techny, Illinois, the American Motherhouse, candidates, postulants, and novices are trained in the fundamentals of a future missionary career. From this Central House, Missionary Sisters have gone out to carry on work in New Guinea, India, China, Japan, the Philippines, Australia, and Africa.

In jubilant thanksgiving the Missionary Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost chorus their songs of gratitude—gratitude to the Holy Spirit for His many graces, gratitude to the many kind benefactors who have shown the warmth of charity.



♦ Teachers in the classroom



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♦ Teachers in the classroom



Editorial

Once a boy was able to become a priest only through the encouragement and financial help of his "big sister." After his ordination, she wrote:

"What a consolation it is to me to have helped Bob! I've been going to his Mass these last few mornings and every time he raises the consecrated Host, I can hardly believe he's my brother. That man standing there, so terribly alone, before all the people has performed an act that even the Angels can't do. And when I think that every time a penitent kneels at his feet to become again the friend of God, I have in some way helped to raise that priestly hand in absolution, I rejoice with just pride. Whether he be at the baptismal font or at the bedside of a dying man, I have had something to do with his being there. I am praying now that God will call one of my own boys to the priesthood. But I don't know how He will ever do that without giving them—a big sister!"

Many young boys and girls are graduating next month. Some of them will certainly approach their parents and timidly utter those words which should fill every mother and father with parental pride: "I would like to be a nun, Dad." or "I would like to become a priest, Mom." or little Henry may say: "I want to be a missionary Brother." What an unforgettable day that day should be in every family. Parents should realize that in giving their child to God as priest, Brother or Sister, they are bestowing a "priceless gift." It is a "loan" on which God pays generous parents a magnificent interest: greater happiness in this life and salvation in the next. Moreover, they share in the merit

of all their son's or daughter's good works, and in the eternal gratitude of countless souls who will benefit by those good works.

Little wonder then that a mother, on the occasion of her son's ordination, could write:

"With me bless the Lord again and again, Who has this day bestowed upon me the privilege of having a priest for a son. . . . It seems to me that only the Mother of God could know a greater. . . . Is it too great an exaggeration to say that when one wishes to taste the sweets of Paradise, one has only to fathom the joy in a mother's breast who sees her son for the first time stand at the altar of the Lord and hears him pronounce the words of consecration which bring down from heaven to earth, under the form of bread and wine, the King thereof?"

Such touching words from the mother of a priest can only express in part the real bliss and happiness that fill a mother's heart on such a rare occasion as ordination day. It is certainly the most unforgettable day in a mother's life. And yet, vocation directors will tell you that the greatest obstacles in the path of youngsters are the objections of parents. They will object: "Boys and girls are too young to know their own minds. It is just a passing impulse of the moment. Let them wait until they finish high school and taste a little of 'life' before they shut themselves up in convents or seminaries." Thus, parents will encourage delay—at the same time cherishing the secret hope that their child will change its mind about becoming a priest, Brother or Sister. Average parents know from experience that many good resolutions are

(Continued on page 151)

FATHER MARY SIMON SMITH

O.C.S.O.

1894-1952

With a heavy and grief-stricken heart I wish to announce the death of Father Mary Simon, O.C.S.O., (Rev. Vincent Augustine Smith) in St. Mary's Hospital, Rochester, N.Y., Tuesday, March 25, 1952, of a coronary thrombosis.

Father Simon was stricken last weekend, taken to the hospital Saturday afternoon. Father Weisenberger and I saw him Sunday afternoon. He was in the oxygen tent but amid his labored breathing he recognized us, smiled the friendly greeting, which shall never be forgotten. We gave him our blessing and departed. They say his characteristic smile hovered on his lips as he drew his last breath, Tuesday, the Feast of the Annunciation.

Father Simon was born in Lebanon, Kentucky, August 2, 1894. He made his first Holy Communion April 23, 1906. He served as a soldier in France during the first World War. He was chauffeur for Bishop Drossarts of Covington, driving as he often mentioned, the big Winton Special. In March, 1921, he enrolled at St. Augustine's Seminary, conducted by the Society of the Divine Word, at that time located at Greenville, Miss. Very shortly afterward the Seminary was transferred to Bay St. Louis. He graduated from College May 27, 1926, and entered

the Novitiate of the Society of the Divine Word at East Troy, Wisconsin, September 8, 1926. He made his perpetual vows September, 1933, received Sub-diaconate in October, 1933, Deaconship in November and was ordained, together with his three classmates, to the Holy Priesthood by the Most Rev. Richard O. Gerow, May 23, 1934.

After ordination, these first four Colored priests, the first fruits of St. Augustine's Seminary, were sent to the newly established parish of the Immaculate Heart of Mary in Lafayette, Louisiana. Father Simon was appointed first assistant to the late Father Herman J. Palzelt, S.V.D., director of Holy Rosary Institute in Lafayette, Louisiana. Four years later he was assigned to preach



Father Smith was friend to prelates, priests, religious and laity. He was the servant of all!



A "Priceless Gift"

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Very Rev. Robert C. Hunter, S.V.D., Provincial, Eastern Province

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Father Smith was friend to prelates, priests, religious and laity. He was the servant of all! ♦



† Father Smith introduces Thomas Cardinal Tien, S.V.D., to his hopefuls. At this period Father Smith was pastor in Trenton, New Jersey.



missions and retreats, which took him to many parishes for the Colored in the United States. His zeal and eloquence are enshrined in the memory of those who knew him. His immortal sermon on the One, Holy Catholic Church still lives in the hearts of his listeners and bespoke so emphatically his outstanding love and loyalty of Holy Mother Church. Later he served in Chicago, then in Asbury Park, New Jersey, and in 1943 he was named pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Divine Shepherd, Trenton, New Jersey.

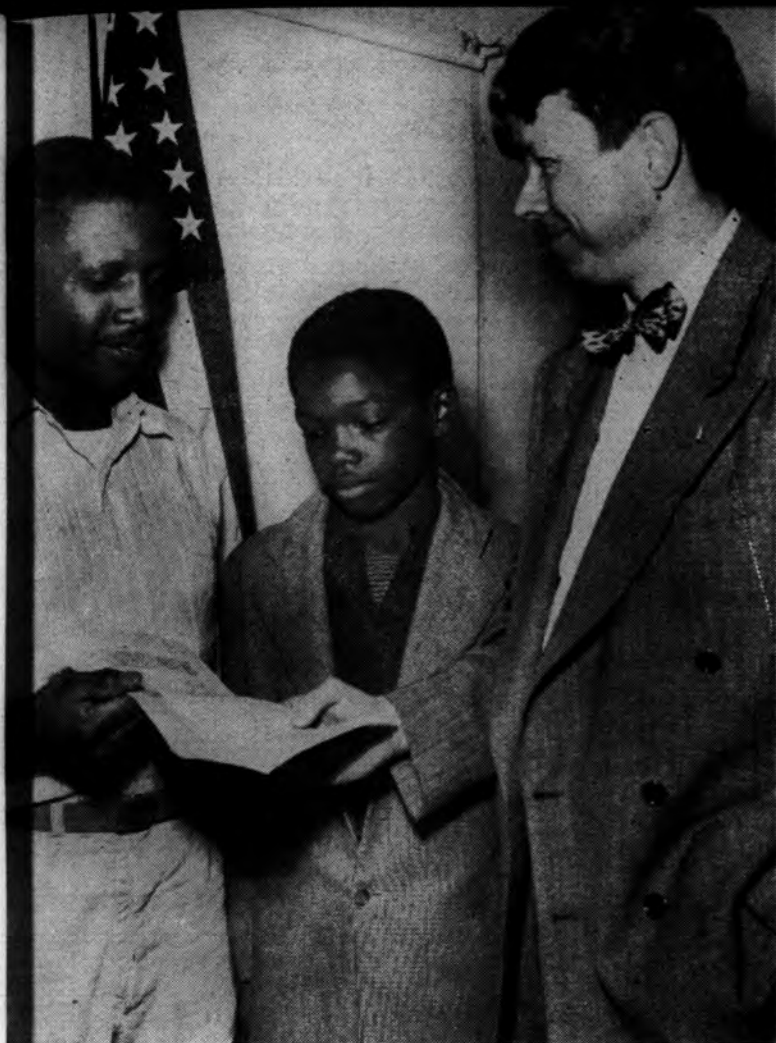
Father Simon from the first days of his Novitiate supplied the fine balance and the lubrication of good cheer with sound judgment. All proclaimed him, God's nobleman, a man's man, a friendly apostle, a Crusader for souls, the kindly missionary, distinctions which deepened and ripened through the years.

For years he had cherished and nurtured the call to the contemplative life. Year after year he had tried in some way to convince his superiors to allow him to go to the Trappists. He often spoke of his boyhood visits with his father to the monastery of Gethsemane, a short distance from his Lebanon home. Hardly had he received the permission of the Superior General when he was away and registering at the Monastery of Our Lady, Trappist, Kentucky. He was received by the Right Reverend Abbot James Fox, O.C.S.O.

Father Simon sang his vows on Trinity Sunday, May 20, 1951. He was immediately assigned to the new foundation of the Trappists, the Monastery of Our Lady of the Genesee Valley, Piffard, New York. All beginnings are hard and the Piffard undertaking was difficult in the extreme. The spirituality of the Trappists attracted the attention of people from Cleveland to Albany. Father Simon shared the work, was master of Novices and was much sought after as confessor. Even the awed silence of the hospital corridors so accustomed to death, echoed the passing of a great man.

Father Simon was friend to prelates, priests, religious and laity. He was the servant of all. Humility was personified in him. The only disturbing thought is the realization of his sudden passing and the sense of personal loss which his death produced. He will be missed by the Trappist community, by his former confreres of the Society of the Divine Word, by the Church, by his family, by his friends everywhere—together we share a tremendous loss.

In the words of the late-lamented Father Walter Farrell, O.P.: "*Heaven is the harvest planted so long ago, watched, cultivated, defended and now reaped in all its fullness. It is the house at the end of the road that could lead nowhere else . . . it is home.*" Father Simon (Father Vincent Smith) had gone home to God, to the God he loved and served through the years of his youth and maturity. R.I.P.



♦ Wilber D. Gary (left), navy veteran, gratefully accepts a petition of friendship, signed by 24 residents of an area in San Pablo, welcoming Gary as a neighbor.

(United Press Photo)



A Catholic Voice



By ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

—Gal. II-28.

God sees in men souls—souls made to His own image and likeness, born to immortality. All else in men is accidental, transient, and enters not into the make-up of human dignity. The world had sorely departed from the truth in this regard. Passion and pride had tempted the strong to lift themselves up upon the ruins of the weak and to consider themselves as being apart, whose personal importance implied hatred of and contempt for others. The Greek viewed the peoples of other countries as barbarians, the Romans had no respect for one who bore not the title of citizen of Rome, and Greek and Roman held in dire bondage over one-half the men who inhabited their own lands. Christ came upon earth to regenerate humanity and to save it from its errors. He proclaimed the cardinal principles that all men are children of the same Father, redeemed by the same Savior, and brothers in one family. *There is neither Jew nor Greek; neither bond nor free.* This sublime utterance of Christ's religion upon the dignity of human nature and the unity of mankind proves a divine origin.

From the earliest days of my youthful priesthood, I have felt myself drawn toward my colored brothers, and as opportunities offered and other time-taking occupations permitted, I have labored for them and



† Father Smith introduces Thomas Cardinal Tien, S.V.D., to his hopefuls. At this period Father Smith was pastor in Trenton, New Jersey.



missions and retreats, which took him to many parishes for the Colored in the United States. His zeal and eloquence are enshrined in the memory of those who knew him. His immortal sermon on the One, Holy Catholic Church still lives in the hearts of his listeners and bespoke so emphatically his outstanding love and loyalty of Holy Mother Church. Later he served in Chicago, then in Asbury Park, New Jersey, and in 1943 he was named pastor of the Church of Our Lady of the Divine Shepherd, Trenton, New Jersey.

Father Simon from the first days of his Novitiate supplied the fine balance and the lubrication of good cheer with sound judgment. All proclaimed him, God's nobleman, a man's man, a friendly apostle, a Crusader for souls, the kindly missionary, distinctions which deepened and ripened through the years.

For years he had cherished and nurtured the call to the contemplative life. Year after year he had tried in some way to convince his superiors to allow him to go to the Trappists. He often spoke of his boyhood visits with his father to the monastery of Gethsemane, a short distance from his Lebanon home. Hardly had he received the permission of the Superior General when he was away and registering at the Monastery of Our Lady, Trappist, Kentucky. He was received by the Right Reverend Abbot James Fox, O.C.S.O.

Father Simon sang his vows on Trinity Sunday, May 20, 1951. He was immediately assigned to the new foundation of the Trappists, the Monastery of Our Lady of the Genesee Valley, Piffard, New York. All beginnings are hard and the Piffard undertaking was difficult in the extreme. The spirituality of the Trappists attracted the attention of people from Cleveland to Albany. Father Simon shared the work, was master of Novices and was much sought after as confessor. Even the awed silence of the hospital corridors so accustomed to death, echoed the passing of a great man.

Father Simon was friend to prelates, priests, religious and laity. He was the servant of all. Humility was personified in him. The only disturbing thought is the realization of his sudden passing and the sense of personal loss which his death produced. He will be missed by the Trappist community, by his former confreres of the Society of the Divine Word, by the Church, by his family, by his friends everywhere—together we share a tremendous loss.

In the words of the late-lamented Father Walter Farrell, O.P.: "*Heaven is the harvest planted so long ago, watched, cultivated, defended and now reaped in all its fullness. It is the house at the end of the road that could lead nowhere else . . . it is home.*" Father Simon (Father Vincent Smith) had gone home to God, to the God he loved and served through the years of his youth and maturity. R.I.P.



♦ Wilber D. Gary (left), navy veteran, gratefully accepts a petition of friendship, signed by 24 residents of an area in San Pablo, welcoming Gary as a neighbor.

(United Press Photo)



A Catholic Voice



By ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND

"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free; there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

—Gal. II-28.

God sees in men souls—souls made to His own image and likeness, born to immortality. All else in men is accidental, transient, and enters not into the make-up of human dignity. The world had sorely departed from the truth in this regard. Passion and pride had tempted the strong to lift themselves up upon the ruins of the weak and to consider themselves as being apart, whose personal importance implied hatred of and contempt for others. The Greek viewed the peoples of other countries as barbarians, the Romans had no respect for one who bore not the title of citizen of Rome, and Greek and Roman held in dire bondage over one-half the men who inhabited their own lands. Christ came upon earth to regenerate humanity and to save it from its errors. He proclaimed the cardinal principles that all men are children of the same Father, redeemed by the same Savior, and brothers in one family. *There is neither Jew nor Greek; neither bond nor free.* This sublime utterance of Christ's religion upon the dignity of human nature and the unity of mankind proves a divine origin.

From the earliest days of my youthful priesthood, I have felt myself drawn toward my colored brothers, and as opportunities offered and other time-taking occupations permitted, I have labored for them and



♦ But in Los Angeles it is a different story. William Bailey (left) and Roger Duncan look at the wreckage in Bailey's living room after a bomb exploded in his house. A note was left threatening all Negro families on the street if they didn't move out. However, none threatened him when he served his country as a pilot in World War II.

(United Press Photo)

induced others to labor for them. Their sad lot drew me toward them; my sense of justice enlisted in their service. I saw them in slavery. Oh, that in this Christian age and in this Christian land the dire word should have expressed a reality! Can we ever sufficiently repent that we reduced our brother man to be a chattel and bought and sold him for our own base profit? America at least struck down his shackles; but it lacks to this day the courage to be logical, and in the pathway of life it pushes cruelly to one side the colored man as if he were an inferior being with whom contact was degradation. We are as small-minded and as small-hearted towards fellowmen as the Indian Brahmin. In no civilized country in South America and Eu-

rope can you find man socially branded as in the United States for the simple accidents of shades of coloring in the face. I rejoiced in my soul when slavery ceased; I will rejoice in my soul when this social prejudice shall cease; in the meantime, I will work in the name of humanity, of religions and patriotism to kill it out.

The Catholic Church offers to the colored people the fullest recognition of all their rights as Christians and as men, and offers to them her power to have those rights recognized by others. There are individual Catholics as prejudiced against the colored man as others are; but Catholics are so in spite of their principles. Principles always work out logically. The Catholic Church is the grandest school the world has ever seen of human rights, human dignity and civil and social equality. She it is who, in the person of St. Paul sent back the slave Onesimus to Philemon as a brother in the Lord. She it is that banished slavery from European nations. No one spoke ever

(Continued on page 148)

Congressman Adam C. Powell, Jr. (center), pastor of New York's Abyssinian Baptist Church, is shown presenting the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Cornelius J. Drew (right), pastor of St. Charles Borromeo Roman Catholic Church, with a check for a contribution from him and his wife, pianist Hazel Scott, to the St. Charles School and Community Center Fund as Ellen Tarry, Director of Community Relations for St. Charles, looks on. Besides contributing to the campaign to build a million dollar school and community center in Harlem, Congressman Powell presented Monsignor Drew a commemorative medal which His Holiness, Pope Pius XII gave him during his recent visit to the Vatican City. This encouraging gesture of inter-faith community co-operation took place last week at the condemned St. Charles School in Harlem. ♦





Altar Boys Play Seminarians

Father Taylor O.S.B. of Our Lady of the Gulf Church brought his Altar Boys' baseball team to the Seminary for a game with the junior team of the Minor Seminary on April 3. The seven innings were played with all the teams had to offer. The close score of 10-9 in favor of the Seminarians is proof positive that the teams were well-balanced. May there be more games before vacation begins.

Monsignor Spengler Brings Franciscan for Visit

On Wednesday afternoon, March 26, Monsignor H. A. Spengler, pastor of St. John the Evangelist Church in Gulfport, Mississippi, was a visitor at the Seminary. He brought along the Reverend Alvin Deem, O. F. M., pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Kansas City, Missouri. Father Alvin gave a retreat for the high school students at St. John's. He came to the Seminary to visit a member of his parish, Frater Elmer Powell, S. V. D., who is a major seminarian.

Father Hagen

Father Herman Hagen, S. V. D., who celebrated his feast day on April 7, is one of the familiar faces around the Seminary. Father edifies

both young and old by the quiet and holy life which he pursues at St. Augustine's. He is the superintendent of our cemetery and visitors there are awed by the order and beauty for which he is responsible. Congratulations Father Hagen and may the good God give you many more days in His service.

(Editor's note: Father Hagen is one of the pioneer missionaries in our Southern Missions. He is in retirement at the Seminary.)

Father Vincent Smith Succumbs

Father Vincent Smith, one of the first four priests to be ordained at St. Augustine's Seminary succumbed to a coronary thrombosis on March 25, 1952 in Rochester, New York.



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INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE



♦ But in Los Angeles it is a different story. William Bailey (left) and Roger Duncan look at the wreckage in Bailey's living room after a bomb exploded in his house. A note was left threatening all Negro families on the street if they didn't move out. However, none threatened him when he served his country as a pilot in World War II.

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Seminary News



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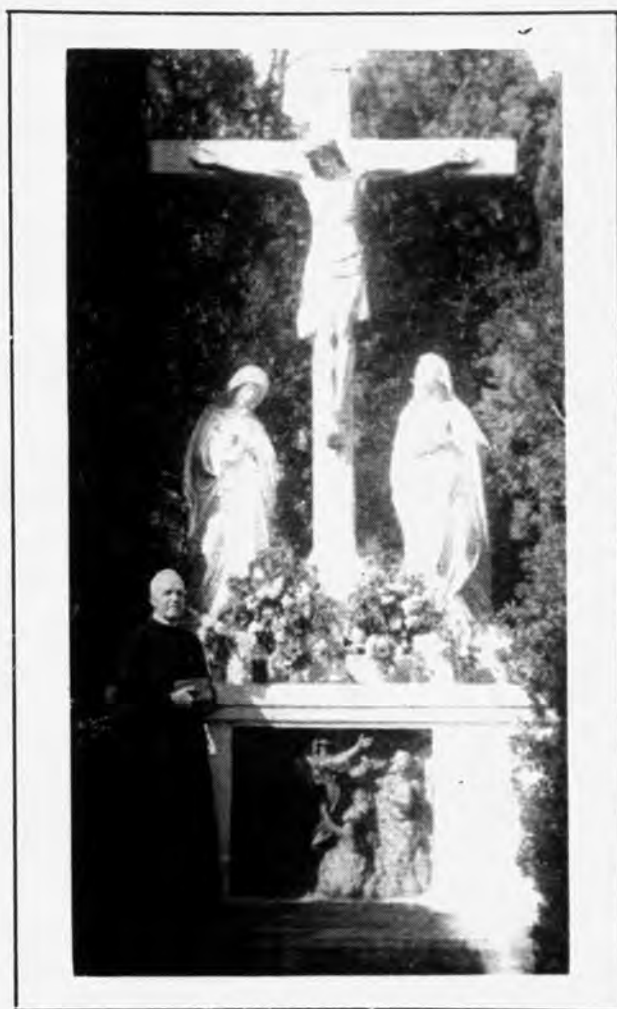
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♦ Students help to prepare the ground for our new sidewalks and front driveway by removing the shrubbery.

turists have likewise been busy landscaping the adjacent grounds.

Benefactor Visits

Mr. Ambrose J. Morawski, a generous benefactor of our Seminary and a Catholic layman vitally interested in the work of the Seminary paid his annual visit to the Seminary in April. Each year our Community is privileged to have his presence during Holy Week and the Easter Time. This trip gives Mr. Morawski ample chance to take a little rest and at the same time to inspect the work in which he is interested and which he so generously supports. Mr. Morawski is from North Attleboro, Mass.

Father Pung Returns From Vocational Tour

Father Robert E. Pung, S. V. D., Editor of the St. Augustine's Messenger, Director of the Future Priest Club, and Vocational Director of St. Augustine's Province, recently returned from an extensive vocational tour. He visited the whole diocese of Alexandria, La., in the interest of vocations. He reports that His Excellency, the Most Reverend Charles Greco, D. D., Bishop of Alexandria, La., Monsignor Leon R. Aycock,

(Continued on page 159)

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(See page 133 for life story)

Father Bourges and Father Lewis Visit

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Front Takes On New Look

Very Reverend Father Provincial has been busy the past weeks superintending the laying of concrete walks in front of the new building and the chapel. Curbstones were built the length of our property facing Highway 90 in preparation for the laying of a black-top road thirty-two feet wide. Father Baker, Brothers Peter and Albin, the horticult-

Fraters Singleton and Keller rush up the finishing touches on the seminarians' new baseball field.



Procession before the solemn and impressive Jubilee Mass.



Father Keil's Jubilee



MAURICE ROUSSEVE, S.V.D.

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A priest can never forget his Jubilee. It's too personal and brings back too many pleasant memories. Besides, he has been looking forward to it for too long.

The Rev. Anthony A. Keil, S. S. J., Pastor of Our Mother of Mercy Church, Houston, Texas, and Regional Superior of the Josephite Missions in Texas, celebrated his Silver Anniversary as a priest on Wednesday, Jan. 23, 1952. Happy parishioners and other well wishers from other parts of Houston and elsewhere thronged the parish church long before the time set for the Solemn High Mass. The Jubilarian was fortunate in having the same priest, Father William Knapp of Indianapolis, Ind., a lifelong friend of his, who was the Deacon of his First High Mass at home, to be the Deacon also of his Silver Anniversary Mass out in Houston, Texas. Father Anthony Bourges, S. V. D., Pastor of Notre Dame Church, St.



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Enter Mary!

QUEEN of MAY!!

LOUISE PARNELL

Once again, May is with us. The beautiful month of the year when we become Mary-conscious. Each, in our own individual way, has thought of things we wish to do for Mary. There are gifts, no doubt, which we give her daily.

Like halting in our work to recite the Angelus. Even an occasional Ave interspersed between the turmoil of our daily work.

Notwithstanding, our hearts wish to go beyond this, so that May truly will be *her* month and no one else's.

What can we do, then, to further our desires in this regard? How about her Rosary? Is it a chain that we carry about in our purse, or our pockets, merely for the convenience it will bring in the event of an accident? So that those who will find us will know we are Catholics and will summon a priest to assist us?

We know that if death be ours on the road and we are not in the state of sanctifying grace, we will be doomed eternally. With the Rosary upon our person, we are that much nearer salvation, if the assistance of the Church be summoned. So Mary's Rosary comes in handy!

But Mary's Rosary is *not* intended only to be carried about. It is also meant to be recited; daily, if at all

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In her Rosary, Mary has wound the salvation of the world. To neglect the Rosary is to spurn one of her greatest gifts to Man.

In a lighter vein in this regard, let us turn to a recent interview in which Loretta Young, prominent Catholic actress, figured. She spoke at length of Our Lady. Then, with amusement, she said:

"Have you ever noticed how clever the Blessed Mother is? She's one ahead of me all the time! Recently, I was recording an album of records on which I speak as Our Lady of Fatima and Our Lady of Guadalupe. One sentence spoken in an echo chamber had to be repeated over and over because for some reason I just couldn't give it the interpretation I knew it should have. The sentence was SAY THE ROSARY DAILY. I said those words so often they haunted me. Since then, especially nights when I'm exhausted and bed looks so inviting, I hear these words echoing in my brains SAY THE ROSARY DAILY! Now you can't tell me Mary didn't trick me into that!"

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knows all that she has placed in it for us. Yes, Mary has her own sure way of letting us see this.

Is there another way to do homage to Mary? We can familiarize ourselves with her scapular. For those not familiar with it, we will note that it consists of two square pieces of woolen cloth, joined to each other by two strings. One piece hangs over the breast of the wearer. The other over the back.

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart, the Lucy of the visions at Fatima, has said she is thoroughly convinced that when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her in the final apparition, Mary gave evidence that the Scapular, as well as the Rosary, are the "weapons" which we, of our day, need to combat the evil that pervades. At the time of that apparition, Mary appeared to the three children dressed as Our Lady of Carmel.

Very few of us wear the scapular. Perhaps this is because we have not been introduced to it properly. If so, then May is an excellent month of the year to become acquainted with Mary's scapular. Once its benefits are within our grasp, certainly we will not want to be without them for the other months of the year and for the other months of our lives.

Happily, though, many more of us are familiar with our Lady's Miraculous Medal. So much so that it is not an infrequent occurrence to detect a non-Catholic who is wearing one. Upon noting this of a newly-acquired non-Catholic friend, I asked if she would mind telling me why it was that she, a non-Catholic, was wearing Our Lady's Miraculous Medal. I felt certain Our Lady wouldn't mind my prying.

My friend smiled. She said she would be glad to tell me.

Her son had been in the War There, a Catholic buddy had taught him the merits of the Miraculous

Medal, never being without one himself. Her son had liked the idea and he had asked if it would be all right for him to wear one even though he wasn't a Catholic.

"I'm sure Mary won't mind," his buddy smiled. "Evidently, she has not," my friend told me. "She's been taking excellent care of my son ever since. As for myself, I figured that if my son wears one, so can I."

Of course, Mary hasn't minded, I noted mentally. Mary delights in taking care of her children, even those who are not in the fold but have cast a nod of recognition her way.

A little of the history behind the medal is noteworthy. Mary, in 1830, appeared to St. Catherine Laboure, a novice of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul.

In one of these apparitions, Mary stood upon a globe, her hands emitting rays of light. Around her figure, an oval frame bore the words: "*O Mary, conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee.*"

Then Mary told the nun to have a medal struck to commemorate her apparitions. The nun obeyed. Today, the Miraculous Medal is a wonderful heritage which we possess and with which many of us are well-acquainted.

Are we as familiar with her Via Matris? This is a devotion to her sorrowful heart, held in churches, on Friday. There is a recitation of prayers in her honor. Then, a sermon in praise of Mary. After this, the Stations of the Cross of our Sorrowful Mother are made. These are in commemoration of her Seven Sorrows.

Another excellent devotion with which to become acquainted in May is the Little Office of the Blessed Mother which consists of psalms, lessons, and hymns recited in Mary's honor.

(Continued on page 153)



Monte Irvin

HUBERT SINGLETON, S.V.D.

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♦ Giant Outfielder, Monte Irvin, had his batting average sights set high for 1952, before he broke his ankle in a pre-season game with Cleveland.



Back in 1949 the New York Giants baseball club put on its roster a lithe, well built Negro ball player who had starred for Jersey City. He was Monte Irvin, a 6 ft. 11 inch, 195 pound athlete, 29 years old. Irvin came to the Giants at a comparatively late age, but he was rated a fast runner, a long ball hitter, a steady outfielder with a strong throwing arm. Giants' hopes were high on him and Irvin's hopes were high for himself, for few players can hope for more than one chance at major league baseball once they have closely approached 30 years of age. Irvin did not do much that year to satisfy either the Giants' or his own hopes, for he appeared in only 36 games. His performance was nothing out of the ordinary.

The '49 season closed with the general consensus about Monte Irvin coming to this: Irvin might be a steady ball player, he is plenty strong, but he is not the *outstanding* Negro ball player that Jackie Robinson, for instance, is.

The 1950 season saw Irvin playing in 110 games as a Giant regular. The Giants rose from 5th to 3rd place in the National League standings, Irvin helping out with a .300 batting aver-

(Continued on page 146)

knows all that she has placed in it for us. Yes, Mary has her own sure way of letting us see this.

Is there another way to do homage to Mary? We can familiarize ourselves with her scapular. For those not familiar with it, we will note that it consists of two square pieces of woolen cloth, joined to each other by two strings. One piece hangs over the breast of the wearer. The other over the back.

Sister Mary of the Immaculate Heart, the Lucy of the visions at Fatima, has said she is thoroughly convinced that when the Blessed Virgin appeared to her in the final apparition, Mary gave evidence that the Scapular, as well as the Rosary, are the "weapons" which we, of our day, need to combat the evil that pervades. At the time of that apparition, Mary appeared to the three children dressed as Our Lady of Carmel.

Very few of us wear the scapular. Perhaps this is because we have not been introduced to it properly. If so, then May is an excellent month of the year to become acquainted with Mary's scapular. Once its benefits are within our grasp, certainly we will not want to be without them for the other months of the year and for the other months of our lives.

Happily, though, many more of us are familiar with our Lady's Miraculous Medal. So much so that it is not an infrequent occurrence to detect a non-Catholic who is wearing one. Upon noting this of a newly-acquired non-Catholic friend, I asked if she would mind telling me why it was that she, a non-Catholic, was wearing Our Lady's Miraculous Medal. I felt certain Our Lady wouldn't mind my prying.

My friend smiled. She said she would be glad to tell me.

Her son had been in the War There, a Catholic buddy had taught him the merits of the Miraculous

Medal, never being without one himself. Her son had liked the idea and he had asked if it would be all right for him to wear one even though he wasn't a Catholic.

"I'm sure Mary won't mind," his buddy smiled. "Evidently, she has not," my friend told me. "She's been taking excellent care of my son ever since. As for myself, I figured that if my son wears one, so can I."

Of course, Mary hasn't minded, I noted mentally. Mary delights in taking care of her children, even those who are not in the fold but have cast a nod of recognition her way.

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(Continued on page 146)

SISTERS SERVANTS

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- POVERTY
- CHASTITY
- OBEYANCE

CARDINAL'S RECREATION



The Sisters Servants of the Holy Ghost (Techny 'Blue Nuns') are a missionary congregation of nuns. They are engaged in many kinds of work in the mission fields of the Far and Near East and the United States. This year is their Jubilee Year in the United States, for it was just fifty years ago that the Sisters came from the Motherhouse in Steyl, Holland, and set up their first establishment in America at

ARE YOU INTERESTED?



The ADDRESS

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VOCATION
DIRECTOR
Holy Ghost
Convent
Techny, N.Y.

HOLY GHOST!



BOUND FOR THE MISSIONS



IN CORPUS CHRISTI



PIANO TEACHER AND PUPIL



many islands of the Pacific, during World War II they suffered untold hardships. Now in China they are experiencing even greater hardships and difficulties. They are undaunted, though, and still fired with missionary zeal, they recruit their reserves and stand ready as courageous brides of Christ to sacrifice all for Him and for souls.

INTERESTED ?

the ADDRESS?

VOCATIONAL DIRECTOR
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SISTERS SERVANTS

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CANDIDATES AT RECREATION



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NOVICES AT RECREATION



ALL FOR CHRIST

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Techny, Pa. They have since expanded their work in many different fields and are now working in many countries for the glory of God.

ARE YOU INTERESTED?

The ADDRESS

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VOCATION DIRECTOR
Holy Ghost Convent
Techny, Pa.

Gifts of the HOLY GHOST!



ALL FOR CHRIST

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BOUND FOR THE MISSIONS



IN CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION

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SISTER INSTRUCTS SERVERS



PIANO TEACHER AND PUPIL

MONTE IRVIN

(Continued from page 143)

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Leo Durocher, Irvin's manager and the person most capable of fairly judging him contradicted everybody, including the experts when he repeated over and over—Monte Irvin is a great ball player. *"He is the most underrated player in our league."* Durocher drew only laughs as a comment.

The 1951 season got under way. The Giants anxious to rise higher than third place tried for a quick break-a-way. They strained too hard and slipped badly in an 11 game losing streak. This is where Monte Irvin, after a two years wait, broke through to reveal his greatness. His timely hitting and fielding brought his team back unto winning ways. His bat banged out 174 hits, including 24 homers (and what tremendously long homers!). He led the National League in runs batted in. Monte made everybody sit up and take notice of his talents in 1951. His team went on to win the pennant in a miraculous finish.

All fans particularly interested in Negro ball players have a new star



EXIT OF A STAR—Monte Irvin, slugging fielder of the New York Giants, is carried off the field with a compound fracture and dislocation of the right ankle. Trainer Frank Bowman holds Monte's leg above the stretcher. The injury occurred when Monte slid into third base in the second inning of the game with Cleveland.

(United Press Photo)

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FAN MAIL CHEERS HIM UP—Monte holds up a handful of get-well messages he has received. He expects to be in a cast about six or eight weeks and hopes to be playing again soon.

(United Press Photo)



NEGRO DOCTOR APPOINTED TO FLORIDA HOSPITAL—Dr. Aubrey Warren Henry, who has been appointed to the staff of Mt. Sinai Hospital in Miami Beach, poses after the announcement. His appointment marks the first time in the history of the South that staff privileges in a voluntary white hospital were given to a Negro Physician.

(United Press Photo)



Is It Just A Facade?

The solution to the problems of race relations in the United States is the recognition by the public that discrimination is immoral according to John P. Davis, prominent Negro publisher. *"Discrimination against a child of God is a violation of the fundamental teachings of Christianity,"* Mr. Davis told a recent forum at the Catholic Interracial Center, 20 Vesey St., New York.

Praising the Catholic Interracial Council for basing its progress on moral principles, Mr. Davis called for *"a moral crusade against antidemocratic discrimination of Negroes in this country,"* and a return of the spirit of the abolitionists, *"whose courage stemmed from moral indignation at the grave moral wrong of slavery."*

Contrasting public resentment aroused by recent testimony on gambling and corruption with the public apathy at the economic and civil discriminations encountered by Negroes, the publisher of the illustrated magazine *"Our World"* declared that *"one of the root causes of this condition is a lack of awareness of the status of race relations by the press and other media of communication."*

Violence against the Negroes in the United States, such as the recent Cicero riot and the Florida bombings and murders have a world-wide significance, Mr. Davis stated. Such incidents are *"vitiating America's efforts to extend democratic ideals abroad."* The way to fight totalitarianism and Communism both here and abroad is not to put on *"a facade of good treatment of Negroes"* but to manifest the same feeling of resentment against their mistreatment as against any other crime.

A non-Catholic, Mr. Davis, *praised the work of Msgr. Cornelius J. Drew*, pastor of St. Charles Borromeo Church who is projecting a community center for Catholics and non-Catholics in the Harlem Community.

MONTE IRVIN

(Continued from page 143)

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'In connection with the 1952 observance of Catholic Press Month, the Catholic Interracial Council commends the fine contribution made by the Catholic Publications throughout the country to make better known the teachings of the Church with regard to equality of all men, regardless of race or color; and in emphasizing that the racial problem in America is fundamentally a moral problem; and for devoting space to interracial problems, programs and achievements.

Ever since the Catholic Interracial Council was organized nearly eighteen years ago, we have been immeasurably aided by the enlightening interest and wholehearted cooperation of the Catholic Press. Today, there can be no doubt that the Catholic Press of America is in the forefront in the fight to eradicate the menace of racism from American life.'

This is a statement issued by the Officers and Directors of the Catholic Interracial Council and presented to James F. Kane as the representative of the Catholic Press of the U. S.—

A CATHOLIC VOICE

(Continued from page 136)

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In becoming Catholic, the colored race secures at once the potent influence of the great church which resists all tyrannies and never yields up the rights of her children. For her own sake, too, I pray that she may gain you. The colored people are today, and will be more in the future, a mighty element of power and influence. Those who do not labor for them are lacking in zeal and in foresight. Besides, and pre-

cisely because of prejudice from which the colored people suffer, the work of their conversion and elevation is most noble and tempting—just the work which appeals to the fire of sacred ambition burning in the breast of every true Catholic crusader. The choicest, most promising field for apostolic work today in America is our colored Americans. *They who see it are not blind; they who, seeing it, do not embrace the opportunity have not in their souls the apostolic fibre.*

(This is an excerpt from a dedicatory sermon delivered by the late ARCHBISHOP JOHN IRELAND about fifty years ago. Reprinted through the courtesy of the INTER-RACIAL REVIEW.)



† **TORNADO VICTIMS IN DYERSBURG, TENN.** — An emergency hospital was set up to care for the injured when a half-dozen wild tornadoes rolled across Arkansas, Tennessee and Missouri, causing at least 175 deaths.
(United Press Photo)



Saint Elizabeth's, Chicago

The Altar and Rosary Society of St. Elizabeth's Church, Chicago, Illinois, is a busy and happy group. They love the beauty of God's house and are contributing much to enhance that beauty for the glory of God. The membership is made up of daily and weekly communicants, who also attend the Holy Hour on Friday night.

The members of the society, led by their spiritual director, Father Joseph Kehrer, S.V.D., recited the Rosary over radio station WFJL on Tuesday night, March 11. While these young women are reverent in their prayers and diligent in their work, one is not to get the idea that they do not have a sense of humor. They radiate the peace and comfort, the joy and happiness which they find in their Catholic faith.



ST. ELIZABETH'S ALTAR AND ROSARY SOCIETY—(l. to r., first row) Mrs. G. Buford, Treasurer; Mrs. E. Washington, Secretary; Mrs. M. Phillippee; (second row) Mrs. O. Smith, Mrs. W. Tandy, Mrs. C. Berry, Mrs. A. Blue, Miss I. Watson, Mrs. M. Wadley; (third row) Mrs. S. Allen, Mrs. I. Lamb, Mrs. B. Stevenson, and Father Joseph Kehrer, S.V.D., Spiritual Director. Members not on the picture are: Mrs. A. Baptiste, Mrs. D. Conway, Mrs. R. Larkins, Mrs. T. Lloyd, Vice President, Mrs. L. Montgomery, Mrs. S. Robinson, Mrs. D. Silliger, Mrs. B. Spinks, Miss I. Tiller, and Mrs. L. Hammons.

New Organ In Jackson—Recital

At last Holy Ghost Parish in Jackson, Mississippi, is the happy possessor of a pipe organ. For four weeks, Mr. Weiner of Chicago and his companion labored busily to install the organ. When the job was finally completed, Father Joseph Holken, S.V.D., the pastor, invited the former pastor, Father Francis Tetzlaff, S.V.D., to treat the parish to some real organ music. Much to Father Tetzlaff's surprise, many of his old friends were present to enjoy the pipe organ melodies. Now, when songs and hymns are intoned at Mass and evening devotions, there is a spontaneous response, and the entire congregation joins in with wholehearted singing. The people are happy and grateful for this innovation, for that pipe organ was a "hopeful dream" for the past four or five years.



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With the SVD Fathers On The COLORED MISSIONS

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"BEFORE" and . . .

Sanctuary Renovated In Jackson

A study of the photographs "before" and "after" of the sanctuary of Holy Ghost Church, Jackson, Mississippi, reveals the marvels that modern interior decorating can work with just a few strokes of the brush. Four niches of saints were removed from the wall behind the main altar and replaced with a dark-colored canopy, which makes the white altar, with its tabernacle, stand out as the center of divine worship. An ornate, but somewhat antiquated pulpit has been removed, so that the small sanctuary will not be overly crowded. All in all, Father Holken has transformed the sanctuary of his church into a thing of beauty.

"New Look" in Washington

Recently, the parishioners of Holy Trinity Church, Washington, Louisiana, did an expert job of plastering and painting the walls of their

**"AFTER" IN HOLY GHOST CHURCH,
Jackson, Mississippi**



church. The walls are a beautiful rose, while the cement floor is painted green, with a tile effect. Now, the people come to church to "watch," as well as pray.

*Do You Wish to Win A Pontiac? —
See page 153.*

Basketball Roundup

Of all the basketball records coming in as the current season draws to a close, that of the high school varsity team from Holy Rosary Institute, Lafayette, Louisiana, outdazzles anything we have seen. It is the sad story of real champions, who simply failed to come through in the semi-finals. For two consecutive years, the Rosary team had taken the crown in the district tournament. It was a bit disheartening to see them capitulate in the semi-finals of the Louisiana State Basketball Tournament at Baton Rouge. The team's record was 24 wins and only 4 losses, with a total of 1608 points and an average of 57 points per game. In the district tournament this year, the captain of the team, James Culmer, won a trophy as outstanding player and Noah Figaro received a trophy as highest scorer. The same two players were awarded trophies in the state tournament. The team was very ably coached by Father William Adams, S.V.D., of Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued on page 154)

Father Keil's Jubilee

(Continued from page 140)

Reverend Bishop Nold, the Ordinary of the Diocese, thanked the Josephite Fathers for the great work of their Order in his Diocese and said he was looking for an even greater extension of their activities right in Houston. His Excellency, Bishop Schexnayder, recalled his long and happy personal friendship with the Jubilarian. He also gave public thanks to Almighty God that in his own home he was blessed with parents who never showed or expressed the least prejudice in any way. Last of all the happy Jubilarian, with a heart too full for words, thanked God and all the people present at the Jubilee for having made the day of His Silver Anniversary one of the happiest of all his priestly years.

That night there was a grand celebration in the auditorium in which the laity took an important part. The school children of Mother of Mercy presented their impressive pageant on *The Shepherd and his Flock*. This showed the unselfish love of and the spirit of sacrifice in the heart of every true priest for the souls entrusted to him. A City Councilman, Mr. Joe Resweber, spoke words of appreciation in behalf of the City of Houston, while Mr. Charles Broussard, one of the leaders of the parish,



Father Keil with some of the prominent Catholic men of Houston, Texas.



represented his fellow parishioners in thanking Father Keil for all he had done for the parish and community, and wished him God's blessing on his future labors. Father Francis G. Wade, S. V. D., Pastor of St. Joseph Church, Maurice, La., and National Chaplain of the Knights of Peter Claver, delivered a stirring and heart-moving address in honor of the Jubilarian, which will be long remembered by all who were present.

All in all this was a very happy day for all who participated in its various activities, but surely for none as much as for the Reverend Jubilarian himself, for it was HIS day.

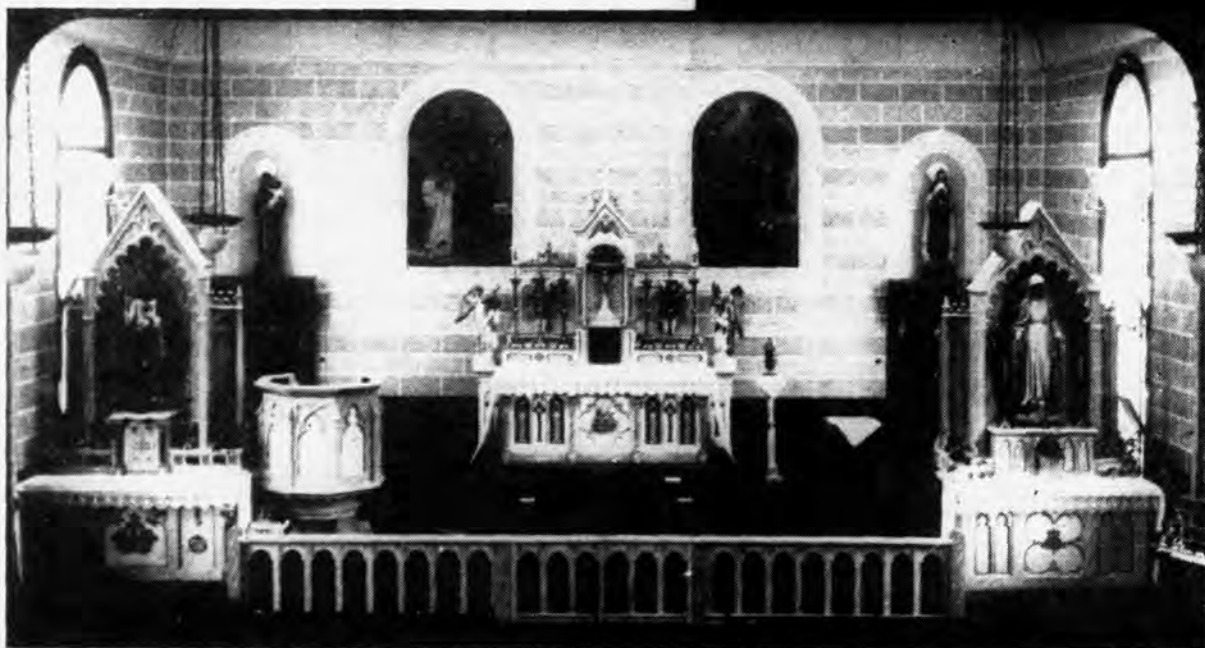
The "Priceless Gift"

(Continued from page 132)

lost through delay in carrying through an intention. Your boy or girl may want to be a priest, Brother or Sister! Fine! If you have their welfare at heart, why subject them to the danger of delay! They may persevere in their intentions. However, chances are—they won't.

Why all this opposition on the part of those who should feel proud of the privilege of having a priest or religious in the family? Simple . . .

they have forgotten one of their first duties as parents and Christians—daily prayer for priestly and religious vocations. A problem—yet a problem that will be solved, if all will but follow the advice of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII: *"Every Christian mother and father whatever their social status, must pray to God to make them worthy to have at least one of their children called to His service. Finally, all Christians must deem it their duty to encourage and aid those who feel called to the priesthood and religious life."*



"BEFORE" and . . .

Sanctuary Renovated In Jackson

A study of the photographs "before" and "after" of the sanctuary of Holy Ghost Church, Jackson, Mississippi, reveals the marvels that modern interior decorating can work with just a few strokes of the brush. Four niches of saints were removed from the wall behind the main altar and replaced with a dark-colored canopy, which makes the white altar, with its tabernacle, stand out as the center of divine worship. An ornate, but somewhat antiquated pulpit has been removed, so that the small sanctuary will not be overly crowded. All in all, Father Holken has transformed the sanctuary of his church into a thing of beauty.

"New Look" in Washington

Recently, the parishioners of Holy Trinity Church, Washington, Louisiana, did an expert job of plastering and painting the walls of their

"AFTER" IN HOLY GHOST CHURCH,
Jackson, Mississippi



church. The walls are a beautiful rose, while the cement floor is painted green, with a tile effect. Now, the people come to church to "watch," as well as pray.

Do You Wish to Win A Pontiac? — See page 153.

Basketball Roundup

Of all the basketball records coming in as the current season draws to a close, that of the high school varsity team from Holy Rosary Institute, Lafayette, Louisiana, outdazzles anything we have seen. It is the sad story of real champions, who simply failed to come through in the semi-finals. For two consecutive years, the Rosary team had taken the crown in the district tournament. It was a bit disheartening to see them capitulate in the semi-finals of the Louisiana State Basketball Tournament at Baton Rouge. The team's record was 24 wins and only 4 losses, with a total of 1608 points and an average of 57 points per game. In the district tournament this year, the captain of the team, James Culmer, won a trophy as outstanding player and Noah Figaro received a trophy as highest scorer. The same two players were awarded trophies in the state tournament. The team was very ably coached by Father William Adams, S.V.D., of Cambridge, Mass.

(Continued on page 154)

Father Keil's Jubilee

(Continued from page 140)

Reverend Bishop Nold, the Ordinary of the Diocese, thanked the Josephite Fathers for the great work of their Order in his Diocese and said he was looking for an even greater extension of their activities right in Houston. His Excellency, Bishop Schexnayder, recalled his long and happy personal friendship with the Jubilarian. He also gave public thanks to Almighty God that in his own home he was blessed with parents who never showed or expressed the least prejudice in any way. Last of all the happy Jubilarian, with a heart too full for words, thanked God and all the people present at the Jubilee for having made the day of His Silver Anniversary one of the happiest of all his priestly years.

That night there was a grand celebration in the auditorium in which the laity took an important part. The school children of Mother of Mercy presented their impressive pageant on *The Shepherd and his Flock*. This showed the unselfish love of and the spirit of sacrifice in the heart of every true priest for the souls entrusted to him. A City Councilman, Mr. Joe Resweber, spoke words of appreciation in behalf of the City of Houston, while Mr. Charles Broussard, one of the leaders of the parish,



Father Keil with some of the prominent Catholic men of Houston, Texas.



represented his fellow parishioners in thanking Father Keil for all he had done for the parish and community, and wished him God's blessing on his future labors. Father Francis G. Wade, S. V. D., Pastor of St. Joseph Church, Maurice, La., and National Chaplain of the Knights of Peter Claver, delivered a stirring and heart-moving address in honor of the Jubilarian, which will be long remembered by all who were present.

All in all this was a very happy day for all who participated in its various activities, but surely for none as much as for the Reverend Jubilarian himself, for it was HIS day.

The "Priceless Gift"

(Continued from page 132)

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Interest Grows

ROME, ITALY

Dear Father Pung:

Your idea of organizing an Alumni Association is an excellent one, and its fourfold program should ensure its success. Personally I feel nearest to St. Augustine's when I meet my old contemporaries and thus have the opportunity to speak of the old days. Shall be glad to contribute a couple of lines when the occasion arises.

Yours Fraternally,

FATHER JOSEPH O. BOWERS. S.V.D.

ITS PURPOSE

1. A SOCIAL PROGRAM—which will renew former friendships and establish new ones.
2. A MISSION PROGRAM—to help in every way we can and interest others in our work in the Negro Apostolate.
3. A VOCATIONAL PROGRAM—to foster and encourage vocations both to the priesthood and brotherhood among America's Youth, especially among the Colored.
4. A RELIGIOUS PROGRAM—to help us as individuals to live a better Catholic and priestly life.

MEMBERSHIP

The membership consists of former students of the Society of the Divine Word who studied at one time or another at St. Augustine's Seminary and who are interested in the fourfold objective of the ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

Announcing . . .

The First Alumni Week-End Retreat

July 11, 12, 13

All Alumni are requested to attend the first
Alumni meeting on Sunday, July 13, at 2 P. M.

Enter Mary—Queen of May

(Continued from page 142)

Let us dwell now on those things we can permit to enter our lives that also will do homage to Mary.

We can let her enter our homes and our hearts in so many varied ways.

We can keep the walls of our home clean of sin. For where there is sin, we cannot find Mary.

Even as we go about our household tasks, we can think of Mary as she went about her own in Nazareth. We need not offer a fancy prayer to do her honor. Just a thought in her direction will do.

We can let her enter into our hearts and our homes by the portal of righteous living.

If our daily burdens become too arduous, we can think of Mary's life in Nazareth and we can reflect that it was not an easy life. Added to her burdens was that of poverty. Notwithstanding, she went about her day content to bear the trials and the tribulations which God had assigned to her. In this, she is a wonderful example for us. Let us remember, in this connection, that if we look to Christ as our model,

then certainly we must look to Mary, too, for she is His most perfect image.

True, it isn't always easy to combat the spirit of restlessness within us. But the moment we think of Mary, this becomes a comparatively simple venture. One which is well worth trying.

If we rebel that there is sorrow in our lives, let us ask ourselves: who is there who has had more sorrows than Mary? She who had every right to be spared the tears accepted more than her share with a prayerful resignation that is admirable and worthy of modelling.

Many have espoused Mary as their special cause. They have made of her their special friend. In this, they have found the riches which the world has not been able to give them.

Let us, also, espouse the cause of Mary if we already have not done so and let us give her free reign in our hearts. Let us begin now, in her month, so that we will make May a fitting tribute to her glory. So that, with St. John of the Cross, we will be able to say, at the hour of our death: *"By the mercy of my God, I am going to recite Matins with the Virgin, our Lady, in Heaven."*

DO YOU WISH TO WIN A PONTIAC??

On June 30, 1952, Holy Trinity Church in Washington, Louisiana, will award the holder of the lucky number a 1952 Pontiac, plus a second prize of a \$50.00 gold watch.

For the small donation of only \$1.00 you get FIVE (5) chances at BOTH BIG AWARDS.

Holy Trinity is only a year old, and is serving a group of Colored Catholics in a large and scattered area. To HELP THIS WORK, send your dollar for each book of five chances to:

Rev. Max A. Williams, S.V.D.
Holy Trinity Church
Washington, Louisiana



With Our S.V.D. Fathers On the Colored Missions

(Continued from page 150)

From way out west in San Francisco, California, Father Stanley Gootee, S.V.D., sends us a picture of his youthful basketball players. There are four boys' teams at St. Francis Xavier Mission. Father says that they "have not won too many games, but enjoy trying." We think that they have won something much more precious than athletic contests. Even apart from the character training to be found in good sportsmanship and teamwork, these youngsters have learned to work together as an ideal international community in miniature. Although St. Francis Xavier Mission was opened primarily for the benefit of Japanese Americans, children of other racial extractions also attend the school.



♦ Father William Adams, S.V.D., and his outstanding basketball team. (Seated, l. to r.) Russell Lilly, Noah Figaro, James Culmer, Captain, Russell Perro, Raymond Brown. (Standing, l. to r.) Alvin Olivier, James Verdun, Warren Celestine, Louis Charles, Charles Despania, and Father Adams.



Father Stanley Gootee, S.V.D., and his Golden Gate Cagers. A glance at this picture reveals the fine spirit of comradeship that these boys have achieved. ➡



Beginnings In Waco

The Divine Word Missionaries recently gained another post for Christ deep in the heart of Texas, when Father Henry Marusa, S.V.D., officially took over the care of St. John's in Waco. He said Mass in the new parish for the first time on February 10. The physical plant



♦ Father Mark Figaro, S.V.D., with his Notre Dame Grammar School Varsity in St. Martinville, Louisiana. These boys excelled in good sportsmanship.

consists of about five acres of land, on which is located a hundred-year-old brick house. The house is now serving the double purpose of residence and chapel. Father plans to erect a six-classroom school in the not too distant future. In the meantime, three Sisters of Divine Providence have volunteered to teach the children catechism. Father's spiritual program already includes daily Mass, as well as the daily recitation of the rosary and evening prayers in church, with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament on Sundays. It is significant that the people themselves requested these devotions. Among Waco's 20,000 colored population, there are only six Catholic Negroes. The harvest is great!



WASHINGTON, D.C. — Father Max Williams, S.V.D., also had a Mardi Gras parade and ball. Here we see the Queen of Mirth and her first two maids. Queen, Mildred Gauthier; 1st Maid, Willie Mae Gallot; 2nd Maid, Ella Louise Robert.



Father Henry Marusa, S.V.D., celebrated Holy Mass for the first time in St. John's Church, Waco, Texas, on February 10, 1952. Of the 20,000 colored population, only six are Catholic. The Sisters, friends and parishioners pose after the Holy Mass.



INTENTIONAL SECOND EXPOSURE



With Our S.V.D. Fathers On the Colored Missions

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Children's CORNER

◆ Baseball Fever Grows!

Yesterday, I took a walk down to see the pastor of our parish in town. And while there, I noticed several youngsters hard at work on the lawn adjoining the rectory. I watched for a while then I called one of the youngsters and said, "Sonny, what's up." I knew what they were doing; one of the Sisters had explained the project to me already, but I was curious to see what kind of answer he would give. "Father," he said, "Tomorrow is the first of May and we're trying to clean up this shrine of the Blessed Mother. This is to be our class job for the whole month of May, to keep our Lady's Shrine always looking fine."

That was a fine answer, I thought, and at the same time I asked myself just what is my job for May. And I guess we all might ask the same ques-

tion. I had to find one in a hurry because I had not thought of it at all. Maybe you have chosen a job already, but it remains our *first job to care for the shrine of our hearts*, to take special care to do nothing which would stain its purity. Then we must do something positive to decorate these shrines. To attend Mass daily would be to place in it a beautiful bouquet of roses. And every little good act that we perform, each is a little flower that we can place before this shrine.

But I'm going to offer one suggestion, a very simple one. I want you to try to imitate the Blessed Mother in everything you do during this month, to try to do it as you think she would. It may seem a little difficult at first but try it for a while and see if everything doesn't seem different. Give it a try, won't you

MARY QUIZ — WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR LADY?

1. What are the Fatima apparitions? Who appeared to Whom? (10)
2. Was the Lourdes apparition before the Fatima apparition? Are the two towns in the same place? (5)
3. What do we mean when we call the Blessed Mother the Mediatrix of all graces? (15)
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6. What is the Assumption? (10)
7. What is the perpetual Virginity of Our Lady? (15)
8. What is meant by the Divine Motherhood? (15)

My Score

(Answers on page 158)

It Is Here!

Mickey Magone Breaks Through the News!

Chapter V
A Will . . . And A Way!

Mickey was not the politest lad on earth, because the streets of Carmagnola had not required the etiquette of a young gentleman, although it is to his credit that he tried to follow the gentler ways of city life. But sometimes Mickey lost his polish and slipped back into the ways of the streets, especially when instinct told him that gentle manners would not go far. One time, for example, Mickey heard a school fellow talking about things good boys don't like to mention. He edged up to the guilty party, put his fingers to his lips and whistled with all his might. "Hey, what's gotten into your head, you fool?" was the angry retort. "Where are your manners?"

"Where are yours?" Mickey corrected. "If you are so unmannerly as to talk about filthy things, I don't see how I'm more unmannerly than you." The listeners blushed and slipped away. Mickey's lesson had sunk in.

An old timer from Mickey's Carmagnola gang had found his way into Turin and was living in the city apprenticed to a mason. As often as he could, he visited his former general and together they would talk over the past. While talking Mickey usually managed to squeeze in a few words of religion.

"Oh, church!" laughed the apprentice. "What good is church? Why I know a fellow who works with me who is big and husky and a fine fellow, and he never goes to church! And he's as strong as an ox!"

Come on Pete, Mickey laughed, let's walk over to the gate. "Look Pete," he said, "See that donkey over there. He's big and husky and strong and a swell animal. And he never went to Confession or stepped into a church. Is your friend anything like him?" The joke went home. Pete never brought up such silly arguments to excuse himself from his obligations to God.

From the time that Mickey left Car-



magnola to go to the Oratory, he returned home only once, for a few days, and then Don Bosco had to force him. It wasn't that he didn't like to go home. Just the opposite. He loved his mother and family dearly. When asked why he preferred to stay in Turin, he smiled in return and said he was having too good a time to leave. But one of his friends got the real answer. "There are too many temptations to sin at home. The old hangouts and pals and old remembrances are too strong for me."

"In that case, all you have to do is follow out Don Bosco's suggestions," his friend objected. "A little good will, and everything is fixed up."

"Good will is like a fog. It hangs around you for a while and then it melts into thin air. I try to follow out Don Bosco's advice, but a day or two with the old bunch would make me forget everything."

"So nobody should go home then."

"Why not? If they can keep from sin, let them go. But I'd rather not take the chance. Here with Don Bosco, I know I'll keep out of mischief, I have a nice time and I'm out of danger."

The Long Finger of Death

Generally no one knows or even suspects his last hour, and we are all the better for it. It might be too great a shock to learn precisely when we have to leave this life and face the Judge.



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The Long Finger of Death

Generally no one knows or even suspects his last hour, and we are all the better for it. It might be too great a shock to learn precisely when we have to leave this life and face the Judge.

Yet it is hard to explain, some people get a feeling—a sort of warning that death is not far off. That is what happened to Mickey. Several incidents, apparently mere accidents, warned him to get ready. Without knowing it, December, 1858, was to be the last December he would see.

The Novena to the Immaculate Conception, always an A-1 feast celebrated with the greatest possible festivity in Don Bosco's schools, was a grand event in Mickey's last three months of life. He prayed earnestly to his Immaculate Queen, to whom he had long since consecrated himself and resolved to make it the best novena to the Blessed Virgin he had ever made.

Did he actually see into the future? Perhaps . . . Throughout the novena he was very jolly, undisputedly holding the title of General. When shortly after, the novena for Christmas came along, Mickey spent it with the same enthusiasm and cheerfulness. And then a little event pointed to death.

All the boys knew of Don Bosco's extraordinary sanctity. They would have to be blind not to see it. He clearly foresaw the future: he could read their minds; in confession he could tell them their sins, and surprisingly enough he could foretell which boys were to die at the oratory. On this particular night—it was December 31, 1858—he warned all to be ready for someone he said would have to go to the Eternal Judge before the New Year was a month old. Mickey looked up at the priest, **"I understand, Father, I'm next. I'll get ready."** Those near him laughed at his simplicity, but Mickey did not. After this he did not slump into gloomy fearfulness, but he was decidedly more thoughtful.

It was at the meeting of the Blessed Sacrament Sodality that another warning came to him. The members used to draw out a slip of paper on which was written a spiritual word or two as a good thought for the month. When Mickey opened his he read: **"At the Judgment Seat, I will be alone with God . . . alone!"**

(Continued on page 159)



ANSWERS TO THE "MARY QUIZ" ON PAGE 156

The Fatima apparitions are the appearance of our Blessed Mother to the three little shepherds, Jacinta, Francisco and Lucia.

The Lourdes apparitions took place nearly 59 years before the Fatima apparition. Here the Blessed Mother appeared to St. Bernadette, a little French peasant girl.

When we call our Lady the mediatrix of all graces we mean that God sends all His graces to us through her.

By the Virgin birth we mean that Our Blessed Mother in giving birth to Jesus did not in any way lose her virginity.

By the Immaculate Conception we mean that the Blessed Mother, by a special grace of God, was even from the first moment of her conception free from Original sin.

By the Assumption we mean that when our Lady had spent the time which God had allotted her on this earth, her body was taken to heaven and not allowed to be corrupted in the grave.

By the perpetual virginity of Our Lady we mean that even after the birth of Jesus, she never lost her virginal state.

By the Divine Motherhood we mean that the Blessed Mother gave birth to Jesus not just as man, but as the God-man.

THIS IS NOT NOVEMBER but you can still **REMEMBER-**

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP for one \$1

PERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP for one \$10

Members share in the Masses said, the good works done, the indulgences gained.

REVEREND DIRECTOR, Mission Mass League
St. Augustine's Seminary, Bay Saint Louis, Miss.

and help your beloved dead by enrolling them in the

MISSION MASS
League

"Look," he told those near him, "I guess there is no way out of it. I'm to go soon"! He ran to Don Bosco with the slip. The priest patted him on the head. "Don't be afraid, Mickey. It may have been a mere incident. Besides we must all be ready to die at any time. The slip applies to me as well as to you."

"Yes," he stammered, "but tell me Father, 'how much longer shall I live?'"

"As long as God wants, Mickey."

The boy jumped to a quick conclusion.

"Then I am to die very soon, because you won't tell me."

"I don't know, Mickey! But even if you were, would you be afraid to go to the Queen of Heaven?"

There was a slight pause as Mickey brushed away his tears. The brave response came through slowly. "You are right, Don Bosco! No, I'm not afraid of going to the Blessed Virgin."

Beginning of the End

Mickey was not one to get sick easily. Though not very tall and not particularly muscular in build, he managed to keep fit by plenty of exercise and healthy sport. Hence it was that Don Bosco was surprised to see him one morning leaning over the top of the stairs, looking at the game. It was not like Mickey to play a spectator.

"Sick?" the priest asked.

"A little, Father. My stomach aches, but it's not much. I've gotten it before. I'll be all right in a day or two."

Don Bosco took no chances. He sent him to bed and summoned the doctor. "No danger," was the reassuring answer. "Just see to it that he gets this prescription applied, and he'll be out of bed by tomorrow."

Mrs. Magone who had come to Turin for a few days went to say hello to her son and learning of his illness, remarked to Don Bosco, "It's nothing serious, Father. He has had the same trouble before. He'll be himself in a day or two."

The doctor proved correct, for the next morning, Mickey arose and went down to Mass with the other boys. He felt better, he said, but he found it hard to breathe, so after services he went up to the infirmary. During the day he was the jolly General Mickey of old, fooling and joking over his "tummy ache." But the next morning Don Bosco kept him in bed. The tummy ache had taken a turn for the worse. The physician after a hasty examination shook his head and muttered, "It looks bad, Father. It is not a simple stomach ache." As the morning wore off, Mickey found it harder to breathe. Soon a harsh cough set in, causing the youngster a good deal of pain. Then, to make matters worse, he began to spit blood.

His Mother was called and noting the evident danger, asked him with genuine Christian motherliness, "Wouldn't you like to make your Confession, Mickey?"

"Sure, Mom," was the undisturbed answer. "I made it just yesterday, but I'll make it again."

Don Bosco heard his confession and then asked, "Well, Mickey, here's a proposition. Would you rather get better or go to heaven?"

"God knows what's best. I'll take what He wants."

(To Be Continued)

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SEMINARY NEWS

(Continued from page 138)

Superintendent of Schools; all the priests and Sisters of the Alexandria Diocese cooperated wholeheartedly. Father was encouraged also with the fine attention given his talks and the showing of the Seminary movie, "Mid Sweat and Toil In Dixie".

Included also in the vocational itinerary was the Diocese of Lafayette, La. A warm welcome was extended by His Excellency, the Most Reverend Jules B. Jeanmard, D. D., of Lafayette. Father Pung attended

the vocational meeting held at the diocesan Immaculata Seminary. Present besides the Bishop were also, Father Jeanmard, Diocesan Vocational Director; Father Ignatius Martin, Superintendent of Schools; and the Vocational Directors of the Deaneries. At a luncheon, Father Pung spoke of his vocational work and especially of the Future Priest Club of which he is founder-director. He offered any help that he could give to the Lafayette Diocese in the interest of vocations.

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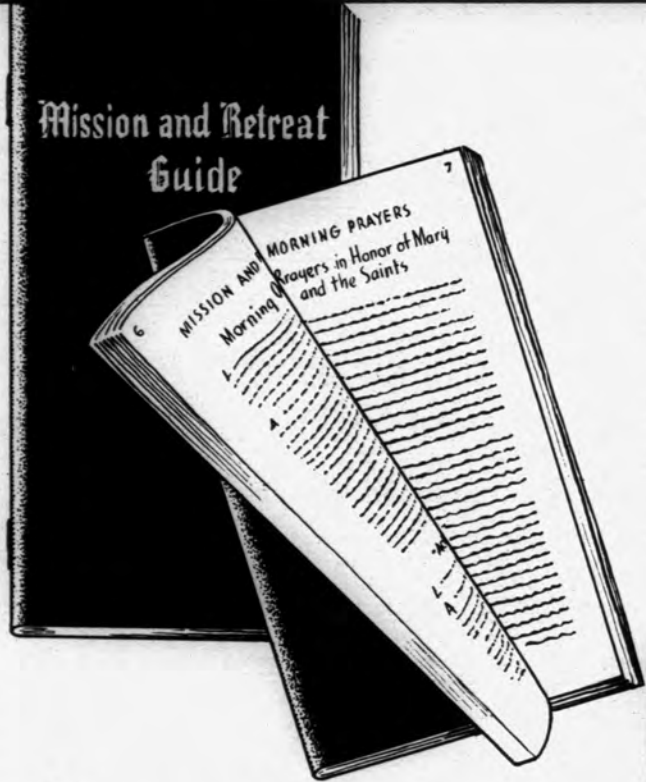
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